The Saturday Evening
# POST
SEP 10 '57
September 14, 1957 – 15¢

## BIRDS OF OUR LAND

An Eight-Page Portfolio
of Photographs in Full Color

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*Snowy Owls* PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON BLEITZ

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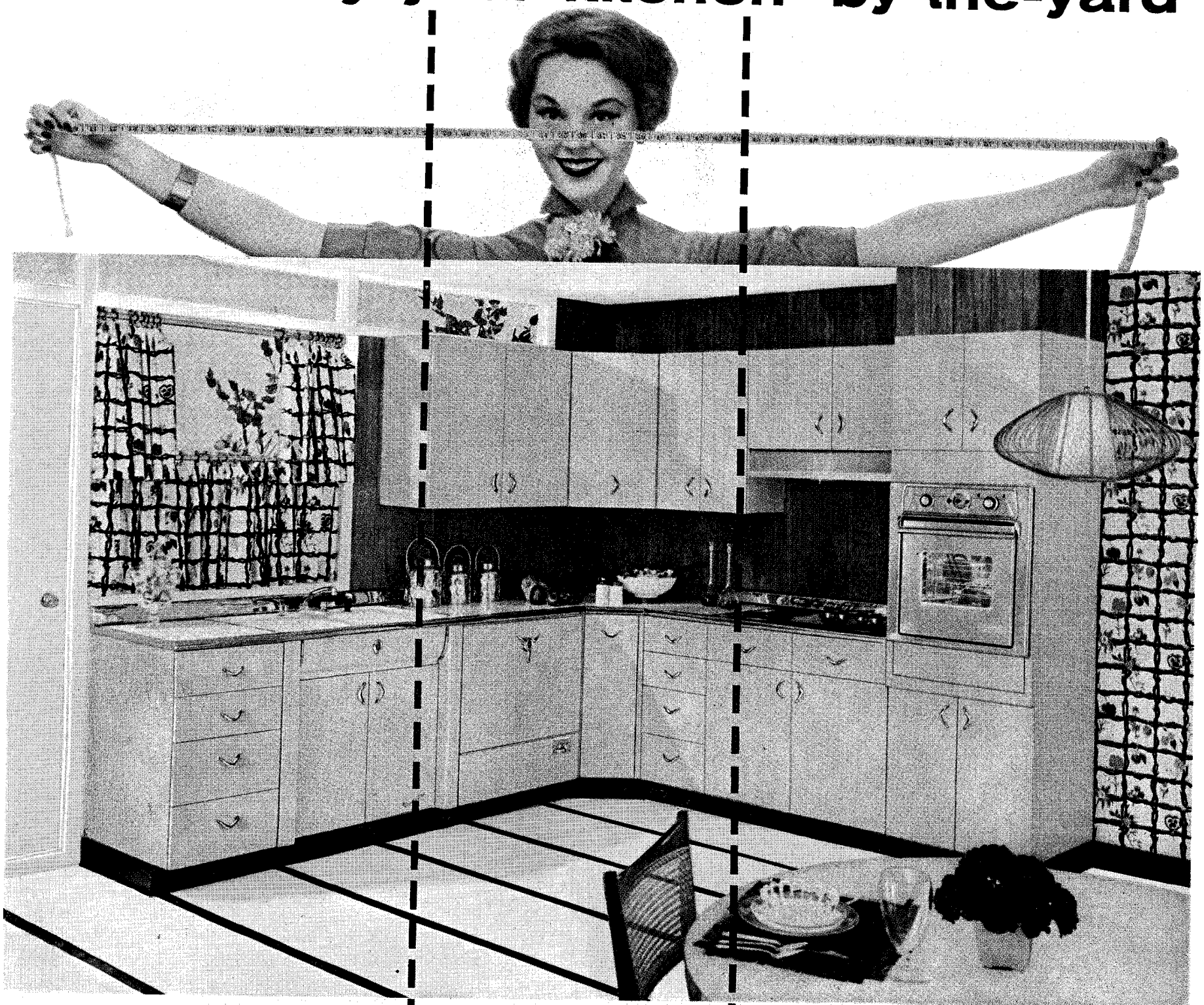
# How to buy your kitchen "by-the-yard"



This entire 18½' of Kitchen can be yours for as little as $59.26* a month.

**1. Start with the 4½-Foot Beauty Basic.** A complete kitchen in itself... Handy 4 drawer cabinet (18 inches wide) offers counter space beside the stunning 36-inch Diana Cabinet Sink, complete with the efficient Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer. Available in 4 lovely colors in custom steel... about $12.68* a month.

**2. Add 9 Feet of Luxury Convenience** with the Big 30-inch Jet® Tower Dishwasher, 4 drawer base cabinet, roomy 36-inch and 24-inch wall cabinet, and special rotary corner cabinets ...all this about $23.33* a month.

**3. Join this to 5 Feet of Cooking Delight.** Yes, you can have a truly modern cooking center... 36-inch four-burner counter-top range and 24-inch wall oven unit in gas or electric ...complete with cabinets beneath and a 36-inch cabinet with ventilating hood above. The cost... so thrifty for all these cabinets and cooking units... about $24.05* a month.

It's the *easy, economical way to buy your new kitchen.* Plan it to fit your room space. The room shown above is only one example of the many features you can buy "by-the-yard." Start with one basic unit now... add matching cabinets as you go. Measure your kitchen walls ...go to your dealer... choose from dozens of cabinet sizes and styles... at prices designed to fit your budget. Youngstown Kitchens also available in Canada.

***NOW! NO DOWN PAYMENT... 36 MONTHS TO PAY!**

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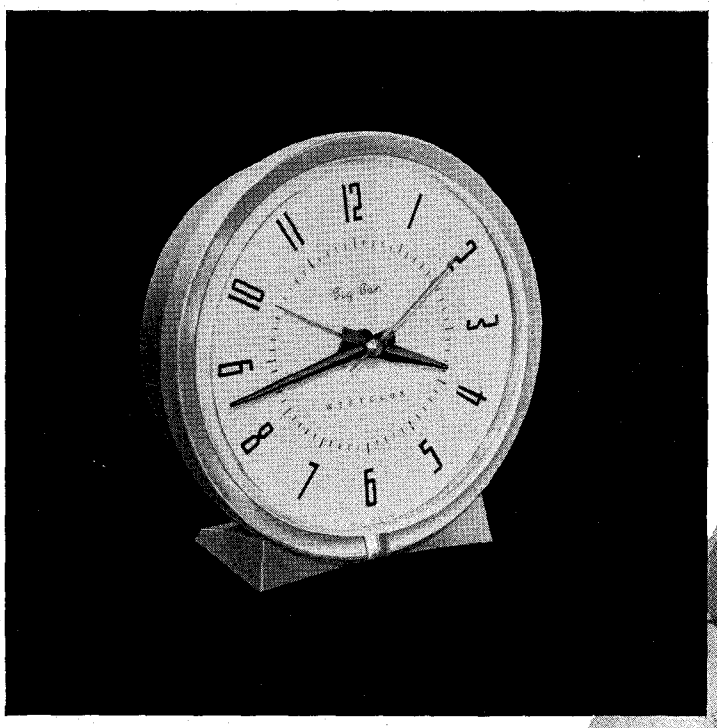
# Now... your favorite clocks inspire a new fabric design!

What a gay sight—Big Ben and Baby Ben romping over a Waverly fabric that's new and colorful and *fun!* It's called the "Westclox" pattern. So delightful for so many things you can make, from kitchen curtains to knitting bags. Not every clock could inspire a fabric design. But Big Ben and his little brother are truly an American institution! Most families grow up with them—have for generations. These new models are modern as tomorrow, bright and handsome, perfect for gifts. By the way, do you have your own *new* Big Ben or Baby Ben?



**BIG BEN—SPRING OR ELECTRIC.** Here he is with the new look that inspired a fabric design! Sparkling new finishes, smart cone shaped crystal. And lots of new features. Big Ben spring alarm has a whisper tick and a cheerful call, adjustable to loud or soft. Big Ben electric has a pleasant, insistent alarm, and a single knob to set both time and alarm.

**BABY BEN—SPRING OR ELECTRIC.** Perky miniature of his big brothers! The spring alarm has a quiet tick, a steady call adjustable to loud or soft. Comes in white or black with gold color trim. Baby Ben electric is brand new—and so attractive in decorator colors! Beige, pink or light jade green; gold color trim.

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**Caterpillar Tractor Co.** is supplying a new kind of diesel tractor for use in the Antarctic. A product of Shell Research helped make this type of equipment possible.

# The tractor that treads lighter than a man

Down at the bottom of the world, in icy Antarctica, *Operation Deep Freeze* challenges the world's worst weather in a test of men and machines.

Important to this operation are Caterpillar low-ground-pressure tractors that run over snowfields where men flounder hip-deep. This is a new breed of machine whose engines deliver high power without excess weight. They were developed after an advance in lubrication by Shell Research.

First in a new class of "super detergent" engine oils, Shell Rimula Oil paved the way for diesel engines that could run at higher speeds and with higher temperatures—*to develop more horsepower per pound of engine.*

Caterpillar equipment is taking part in every phase of Operation Deep Freeze, and every machine which Caterpillar prepares for Antarctic use leaves the factory with Rimula® Oil in the crankcase.

Developing lubricants to meet severe conditions is an example of Shell Research in action. You benefit by such leadership whenever you use products bearing the Shell name and trademark.

***Leaders in Industry rely on Shell Industrial Products***

SHELL

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE COVER

Through Don Bleitz's photographic skill let's go calling on Mr. and Mrs. Snowy Owl in their country home near Edmonton, Alberta. That's the Mr. gazing at you from his living room, and the Mrs., smartly arrayed in her chic polka-dot ensemble, is just getting home from somewhere or other. Snowies are really Canadian citizens, but some go south for the winter—when they reach the Northern U.S., they *think* they are south. Some winters they migrate in great numbers, probably being hungry, for nobody ever heard a snowy complain about the cold. The A-1 food of snowies is lemmings; when those little beasties are scarce, the owls' cupboards are bare, so off they fly to eat on the American plan. (If you want a cover reproduction for framing, read all about it on page 188.)

**Fourth repaint this year... *time to call an expert!***

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**How to read expiration dates** from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 22-57 or November 30, 1957; 48-58 or May 31, 1958.

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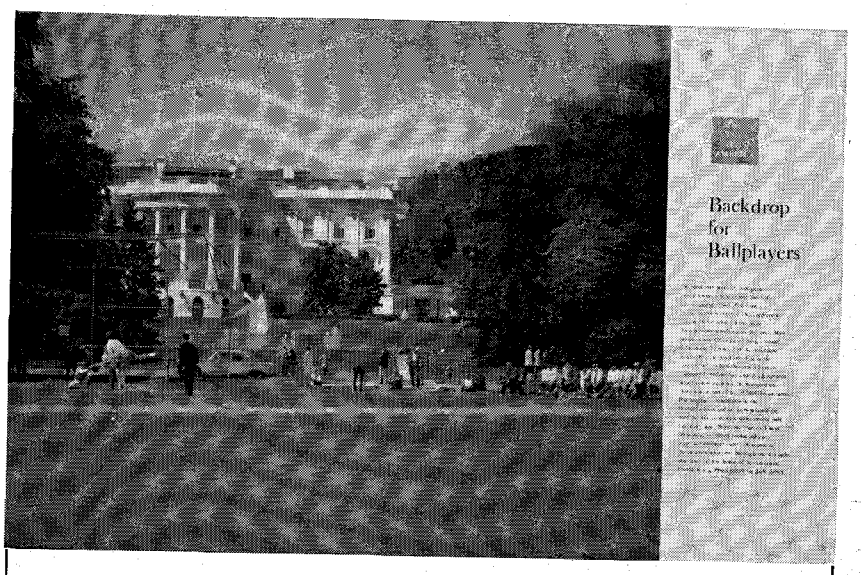
# Letters




## DIAMOND MEMORIES

Dear Sirs:

The August 3rd Face of America, BACKDROP FOR BALLPLAYERS, pictures the "North Diamond" of the "White Lot," as it was known to baseball players of the 1900's.

It was on this North Diamond that the All-Marine Baseball Team of 1915 won the championship of the Government Baseball League.

Of that 1915 All-Marine Baseball Team of 25 players, practically all of them marched off to World War I. . . . Eleven were killed in action. The second baseman, Private Macon Caldwell Overton, became Captain Overton, and as such led a company of the 6th Marines in all of their actions. He was killed in action November 1, 1918, and was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. The U.S.S. Overton was named for this gallant marine.

One of the pitchers became Maj. Gen. Louis Reeder Jones, USMC, now retired.

During the 1915 season, President Woodrow Wilson would take position behind the backstop and watch a few innings of our games. The mascot, Samuel April, went off to college, captained his college baseball team, and served as an Army officer in World War I.

This excellent photograph brought back memories to the Pitcher, Manager and Coach of the 1915 All-Marine Baseball Team.

CHARLES D. BAYLIS
*Captain, USMC, Ret.*
*San Diego, Cal.*

## Medical Bankruptcy

Dear Sirs:

DON'T LET MEDICAL BILLS BANKRUPT YOU (August 10th) by E. R. Leibert, is outstanding. He does a much better job in explaining to the average person the policy types, needs, etc., than any (insurance) agent or instructor I have encountered in my 14 years of underwriting.

ELDON G. BRADSHAW
*West Covina, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

DON'T LET MEDICAL BILLS BANKRUPT YOU should be titled: Why This Country Should Have Socialized Medicine. Why not face the facts honestly?

LAURENCE ANHOLT
*Plentywood, Montana*

Dear Sirs:

"What can you do to prevent a financial catastrophe which may affect your family for years?"

Since I lived in England a year with a family which had three "catastrophic illnesses" in a period of three years, my answer . . . would be: Work for the establishment of socialized medicine in the United States of America.

MARY LOUISE FARRELL
*Shaker Hgts., Ohio*

Dear Sirs:

Please explain how Mr. Leibert's experience . . . would in any way . . . help the *average* workingman in need of major medical, dental or hospital care.

The ridiculous suggestions offered in the article are: 1.) Doctors who will wait. 2.) Medical deductions allowed for income-tax purposes. 3.) Long-term loans on life insurance from your bank. 4.) Increasing mortgage on your home. 5.) Personal loans from relatives and friends. 6.) Necessity will force you to be ingenious.

Were you attempting humor? Perhaps my experience (Continued on Page 6)

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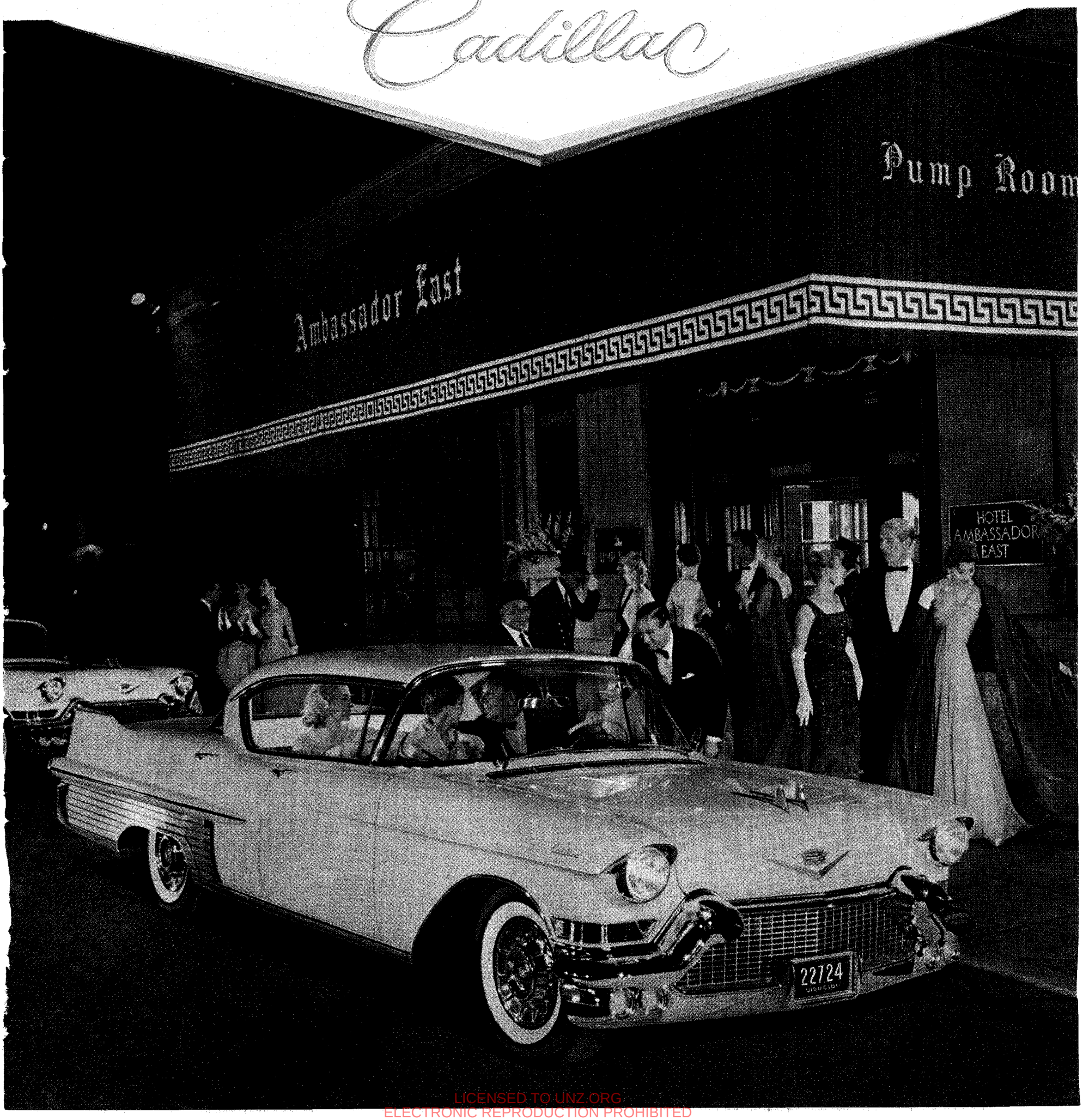
*Elizabeth Arden gowns by Count Sarmi*

# There Are Some Secrets a Man Can't Keep ...

... when he is seen in the driver's seat of a new 1957 Cadillac. And not the least among these is the fact that he is a man of unusual practical wisdom. For it is widely recognized that when a motorist selects the "car of cars", he selects one of the soundest of all motor car purchases. The original cost of a new Cadillac, for instance, is remarkably modest—in view of the great beauty and luxury and performance it represents. Cadillac's marvelous economy of operation and its extraordinary dependability are without counterpart on the world's highways. And Cadillac's unsurpassed resale value assures its owner a greater return on his investment than any other automobile in the land. If you would like to enjoy these many practical benefits in *your* next motor car—then you are looking for Cadillac! The car is waiting for you in your dealer's showroom—and this is the perfect moment to make the move quickly and economically.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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It's new from top to bottom! It's the only vacuum bottle with a dripless, pitcher-like spout that makes pouring easy. The flexible, Kleen-Seal stopper stays "sweet", easy to clean. Its extra-large, unbreakable cup-top comes off or seals tight with a gentle twist of the wrist. And its Shur-Grip case is corrugated to prevent hands from slipping. Make sure you ask for the best—a colorful, new Universal Pour-Easy vacuum bottle. At better stores, in 10-ounce, pint and quart sizes, some with nested cups.

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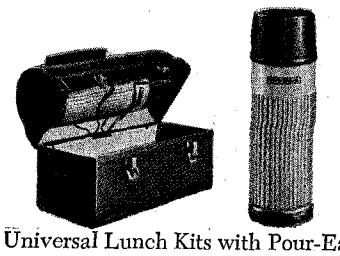

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# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

with medical men has warped my funny-bone. . . .

Major medical, hospital and dental care is now an impossible luxury for the average American. Any reasonable attempt toward sensible legislation to relieve this acute problem is immediately and effectively blocked by the American Medical Association, and dubbed with the "dirty" words, Socialized Medicine.

AUGUST COBB
*Covina, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

DON'T LET MEDICAL BILLS BANKRUPT YOU is interesting. I myself have spent $6703.97 on medical bills for a member of my family in one year, and, while not exactly bankrupted, I know what you mean.

MORRIS HORTON
*Houston, Texas*

Dear Sirs:

No one could pick a quarrel with E. R. Leibert's data, arguments, nor conclusions. . . .

But what about the fellow at sixty-nine . . . who had to use most of a moderate salary to support himself and wife, and some members of his family, so that his savings did not permit the acquisition of insurance against illness and death except for a very limited amount? . . .

There is little for such a person to do except to go to the hospital as a charity patient when his money runs out . . . then die and be buried at the expense of relatives or the public.

ARTHUR L. AYRES
*New York, N.Y.*

## Hands Across the Border

Dear Sirs:

As a lifelong resident of Texas border country, I enjoyed Fred Eldridge's HELPING HANDS FROM MEXICO. It was sober, mature and balanced reporting of an event too often slanted.

THE REV. J. TROY HICKMAN
*Laredo, Texas*

Dear Sirs:

One way to get rid of burdensome farm surpluses quickly and effectively would be not to permit the importation of immigrant farm labor. It would be a rugged readjustment for many farmers, and would mean higher food prices, but it would certainly save the taxpayers many billions of dollars to be paid to the overproducers of the "sacred six" farm commodities.

DARIUS D. BUELL
*Elmira, Michigan*

Dear Sirs:

Fred Eldridge says it does little good to raise the wages of the American migratory farm worker.

The worker, he says, will just work fewer hours, or—perish the thought!—his wife will quit working. . . .

Heaven knows, many of the migratory workers who are U.S. citizens need a wage boost. . . . The thousands of workers of Mexican descent who come from Texas to the sugar-beet and tomato fields of Northwestern Ohio are not so well treated as the *braceros*. . . . The Texans' wages are pitiful; their so-called housing is a disgrace. . . .

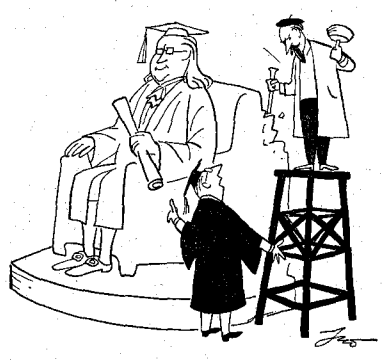
What kind of system is it that forces a man to put his wife and children to work to keep the family in food and clothing?

DAN McCARTHY
*Toledo, Ohio*

## Boo-Boo on Ben

Dear Sirs:

In his fascinating account of Harvard Commencement exercises, AMERICA'S OLDEST SPECTACULAR, June 8, Joseph Alsop made some unfortunate errors in his statement: "From the time of Ben Franklin, who got his first doctorate at Harvard in 1751, down to our own days, very many famous men have received honorary degrees from Harvard." . . .



The facts are that Franklin never received an honorary doctorate from Harvard and that Harvard conferred no honorary degrees in 1751. . . .

Harvard did confer an honorary master of arts degree on Franklin, but not the doctorate, in 1753.

WALTER C. EELLS
*Washington, D.C.*

● *You win.—ED.*

## Salute to Airmen

Dear Sirs:

Robert Craig's BANDIT IN THE SKY, August 10, is . . . true to the experiences faced by hundreds of pilots, radar observers and ground crewmen who serve in the Air Defense Command.

Having spent more than two and a half years under these conditions, . . . I was literally on the edge of my parachute living and reliving each and every step of the preflight and the actual "scramble." Seldom does one read an article which so accurately and specifically explains the tedium and pressure that these airmen work under.

JAMES W. RUSH
*Rochester, N.Y.*

## Post Picture Credits

*Reading across pages, then down:*

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And when you invite guests in for a sociable game you, as a gracious hostess, will open the game with new packs of CONGRESS or BICYCLE Cards. Always keep some new packs of cards on hand.

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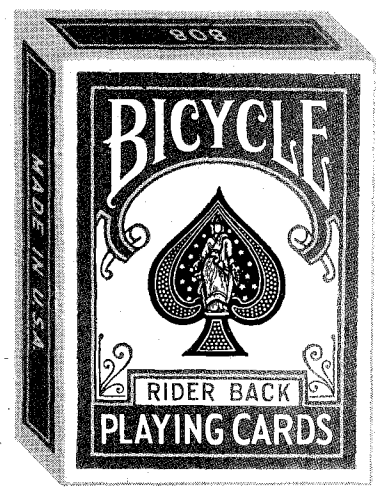


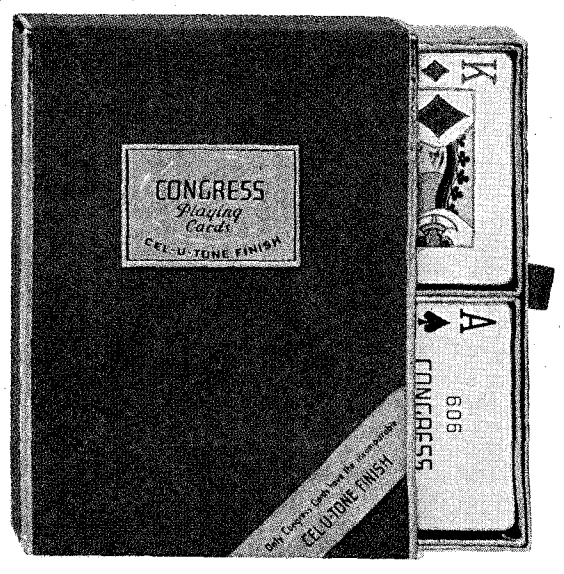


*it's the World's Greatest Entertainment Value*

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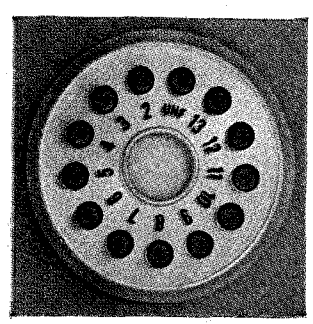
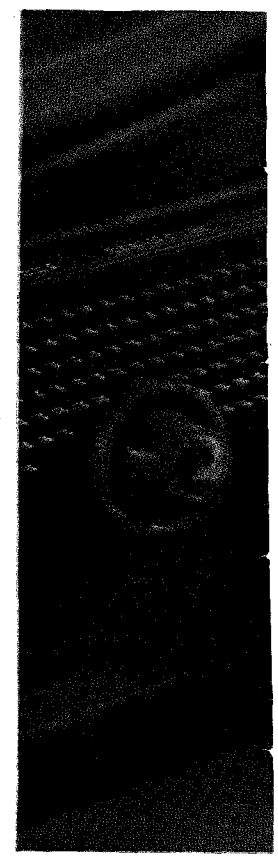
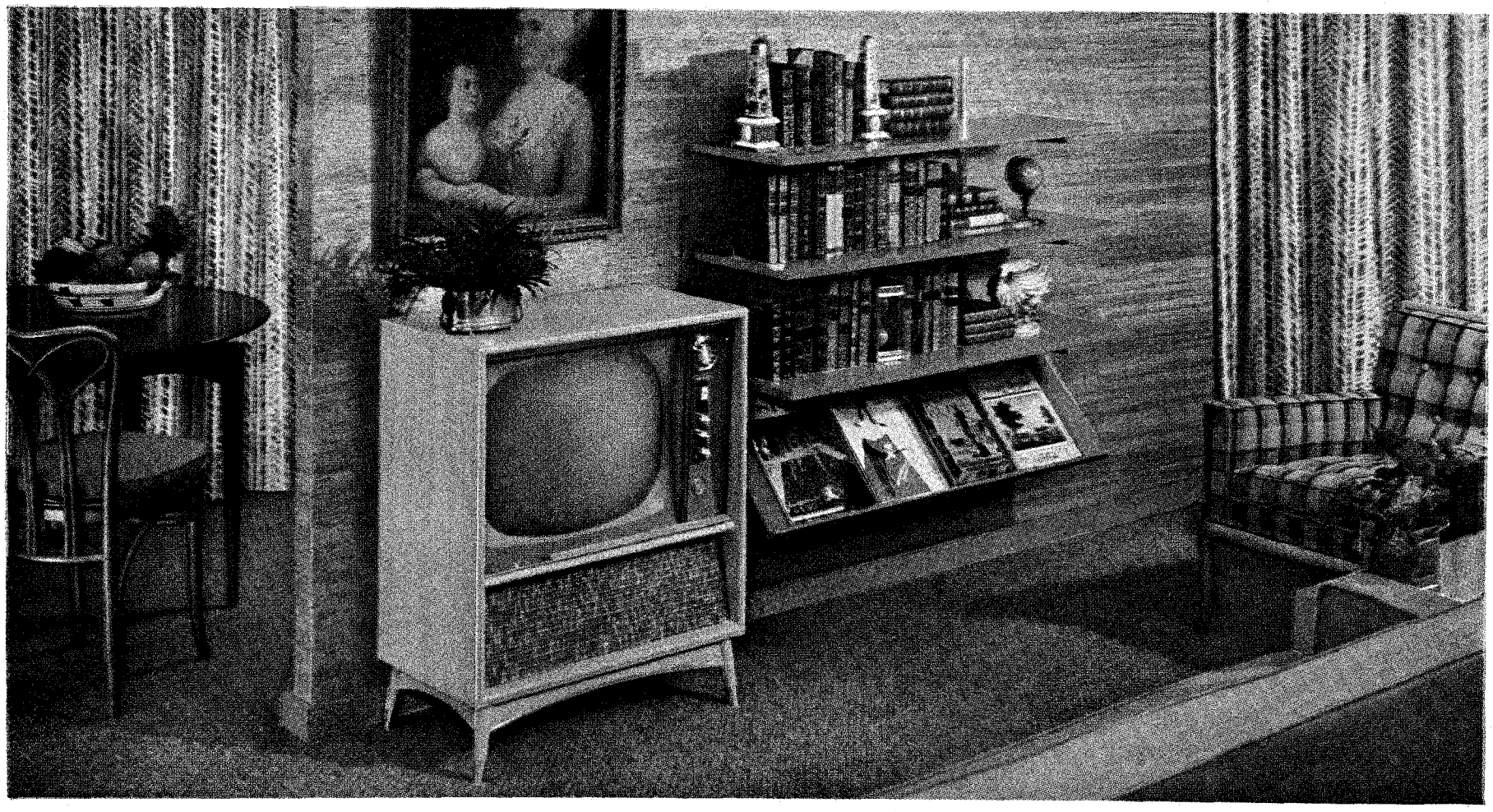
# Stop fiddling with fine tuning now General Electric brings you Electronic Self-Tuner



You just touch a button and the next channel comes on with a sharp-tuned picture and sound the way you like it.
It's automatic—for you pre-tune each channel individually the day you get your set. After that you never have to touch the fine tuning from one month to the next.
Now remote control is truly practical. And most General Electric consoles include remote control—at no extra cost.



# New General Electric 110° tube cuts 6 inches



**At least 6" shallower** than cabinets of older sets. Thanks to the new 110° picture tube, new General Electric television sets are made to fit with your other furniture.

"They're what every style-minded woman has been waiting for," says William Pahlmann, America's foremost decorator, and here are several ways he suggests using them in your home. Here, he places a console next to hanging bookshelves. Arrangements like this are now possible because Slim Silhouette cabinets are no deeper than ordinary shelving.

Shown in blonde oak veneer, also available in genuine mahogany veneer. Multiple speakers—electronically matched. Remote control. Casters. Model 21C1562—262 square inches of viewable area.

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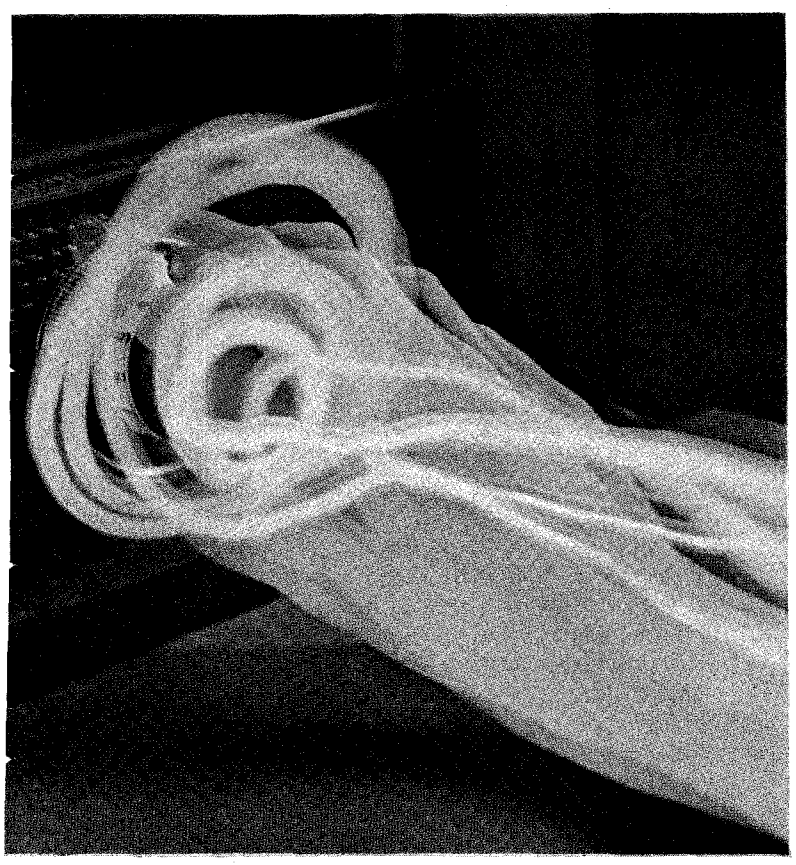
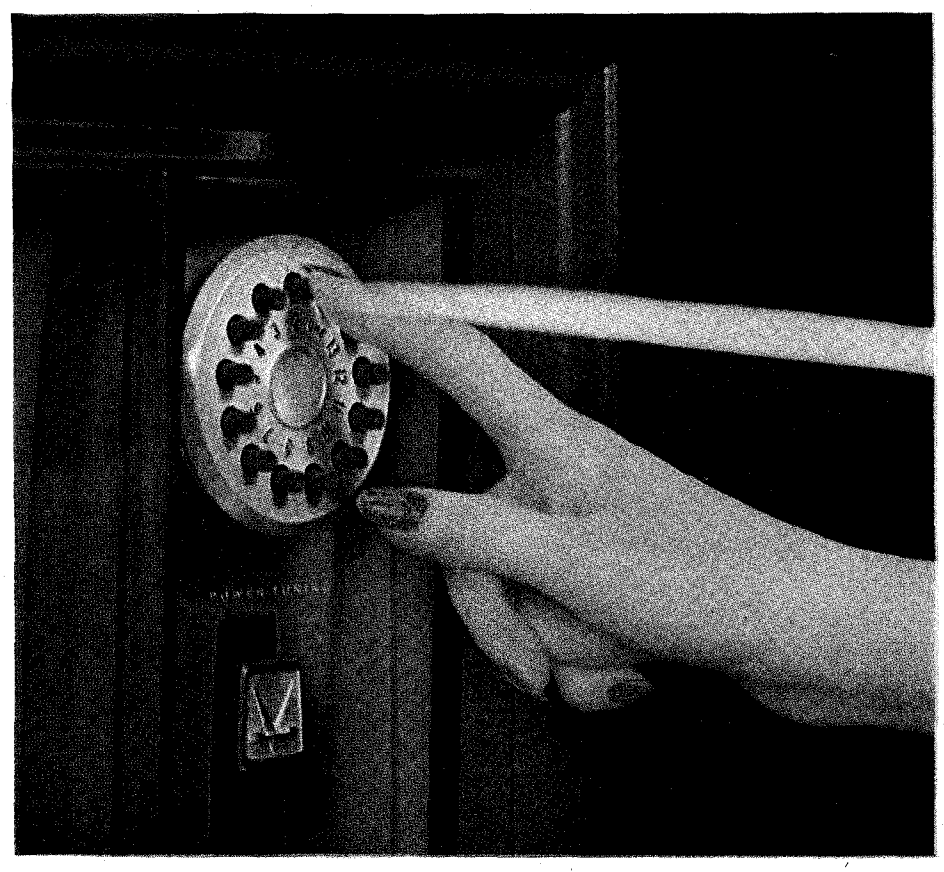


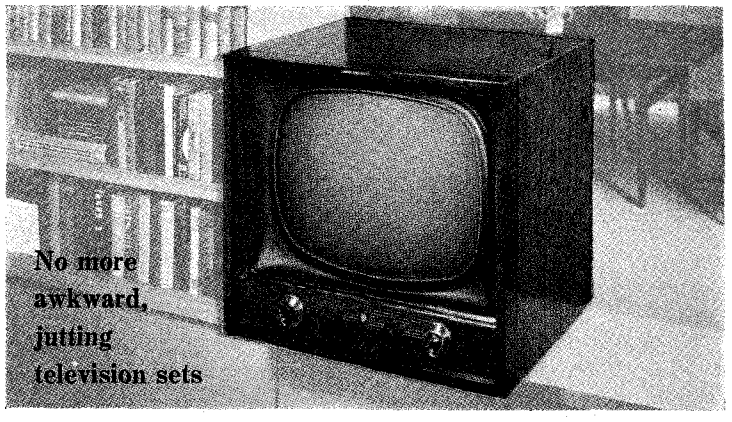
Stop fiddling with fine-tuning . . .

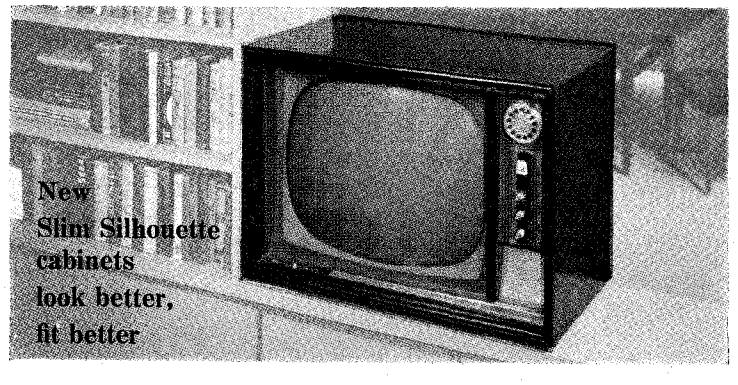


just push one button for a pre-tuned picture.

# off cabinet depth for a new Slim Silhouette

**Even in a small room,** this Slim Silhouette console adds to the décor without dominating it. Decorator Pahlmann lines it up with a chest like one you may already own. Console in beautifully grained cherry veneer. Rich, new, life-like sound system—3 speakers, electronically matched. Also in mahogany veneer. Model 21C1554—262 square inches of viewable area.




**Only shelf-deep,** a General Electric table model can grace a bookcase or room divider. Note jewel-toned control panel and lighted, easy-to-see channel number. Mahogany finish on pressed wood. Also white oak finish. Model 21T1543—262 square inches of viewable area. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse 8, New York.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Retail prices will include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice.

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# Editorials

## Why are Politicians Terrified by Pressure Groups?

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

More than thirty years ago Senator Borah, of Idaho, said: "This is a land of minority rule—where the few push the many."

There was a time when the greatest good was supposed to be for the greatest number in America. But that is not the ideal of the "neglected" minorities which have formed pressure groups to force their will on the unorganized majority. Psychologists say that the American public lets the Government ignore its wishes because each of us feels that somebody else should demand that Washington stop kowtowing to minorities.

Politicians think otherwise. They say that, because of the slight difference in voting strength of the two major parties, the support of a couple of minorities of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 people each can decide a national election. Politicians say the only remedy is for the majority to smack down the minority pressure groups, whether they be racial, business, labor or agriculture.

The most effective weapon of the pressure group for terrorizing politicians is the pen. Members of minority groups write oftener, longer and louder than the millions of the inarticulate majority. The politicians know where the flood comes from, but it does influence them. "It is not a rare occurrence," says one United States senator, "for a thousand members of a pressure group to send ten thousand telegrams and letters to state and Federal officials, demanding favorable action on their pet project. At the same time, fewer than a dozen letters may come from the majority opposed to the measure. Under these circumstances, how can Washington know that it is not observing the will of the people?"

Representative Hiestand, of California, has given as a reason for the ballooning budget the fact that pressures on Congress and on the Administration from pressure groups are twice as heavy and ten times as numerous for spending as are protests against spending. Many politicians are more interested in pleasing the minorities which they represent than in the views of the majority, which tends to forget and forgive. Right now this may not be the smart way to figure.

A few years ago a Los Angeles attorney started a drive against pressure groups. He formed a voters' league and took full-page advertisements in newspapers to explain the league's purpose—to organize against pressure from any source. He asked for contributions to carry on the work. In the next election, candidates backed by pressure groups were snowed under, and legislation recommended by them was defeated. It was an overwhelming victory for the hitherto unorganized majority. Of course, after the election the league was left on the beach by the recurring indifference of the voters. But something like that could happen again, all over the country.

## The Romance of Old-Style Warfare May be Mythical

Some people find solace in murmuring about the good old days when wars were fought according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules and were almost humanitarian when compared to the mass slaughter of modern times.

Take, for example, the ruthlessness of modern submarine warfare as contrasted with commerce raiding during the American War Between the States. In his Memoirs of Service, Afloat, which was published in 1893, Admiral Raphael Semmes, commander of the Confederate commerce raider Alabama, gave a vivid account of what happened when he had overhauled and burned the Union whaler Ocean River.

The crew had been taken aboard the Alabama along with the crews of other ships which Semmes' warship had put out of action. Inasmuch as the night was calm and the Azores only five or six miles away, the master of the Ocean River asked permission for him and his crew to pull for the shore in their own boats. The Confederate admiral saw nothing against this. The Ocean River's boats left the Alabama. Admiral Semmes describes the scene:

"The moon was shining brightly, though there were some passing clouds sailing lazily in the upper air that fleckered the sea. . . . The boats, moving swiftly and mysteriously toward the shore, might have been mistaken, when they had gotten a little distance from us, for Venetian gondolas . . . especially when we heard coming over the sea a song sung by a powerful and musical voice, and chorused by all the boats."

However, the admiral's recollection of this charming and romantic night is tempered by his comment that "I little dreamed as I stood on the deck of the Alabama and witnessed the scene that I have described, that four years later it would be quoted against me as a violation of the laws of war. . . . It was alleged by the malice of my defamers that I compelled my prisoners to depart for the shore, in leaky and unsound boats, at the hazard of their lives, designing and desiring to destroy them."

Admiral Semmes, who was regarded as a pirate in the Northern States, seems not to have concluded from all this that chivalry in war was a mistake. He did, however, imply that the Union warship Kearsarge, which eventually destroyed the Alabama off the French coast, was guilty of dirty pool because it had concealed its armor by some sort of drapes hung over the side, thus luring Semmes to the attack when he should have fled the scene. Perhaps it was natural for Admiral Semmes to forget that the Alabama's technique had been to haul the United States flag to the top of the mast in order to sucker Union ships into the belief that they were being escorted and not attacked.

Aside from the intrusion of what Sir Winston Churchill used to call "that dreadful thing called Science," wars and the manners of warriors haven't changed too much in the last hundred years.

## Plenty of Unfinished Economy Business Clamors for Action

Amid the furore over the $72,000,000,000 budget, the recent recommendations of the Hoover Commission for possible economies have been generally forgotten. The report indicates how extravagance, waste and duplication in Federal activities can be trimmed away. Much has been accomplished already.

The first Hoover Commission (1947–49) made 272 recommendations to streamline Government and cut overlapping and waste. More than half of these recommendations were adopted, with a total saving so far estimated at $7,000,000,000. Congress appointed the second Hoover Commission in July, 1953, giving it additional powers which included the problem of Federal competition with private business and Government in business generally.

Congressman Charles B. Brownson, Republican, of Indiana, has pointed out that the total number of commercial- and industrial-type facilities in the Department of Defense alone probably exceeds 2500, with Government capital invested in excess of $15,000,000,000. Following the second Hoover Report, he says, the Defense Department decided to discontinue 355 of its commercial-type activities, including forty-five tree and garden nurseries, twenty cobbler shops and four coffee-roasting plants.

"As far as I can determine," Brownson told the House of Representatives, "the Army still raises flowers and manufactures clothing, paint, ice cream, rubber stamps and eyeglasses. At least one of the civilian agencies of the Federal Government still conducts one or more of these same activities and, in addition, produces helium, sells hot dogs at the national parks, manufactures fertilizer, engages in printing, baking, dry cleaning and laundering."

Down-to-earth practicality of the Hoover Commission proposals has rarely been questioned. They resulted, for instance, in putting into effect for the first time a cost-accounting system throughout our Government. Progress has been slow, largely owing to congressional logrolling for pet local projects. But it is estimated that if the remainder of the Hoover Commission proposals could be put into practice, it would save more than $100 a year for each American family.

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# "I know I need more Life Insurance, but *how can I afford it?*"

HAVE you ever had this thought? Have you ever wondered how your wife could keep the family together if something should happen to you? This question faces most men while their children are growing up.

We believe that you will find the answer to this question in the Metropolitan Family Income Plan. This plan is designed to furnish the extra income needed to take care of your children until they have finished their education or are getting started in life. The plan combines regular insurance with a special income provision which can be fitted to your particular circumstances and family needs. Here are some of its important features:

1. **You choose the amount** of monthly income needed—$100 a month, $200, $300 or more.

2. **If you should die at any time within 20 years**—while your children are growing up—the Metropolitan Family Income Plan will provide the income you arrange to be paid to your family each month for the remainder of the 20 years. Then the face amount of the policy will be paid in cash.

3. **If you should live beyond the 20 years,** when the income provision is no longer in effect, your family will still have continuing protection for the face amount of the policy.

For your own peace of mind, why not get the complete details of the Family Income Plan from your Metropolitan Representative? He will be more than happy to explain it to you, and demonstrate that . . .

**Metropolitan service is as local as Main Street . . . as close as your phone**




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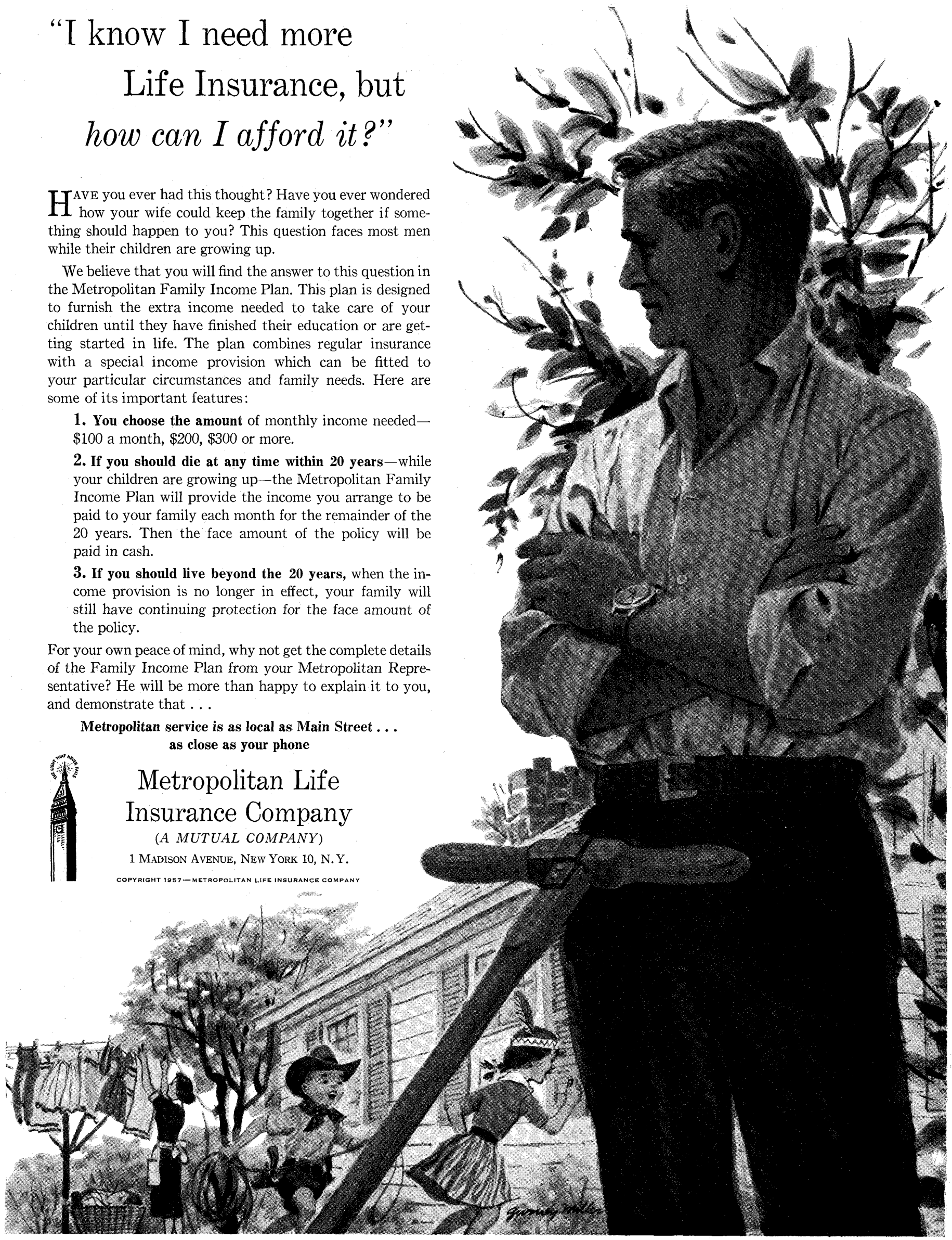


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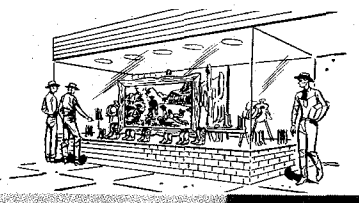
*A full-color reproduction of this new western painting by John Clymer is in your dealer's show window, surrounded by a handsome display of the newest Acme Cowboy Boots!*



# *Fine boots cost less than you think!*

The most colorful and glamorous of all footwear . . . created in the traditions of the Old West by Acme's master bootmakers! Superbly and authentically styled, in all their intricate and wonderful detail! They're sturdy and comfortable. A fascinating variety of Acme Cowboy Boots to choose from . . . see them at better dealers everywhere!

**MOST STYLES PRICED AT:**

**Infants'**
**$4.95 to $6.95**

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**$5.95 to $12.95**

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**WORLD'S MOST POPULAR COWBOY BOOTS**

ACME BOOT COMPANY, Inc., Clarksville, Tennessee

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*Acme Cowboy Boots have been awarded the Parents' Magazine Seal of Commendation.*

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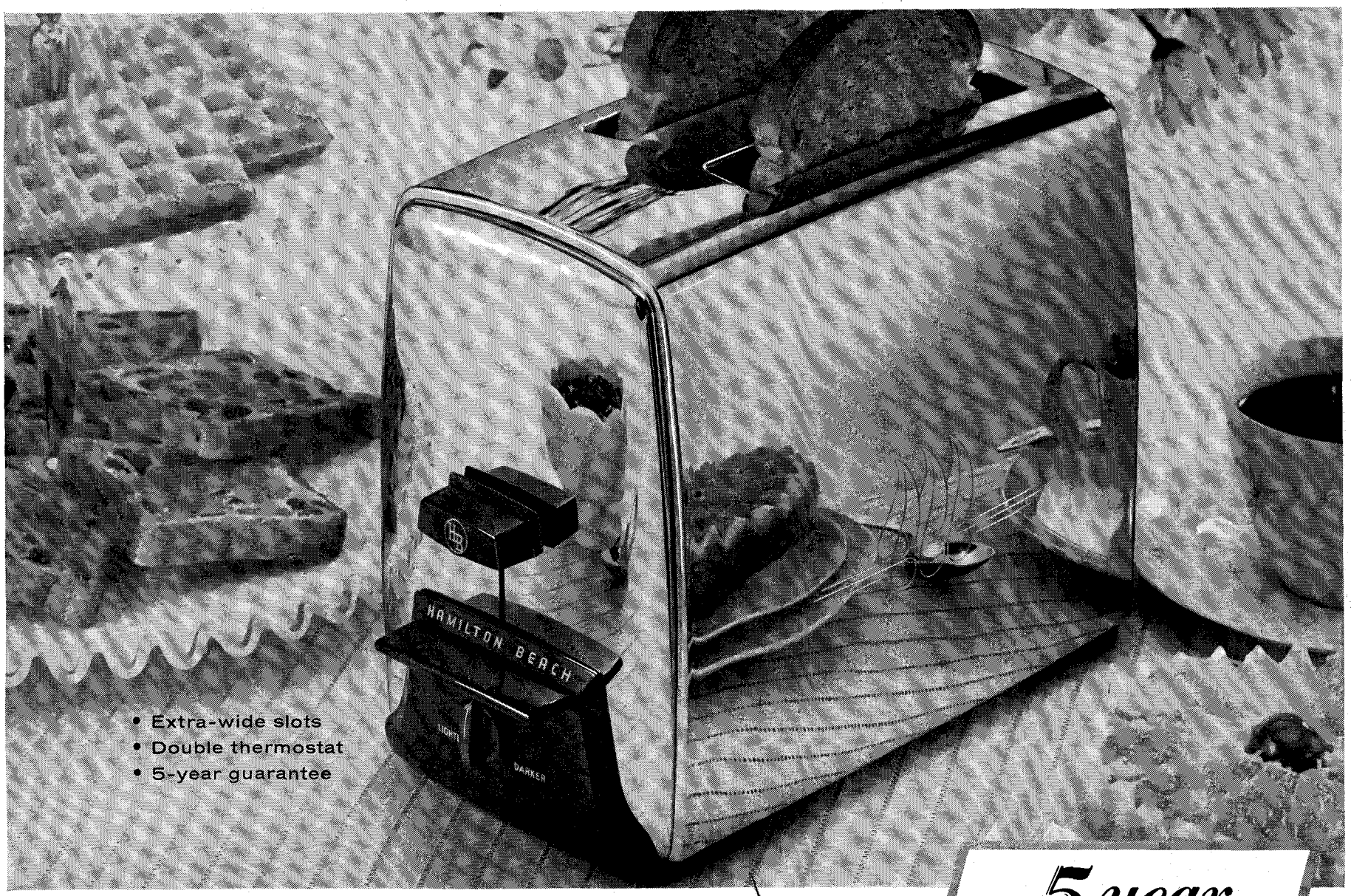



## The 5-Year-Guaranteed Hamilton Beach Automatic Toaster

The *only* 5-year guarantee is one of *many* reasons why you'll be happier with this new toaster! New, wider slots hold English muffins, home-style slices, and frozen waffles and pancakes. A *double* thermostat assures uniform browning, longer wear. With the Color-Control Dial you are assured toasting to your taste—every time. We guarantee 5 to 1 you'll be happier with a HAMILTON BEACH! **$19.95**

## *5 year guarantee -not 1!*

We give you a *5-Year Guarantee*—other toasters give you only a 1-Year Guarantee!

Hamilton Beach products are so well designed and made that we can *afford* a 5-Year Guarantee. In fact, 5 years is just the beginning of day-to-day trouble-free service you can expect from your Hamilton Beach appliances.

# HAMILTON BEACH

**HAMILTON BEACH COMPANY, A Division of SCOVILL Manufacturing Co.**
**RACINE, WISCONSIN**

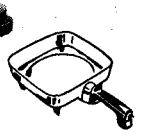
**So well made, they're guaranteed 5 to 1!**

**New Food Mixer**
White, $44.95
Chrome, $54.95

**Liqui-Blender**
White, $42.95
Chrome, $47.95

**New Mixette**
Colors, $19.95
Chrome, $22.95

**New Electric Food Grinder**
$39.95



**New Automatic Fry Pan**
Family size, $22.95
Medium gift size, $19.95

**Home Drink Mixer**
White, $22.95
Chrome, $27.95

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# accounting magic... the

Effective today, descriptive accounting becomes simpler . . . faster . . . easier . . . and far more automatic than you could possibly have imagined just yesterday! Look what the new Burroughs Typing Sensimatic brings to descriptive accounting:

NEW typing principle for rapid-fire, jam-free typing! Printing-press quality, 84-character capacity. NEW automation through all the famous advanced Sensimatic features. Example: the exclusive Sensing Panel that guides the machine automatically through each accounting job.

NEW flexibility! Each interchangeable Sensing Panel wraps up four jobs, switches from job to job at the flick of a knob. To handle more jobs, operator merely inserts another panel. NEW operating simplicity! Electric-powered keys and controls on scientifically built keyboards are among many features that make it easier for operator to do her work faster, more accurately. Why not see *personally* the simplicity and ease, speed and flexibility of the new Burroughs Typing Sensimatic Accounting Machine? Call our branch for a personal demonstration of the newest member of the Sensimatic family. Burroughs Division, Burroughs Corporation, *Detroit 32, Michigan.*

Burroughs

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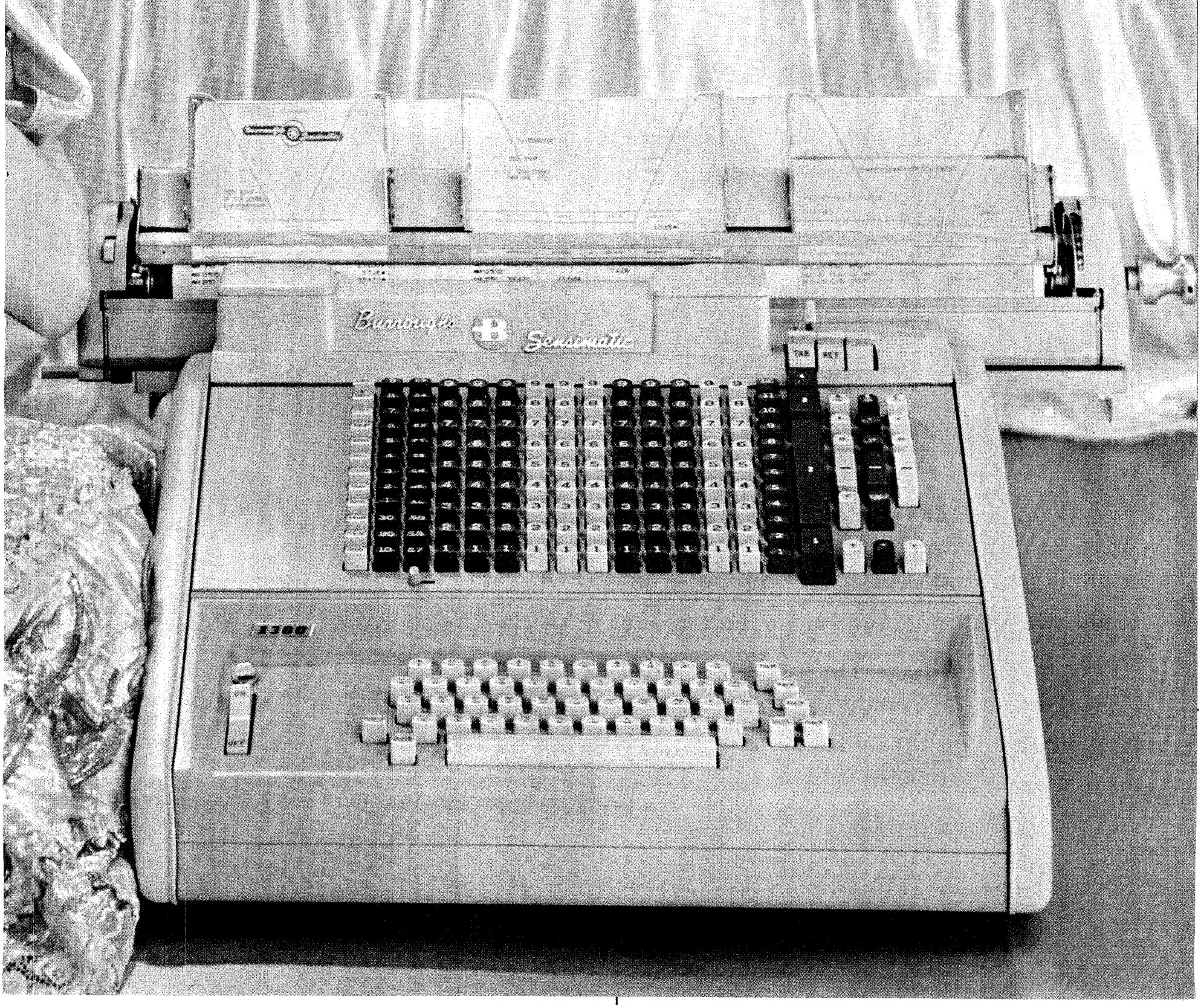
# new Burroughs typing Sensimatic

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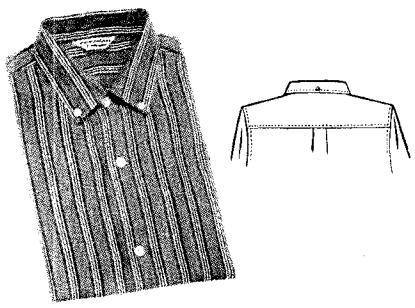
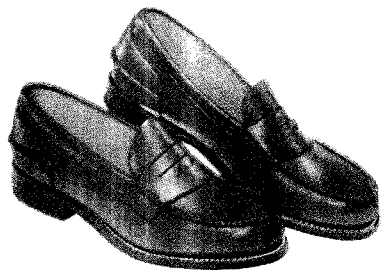
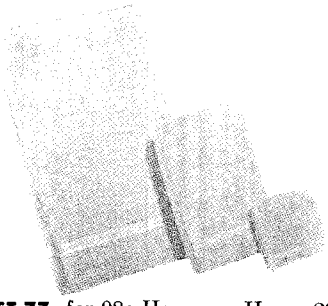


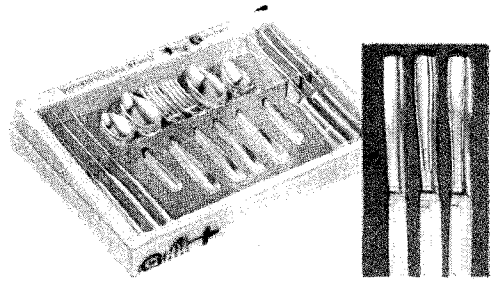
**BUY 2, SAVE MORE!** Boys' Fraternity Prep Ivy-styled Long-Sleeve Shirts in Sanforized, washfast, printed broadcloth. *Reg. 1.98*—**NOW 1.55.** 2 for $3



**SAVE OVER $1** on Women's Kerrybrooke Slip-ons, hand-rubbed leather. Long-wearing Searolite sole. In Brown, Black, or Black Suede. *Reg. 5.98*—**NOW 4.97**



**JUST 77c** for 98c Harmony House 23 x 46-in. Bath Towel with 11-in. reinforced center panel. 9 colors. 59c Hand Towel, **NOW 48c.** 27c Washcloth, **NOW 22c**



**SAVE $5.95!** 24-pc. Tradition stainless tableware, service for 6. In Mirro-Lite jewelry finish. 50-year guarantee. 3 patterns. *Reg. 15.95*—**NOW $10**

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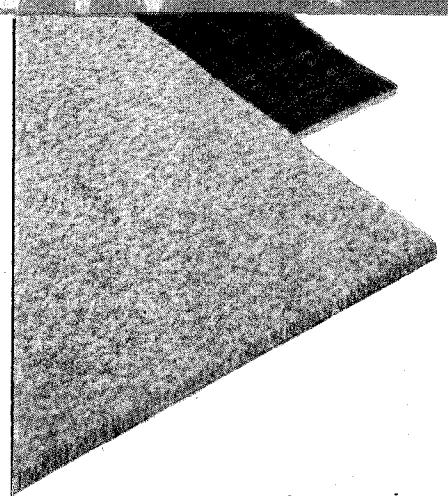
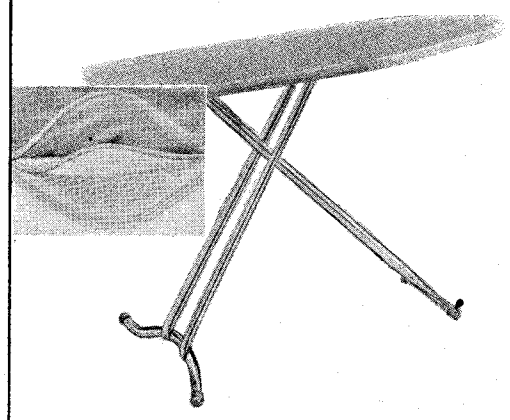
**EXTRAORDINARY SAVINGS** on Master-Mixed Latex-Base Flat Paint. Easy to apply, odorless, scrubbable. Wide selection of colors. **NOW 3.77, Gal.**

**BIG PRICE CUT** on Master-Mixed Sero Glo Satin Enamel. Siliconized for extra beauty and mar resistance. Dries in 1 hour, with no odor. Big color selection. **SALE PRICE—NOW 1.66, Qt.**

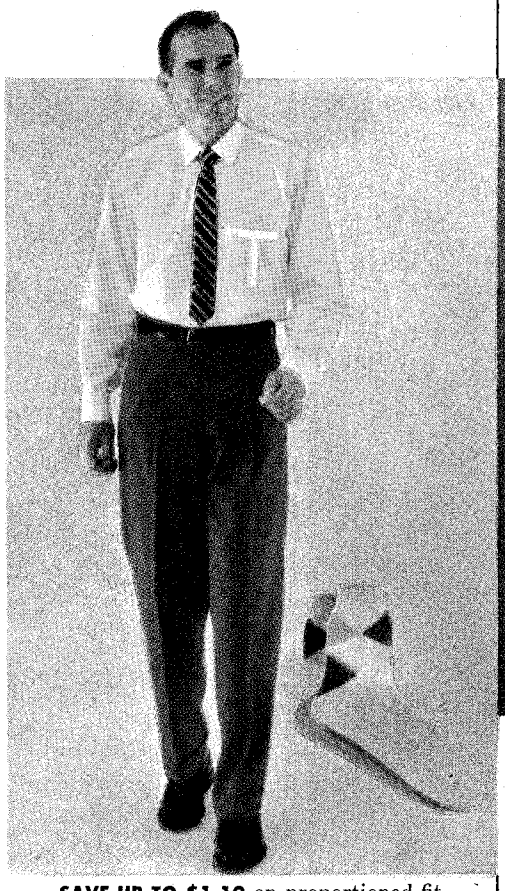
**SAVE $7.95** on portable Craftsman Sabre Saw! Exclusive top handle for better control. ⅕ H.P., AC-DC motor. Thousands of uses...even cuts a dressed 2 x 4. *Regularly 33.95*—**NOW $26**



**CUSHION INCLUDED!** Save $1.26 sq. yd. on Harmony House Rayon Carpet, fortified with Nylon, in 7 Sears exclusive tweed colorations. Reg., both for 6.70 sq. yd.—**NOW,** both for **5.44 sq. yd.**



**SAVE $3.18** on 10.95 Maid of Honor Ironing Table—adjusts so you can iron sitting or standing. **NOW 7.77** Save 62c on 2.39 Silicone-covered "Vent-O-Foam" Pad Set.—**NOW 1.77**



**SAVE UP TO $1.10** on proportioned-fit 3.98 Pilgrim Broadcloth or Oxford Dress Shirts. Famous "Formease" Collar. All popular sizes, **NOW 2.97;** 4 for 11.50.

**SAVE $1.54** on 1-year unconditionally guaranteed Men's Fashion Tailored Trousers. Searalon gabardine. Blues, Browns, Grays. *Reg. 6.98*—**NOW 5.44**

**SAVE UP TO 29c A PAIR** on Pilgrim Flex-Fit Cotton-Nylon Argyle Socks. *Reg. 79c*—**NOW 55c;** 3 for 1.50

**SAVE OVER $40** on Kenmore 36-inch, fully automatic Electric Range. Big, 20-inch wide oven, with Ful-Vu glass door, starts, bakes and shuts off by itself; has built-in rotisserie. Range top has griddle, automatic surface unit and outlet, plus push-button controls. White only. *Reg. 309.95*—**NOW 269.88**

**SAVE OVER $30** on Kenmore 30-inch Gas Range with built-in griddle, giant 25-in. wide gold-hue oven with look-in Visi-Bake door. Clock and timer; two separate simmer burners; big glide-out smokeless broiler. White only. *Reg. 179.95*—**SALE PRICE 149.88.** Matchless model, with fully automatic oven, *Reg. 199.95*—**NOW 179.88**

**WHOLE LINE REDUCED! SAVE $2.05 A PAIR ON OUR BEST-SELLING 14.95 MEN'S GOLD BOND CUSHIONED DRESS SHOES! YOUR CHOICE—12.90**

**SAVE $2.01** Sears Approved Vita-Perles—11 vitamins, 11 minerals in capsule form. 7.98 bottle of 250—**NOW 5.97**

**SAVE 49c** Harmony House Dacron Marquisette Curtain Panels! Full 40-in. wide, 81-in. long. *Reg. 1.49*—**NOW $1**

**SAVE 32c** Children's Honeysuckle Jeans! Vat-dyed navy denim, double knee, elastic back. 2-6x. *Reg. 1.69*—**NOW 1.37**

**SAVE 69c to 85c** Harmony House top-quality light bulbs. 40, 60, 75-watt, if bought separately, 8 for 1.68. 100-watt, if bought separately, 8 for 1.84. **NOW**—your choice—**8 for 99c**

**SAVE 61c** Harmony House 4-gauge embossed plastic window shades! 37¼-in. x 6 ft. *Regularly 1.49*—**SALE PRICE 88c**

**SAVE 9c** Per Square Ft. on Homart Plastic Wall Tile! Choice of 14 colors. *Regularly 39c per sq. ft.*—**NOW 30c** per sq. ft.

**SAVE 38c** Royal Purple Proportioned-Fit Nylons! Full-fashion, ultra-sheer. 4 leg types, 18 sizes. *Reg. 1.35*—**NOW 97c**

**SAVE $1.10** Harmony House Dacron Pillow! Extra plump, 20 x 26-in. finished size. Zippered cover. *Reg. 4.98*—**NOW 3.88**

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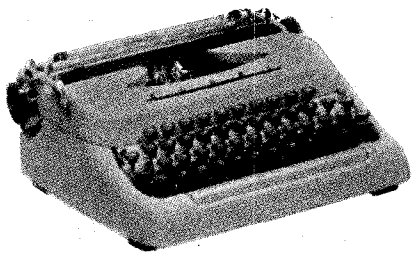
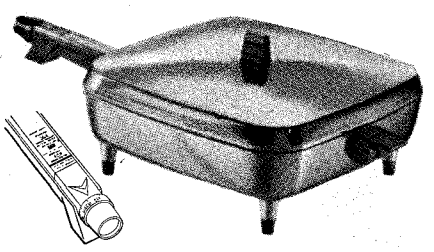
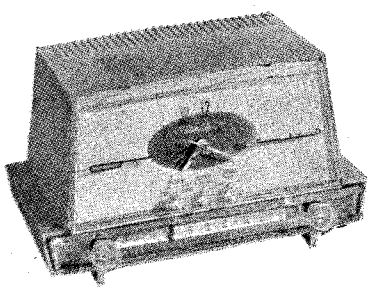


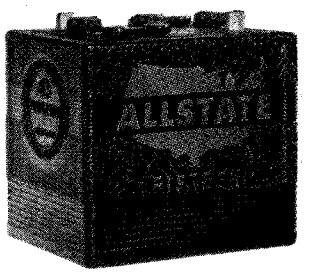
**SAVE $15!** New Tower Commander Portable for office typewriter performance. Full-length tabulator. Carrying case. *Reg. 89.50*—**NOW 74.50,** plus tax.



**SAVE $5.51** on 4-qt. Kenmore Automatic Electric Skillet. 11½-in. pan immersible for easy cleaning. *Reg. 16.95*—**NOW 11.44.** 2.95 Cover, **NOW 2.50**



**SAVE $5 TO $7!** Silvertone Clock Radio. Telechron clock, sleep switch, alarm. Brown: *Reg. 29.95.* Ivory or Aquamarine: *Reg. 31.95*—**NOW,** all at **24.88**

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9 DAYS ONLY!

**SAVE $11 to $12** on Harmony House first quality bedding. 312 rubber-dipped coils in each unit. *Reg. 49.95*, Full size—**NOW 37.88** each, mattress or spring. *Reg. 44.95*, Twin size—**NOW 33.88 ea.**

**THIS IS THE BIG ONE! HUNDREDS OF FIRST QUALITY ITEMS AT LOWEST PRICES DURING THIS GREATEST FALL SALE!**

Most-wanted values—typical of those you'll find in every department of every Sears store for 9 days only. Regular prices will prevail again the day after the sale. So, hurry! Save now—save more—at Sears!

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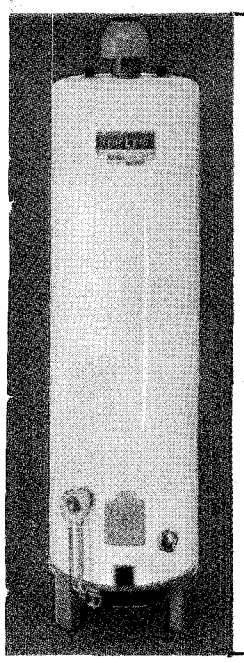

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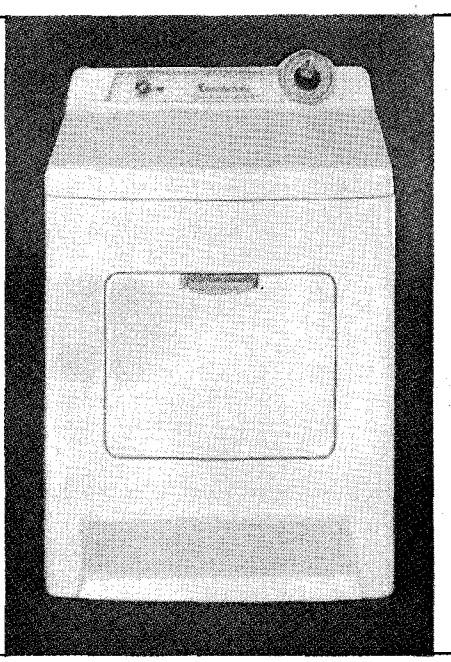

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*New* **Precision MICRO-TWIN Head**

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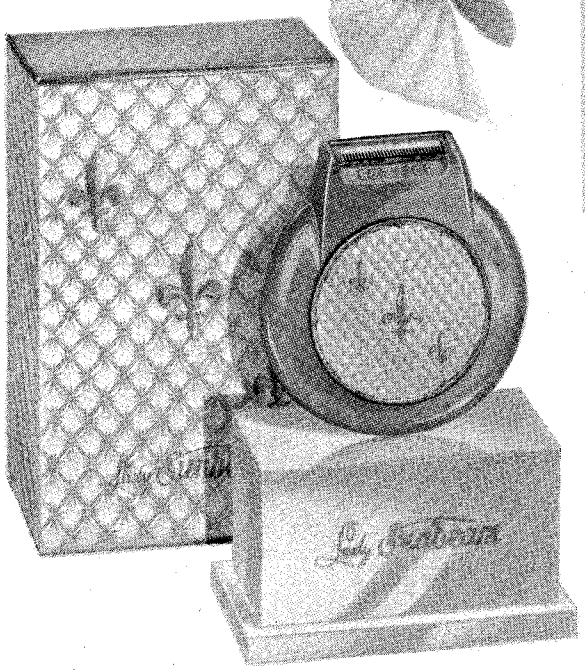
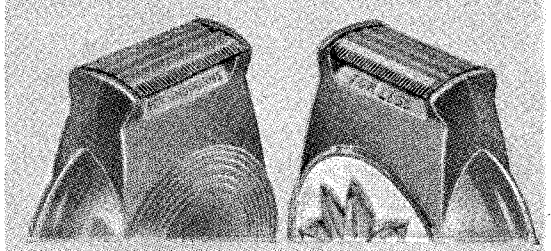
New Lady Sunbeam Deluxe will captivate the imagination of any woman who appreciates the finest in design and performance. Set in a beautiful French door case, it becomes the most beautiful and practical gift any woman could receive.

Enjoy new freedom from nicks and cuts this safe, gentle, quick way.



*NEW Precision MICRO-TWIN Head*



**UNDERARMS**
This side designed to shave tender underarms gently and smoothly. No razor burn, nicks or cuts.

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This side designed for shaving legs close, clean and smooth without danger of nicks or cuts.

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*Your choice of two models each in 6 colors*

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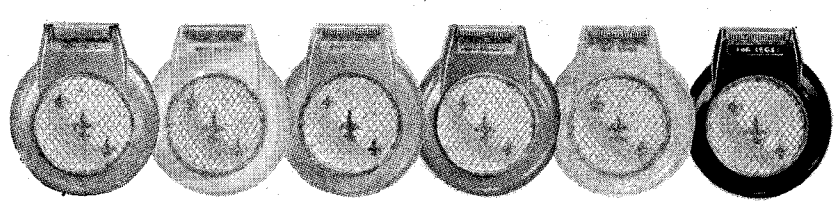

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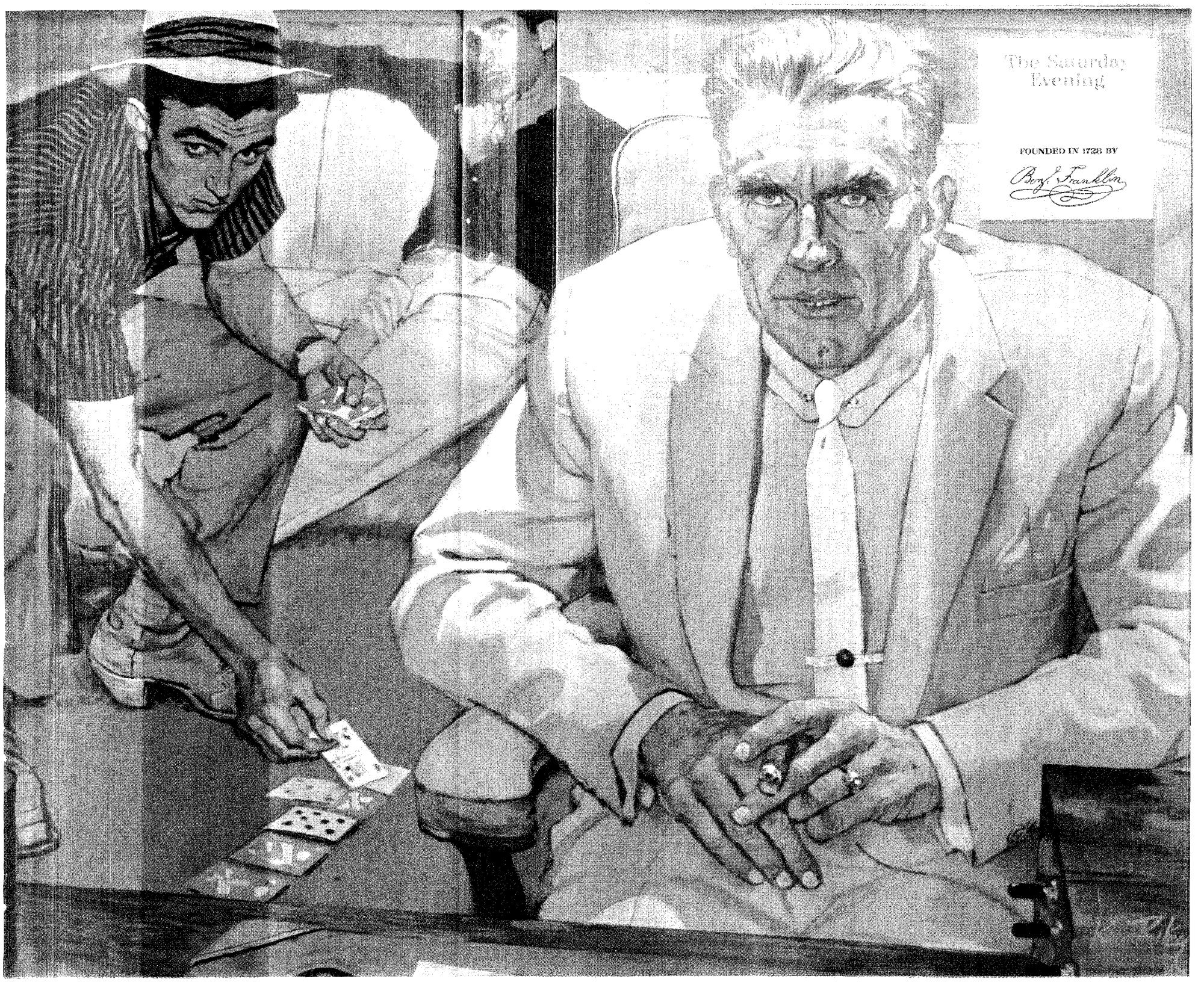


Gus Helm's blue eyes held Morgan's. "This is my town, boy," he said. "Nobody cuts in on me, nobody shoves me out. Y'got that?"

# VIOLENT CITY

**Law and order died in Westbury—and no one mourned but a vengeful cop named Morgan.**

*First of Five Parts by JOHN and WARD HAWKINS*

The funeral procession was a long one, some one hundred and twenty-five cars, extending along the main street of Westbury a little more than the street's full length. And it was fitting that it should be so. Carl L. Morgan had been more than the chief of police of Westbury; he had been a local institution.

To the occasional thief unfortunate enough to be caught stealing in Westbury, he had been an outraged, roaring bull of a man. To the three town drunks, he had been the patient and understanding provider of free shelter at the city jail. And to the young people who parked at night on Butte Road—a place the chief had visited as rarely as possible—he had been known as Old Water Pistol.

Only a few of his closest friends knew he had been aware of the name the youngsters had given him, and only a few of these knew he had prized it above all others. The name lacked dignity, but it spoke of real affection, and the affection was returned. No child had been a traffic victim in Westbury in fifteen years—Old Water Pistol, lecturing on traffic safety, had been as much a fixture in the schools as the American flag.

His tendency to devote his time to things of small stature had led to harsh criticism from some quarters. He'd been all



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right, they'd said, when Westbury was the sleepy go-nowhere town it had been for a hundred years. But six months ago the Air Force had begun building an airfield for intercontinental bombers on the flats outside of town, and thousands of construction workers, Air Force personnel and pay-day dollars had turned Westbury into a cow-country Gomorrah almost overnight. Now, they'd said, something more than an Old Water Pistol was needed.

It was true enough that Chief Morgan had had neither the staff, nor the experience, nor the drive to cope with the new situation. But it was also true that those who had criticized had been in the minority. The majority, ears tuned to the wonderful music of cash-register bells, had continued to like him fine. Don't be upsetting applecarts, they'd said. Any business was good business. So they had gambling and slot machines, so the town was running wide open—look at Las Vegas, look at Reno.

His close friends, without ever claiming heroic stature for the chief, saw a vindication in the manner of his death. Give Carl Morgan a job, they'd said, and he'd do his best for you. And he'd done just that. He'd stumbled into a holdup and he'd taken a bullet through the middle. But before he'd died, he'd gone out to the center of the street and there, standing flat-footed, holding his gun with both hands, he'd picked off the fast-running, dodging hoodlum with one shot—right through the head, the way he'd knocked over a thousand jack rabbits.

The only remaining member of the chief's family was a son, Edward Morgan, age thirty-four. He was in the first car behind the funeral coach as the procession moved down the main street of Westbury. The day was clear and blazing hot, as all summer days in Westbury were, and Edward Morgan was feeling the heat. He had lived in Seattle the past ten years—he had not been in Westbury in sixteen—and he was dressed for the cooler coast climate, dark wool suit, gray felt hat.

He was a man of average height who appeared thin because he carried no spare flesh, and he looked considerably younger than his thirty-four years. His lean face was unmarked, his eyes were clear; he was a man who smiled easily and often. His hair was brown, his nose straight and his chin was firm without making a bulldog point of it. He, too, was a police officer. He had recently earned the rating of detective sergeant with the Seattle police force.

With him in the rear seat of the car were Fred Hatfield and George Kell. Fred Hatfield, owner and publisher of the Westbury Enterprise, had been perhaps the chief's closest friend. A mild-mannered man in his late fifties, he had always prided himself on his resemblance to the late Bob Taft. George Kell, small, swarthy, was Edward Morgan's age, a high-school classmate. He'd been a precocious student, he was a lawyer now, but he'd never been a friend of the chief's or of Morgan's, and Morgan was at a loss to know why George Kell was riding in this particular car.

Fred Hatfield was a man who needed conversation, and the conversation concerned the chief. They did not eulogize the deceased and *they did not grieve—Chief Morgan would not* have wanted it so. They remembered anecdotes that pointed up the sort of man the chief had been, and of these Fred Hatfield knew a score. The chief had held the gun at a shotgun wedding involving two of the town's best families—a wedding that had turned out to be one of the very best. And the chief had flatly refused to do anything about the young people who parked on Butte Road. "You make it tough for the kids," he'd said, "you run 'em out, and we won't have a small town here, we'll have a ghost town!"

It was during the last tale that the son, Edward Morgan, looking out the window at the crowded sidewalks, saw the face of a man he knew. He rode a block, thinking about the man and the bad luck of seeing him at a time like this.

Then he thought about his father. The old gent had been a practical, down-to-earth sort, with no time at all for ceremonial falderal. If there was a job to do, he did it. And it followed, Morgan saw clearly, that the old man would expect his son to do the same. Now Morgan leaned forward to tap the shoulder of the young man behind the wheel.

"Stop the car," he said.

The young man was startled. "I—I beg your pardon?"

"You heard me right—I want you to stop the car."

"But, sir—now? I can't! The procession ——"

"The procession can wait long enough for me to get out of the car. Wave your hand, flag them down."

Fred Hatfield said, "Eddie! What in the world ——"

Sharply, to the young man at the wheel, Morgan said, "Do what I tell you to do, and do it now!"

Illustrated by Ken Riley

"You got the appointment because they're sure you're going to fail," Sandy said. "They want you to fail so they can laugh in our faces."

The young man waved his hand frantically at the cars behind them and brought the car to an abrupt halt. George Kell was so astonished he had nothing to say, and Morgan said nothing to him. But Fred Hatfield's face was showing concern for Morgan, and Morgan, out of the car, held the procession at a halt to speak to him.

"It's nothing to worry you, Fred," he said. "I want a talk with you later, a long talk about an idea I've got, and I'll tell you about this then. If I don't catch up with you at the cemetery, where can I see you afterward?"

"I'll be in my office," Hatfield said. "At the paper."

"Fine," Morgan said, and turned away.

The man he'd seen was named Si Broom, a short, thickset man with a brown-leather face under a pushed-back, near-white straw hat. It was likely that Si had seen him, too, and if Si had, Si was going to be hard to find. Not that he would run—Si was too smart for that—he would turn casually into the crowd and walk away.

Morgan went down the block, moving fast. Two hundred yards away, a near-white hat flickered briefly in the sidewalk crowd and was gone. Si had a forest of people to hide in, but there were few accessible doorways. Most of the Main Street stores were closed and locked—a tribute to the chief. The near-white hat bobbed up again and was gone again. Morgan lengthened his stride, trotting now, and when he saw the white hat turn a corner, he began to run.

Morgan reached the corner. Except for a fat woman and a small child, the sidewalk here was empty. Morgan asked the woman if she'd seen a short and stocky man, and got a blank stare in reply. There were cars at the curb, parked diagonally, each a bulwark to hide behind. Morgan dropped to one knee to peer under them. No legs in sight. Si was in one of the cars or in the alley half a block away. Morgan ran again. The alley first; if he had no luck there, he could come back and check the cars.

Si Broom was in the alley, running hard. Morgan sprinted after him. Si had gained ground while Morgan fumbled for his trail. He was a long two hundred yards away. He looked back, dark face twisted, mouth open. He stumbled and lost his hat. Morgan sent a shout down the alley. Wasted breath. Si Broom reached the intersection, turned right and was gone.

When Morgan came out of the alley, the dark and stocky man was nowhere in sight. The sidewalk was cluttered here. The last of the funeral procession had passed; the Main Street crowd was breaking up. This was a block of taverns and card rooms, open and doing business. Si had dived into one of the open doorways along this block. He'd be mingling with the crowd, hiding in the crowd, trying to see and not be seen.

There was nothing to do but try the places one at a time. The first, the Idle Hour Tavern, was jammed. There was a three-deep throng at the bar, men were clustered around poker and crap tables, playing the slot machines banked solidly against two walls. Morgan made a quick circuit of the big room. No luck. He went back to the street and tried the next one.

Twenty minutes later he reached the end of the block. Si Broom had somehow kept track of his progress and doubled back to a place Morgan had searched and left, or he was long gone now. A thing like this needed a half dozen men to cover the get-away routes while two or three others made the search. Working alone, the best you could hope for was a lucky break. Morgan crossed the street to stand in a shadowed doorway. (Continued on Page 161)

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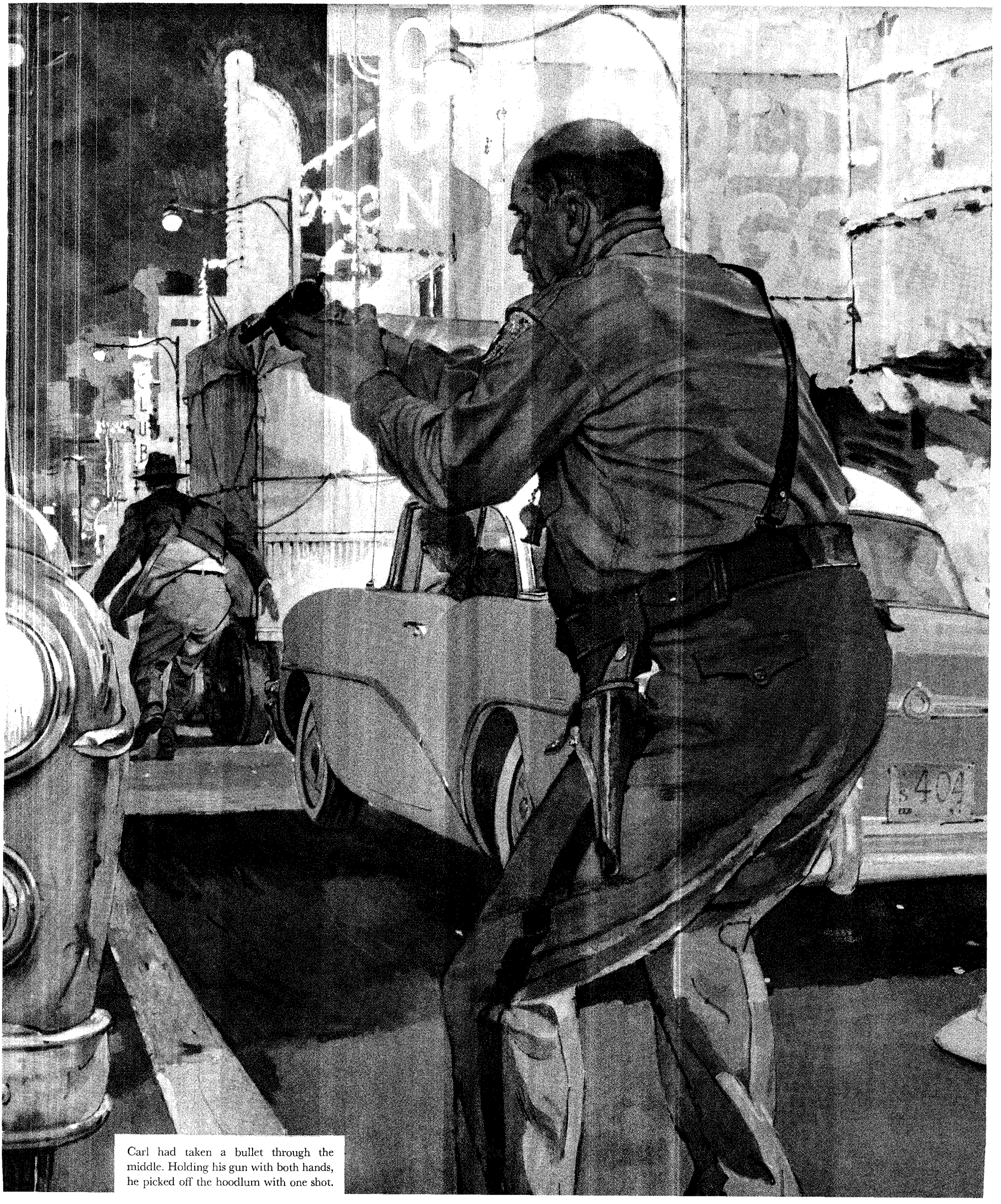

Carl had taken a bullet through the middle. Holding his gun with both hands, he picked off the hoodlum with one shot.

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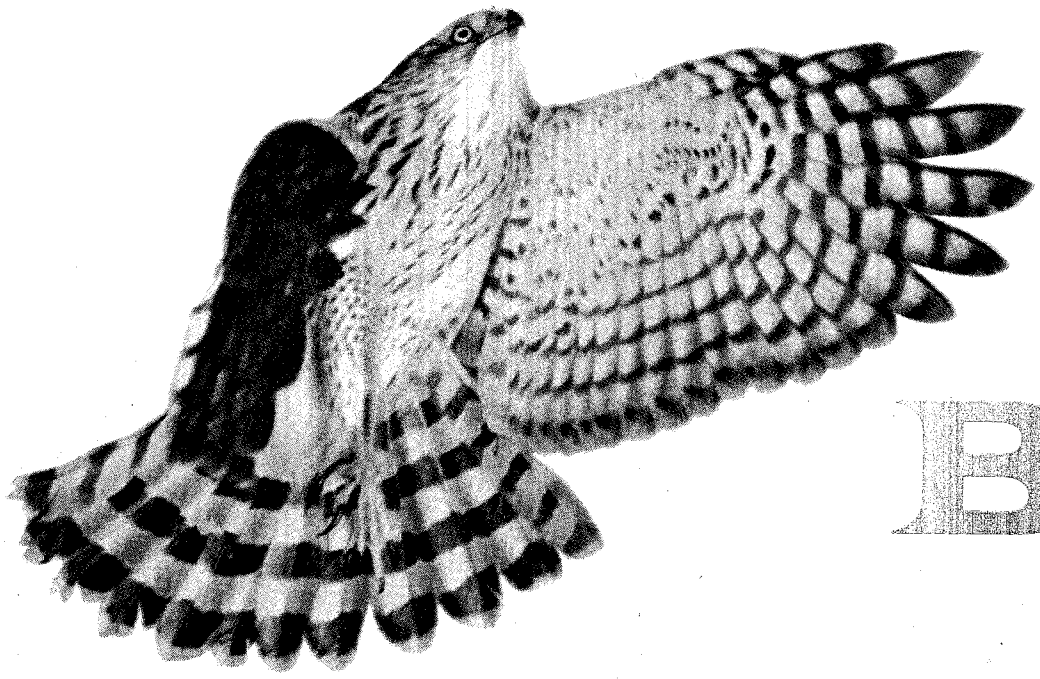

# THE POST PORTFOLIO

# BIRDS

## Cooper's Hawk

"This low-flying rascal sometimes invades poultry yards," says Mr. Bleitz. "Often, poorly informed persons shoot the lazily circling, broad-winged buteos as chicken hawks, and in so doing destroy one of our most valuable rat and rodent exterminators. The Cooper's hawk helps to keep a balance of nature by capturing ill or injured birds. This bird inhabits oak and associated woodlands over much of the United States."

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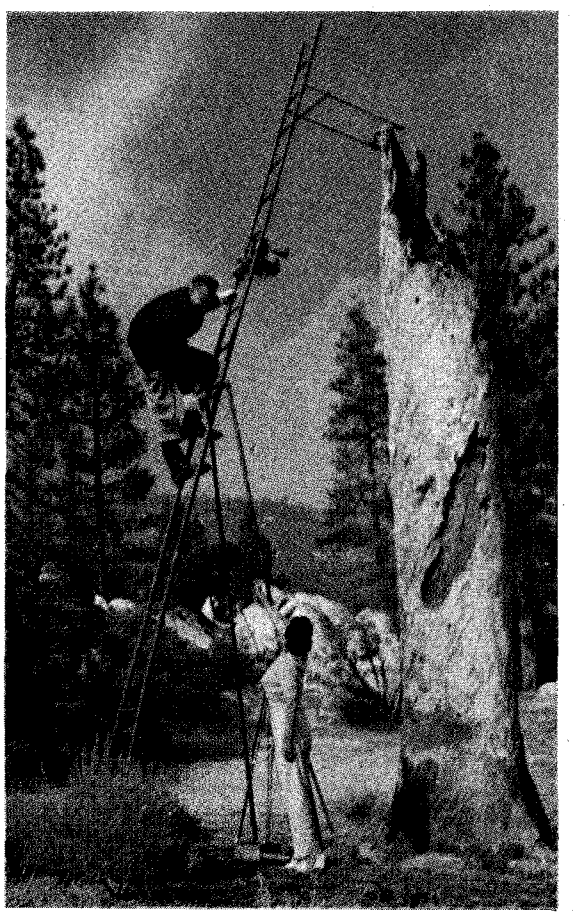
# PROUDLY PRESENTS A GLOWING OF PICTURES IN FULL COLOR...

# OF OUR LAND

Photographs by DON BLEITZ

The pictures on the opposite page and the six following pages represent a sampling of one of the unique personal projects of our times. Don Bleitz, a forty-one-year-old Los Angeles businessman, is devoting twenty years of his spare-time efforts and a substantial slice of his large income to the monumental job of photographing, in natural color and in their wild state, the birds of the Western United States.

When this task is completed, about five years from now, Bleitz will have recorded on film the family portraits of some 500 of the 700-odd species of birds which inhabit the North American continent. The resulting full-color plates, together with a million words of ornithological text and field observations, will then be published in three folio-size volumes financed by the Bleitz Wildlife Foundation—a public-service enterprise endowed by Bleitz and his wife, Elvirita. The publication of this work will, we believe, establish Bleitz as the twentieth-century successor to John James Audubon. Mr. Bleitz wrote the captions (in quotes) under the birds' photographs on these pages.



Don and Elvirita Bleitz arranging the camera to photograph a pygmy nuthatch in Angeles National Forest.

The Bleitzes arrange the strobe light to photograph the nest of a Costa's hummer at a sanctuary they maintain within the Joshua Tree National Monument.

Continued on Next Page

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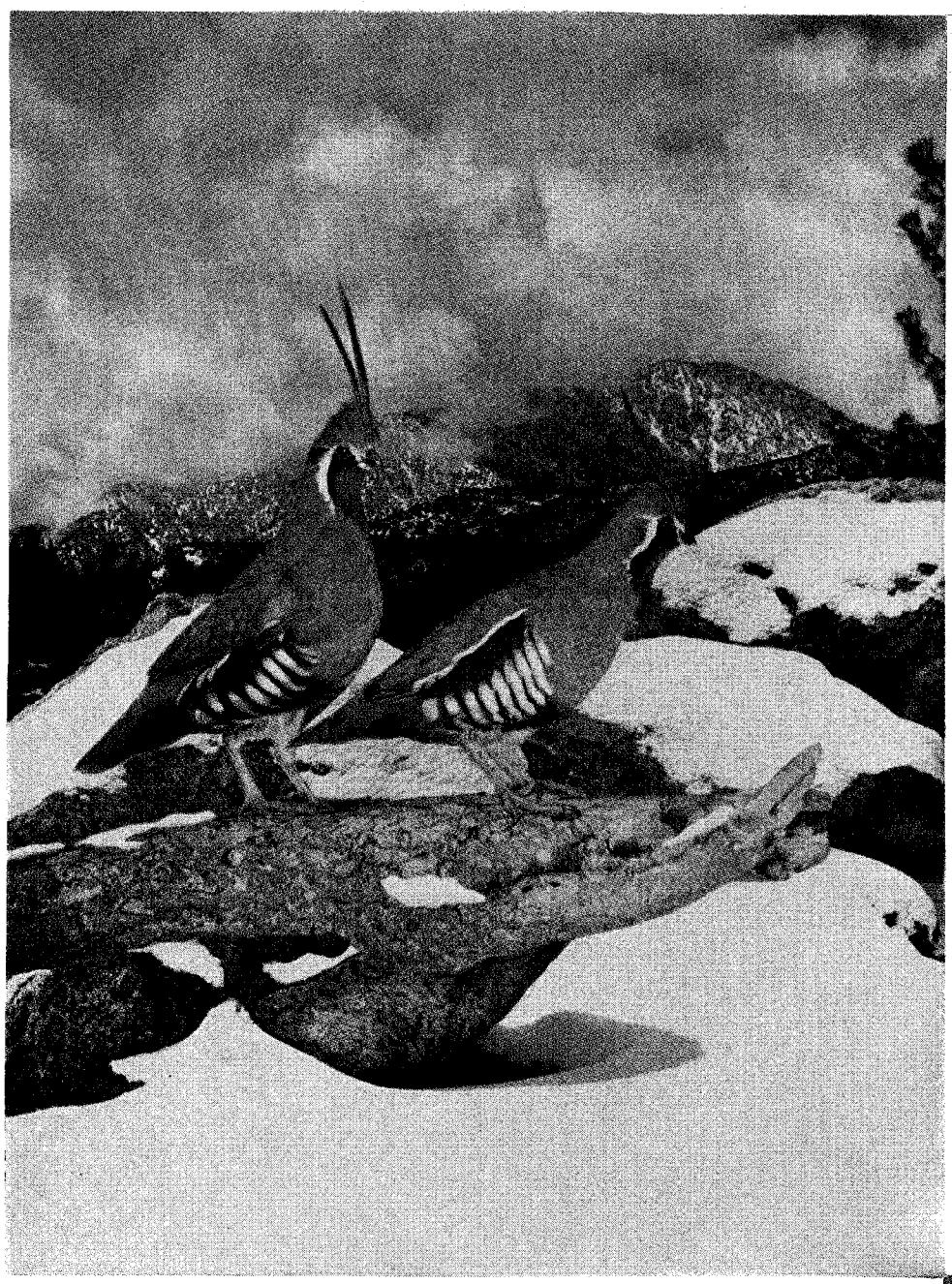
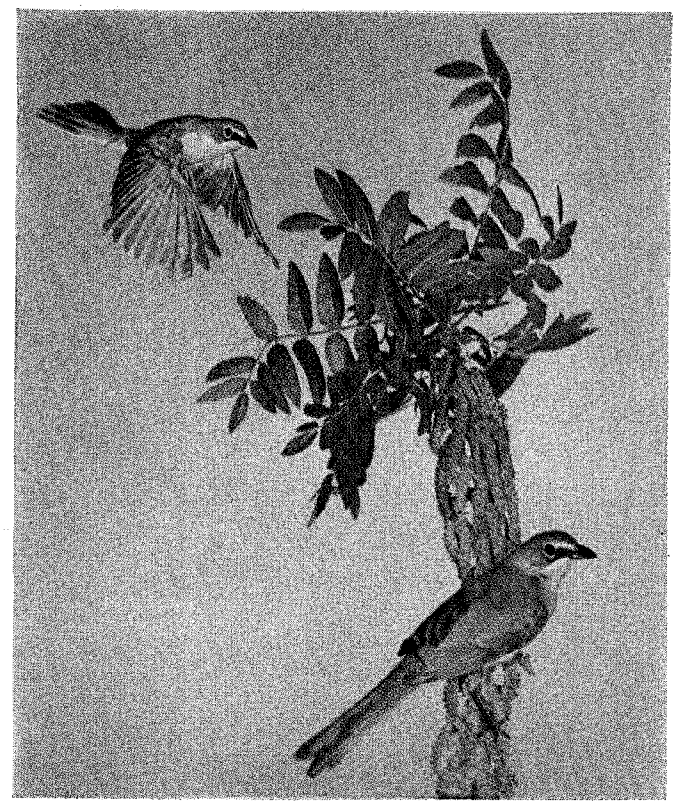




## Long-Tailed Chats

"The perched bird is on a California walnut in spring blossom. Chats are found over much of the United States. The flight photograph is from a separate exposure."

## Common Mallards

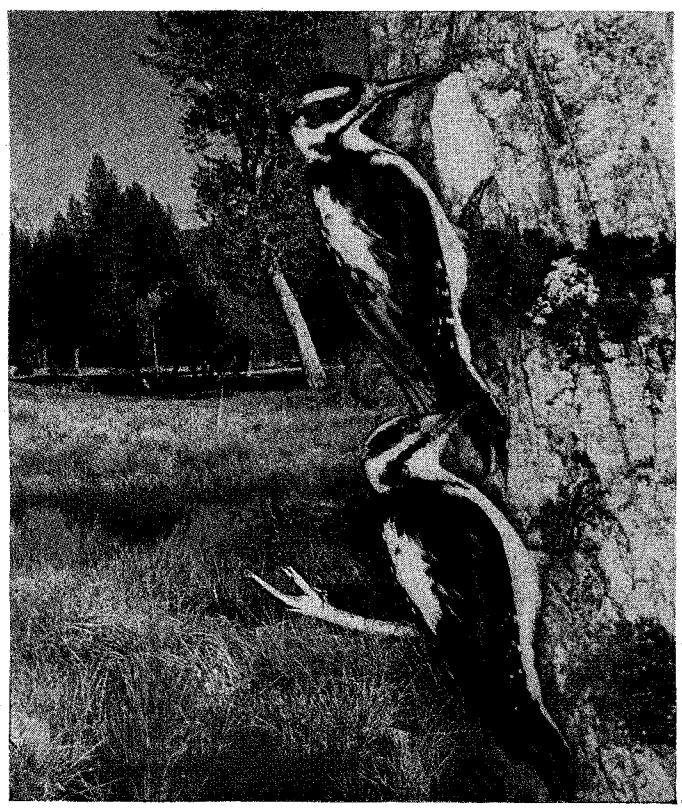
"This spring picture taken near the Graylodge Bird Refuge in Sacramento Valley was made using natural lighting. The late-afternoon sun has added a pinkish cast to the scene and reduced the intensity of the greens in the orchard grass."

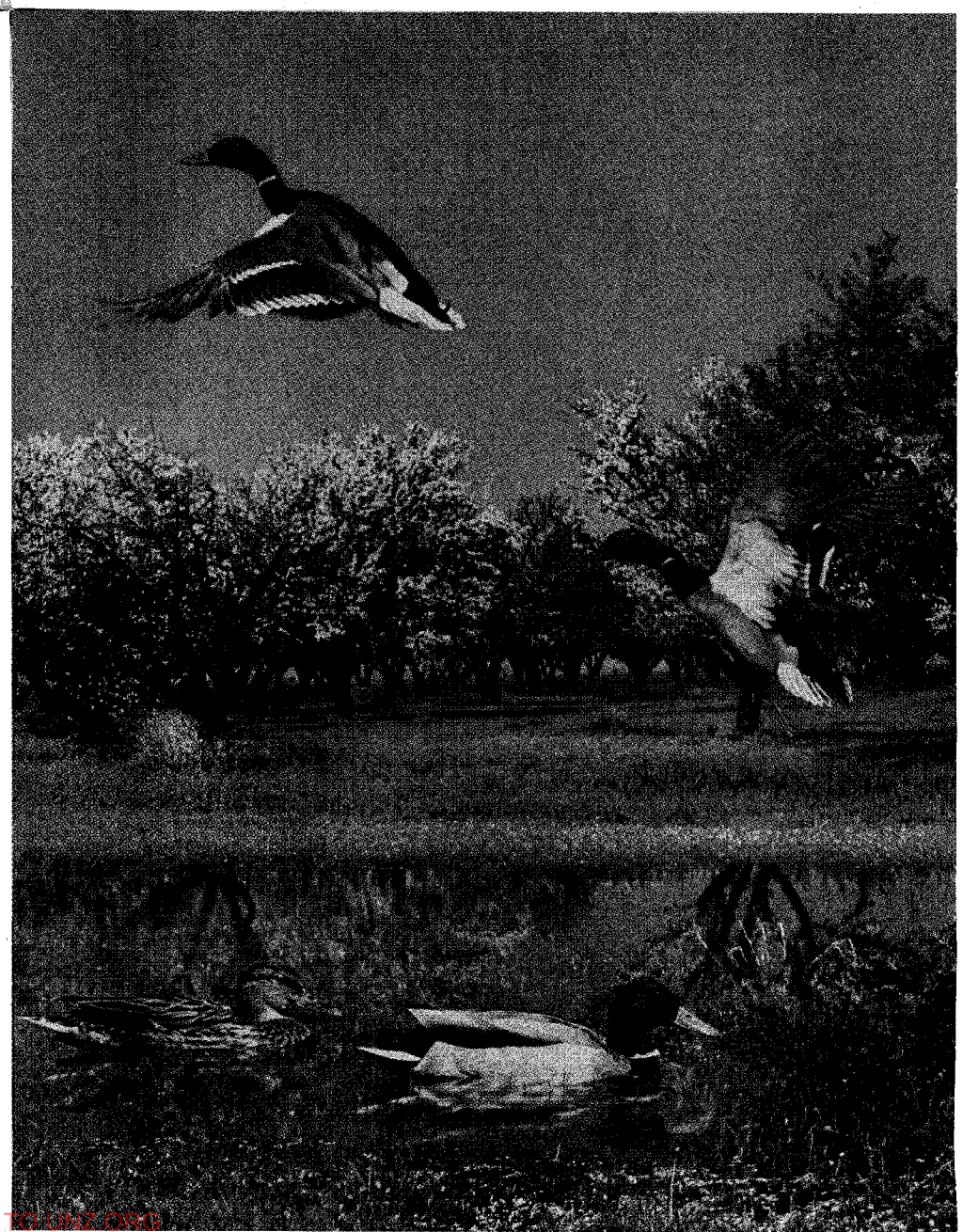
## Mountain Quail

"They can be found in high country over much of the Western United States. These were photographed in April, as they came to a feeding station at 6000-feet elevation in the Angeles National Forest."

## Hairy Woodpeckers

"They range over much of the United States, even in the cities in winter. This pair was photographed in Yosemite. I kept the female outside the nesting cavity until the male arrived, by stuffing a handkerchief into the entrance."





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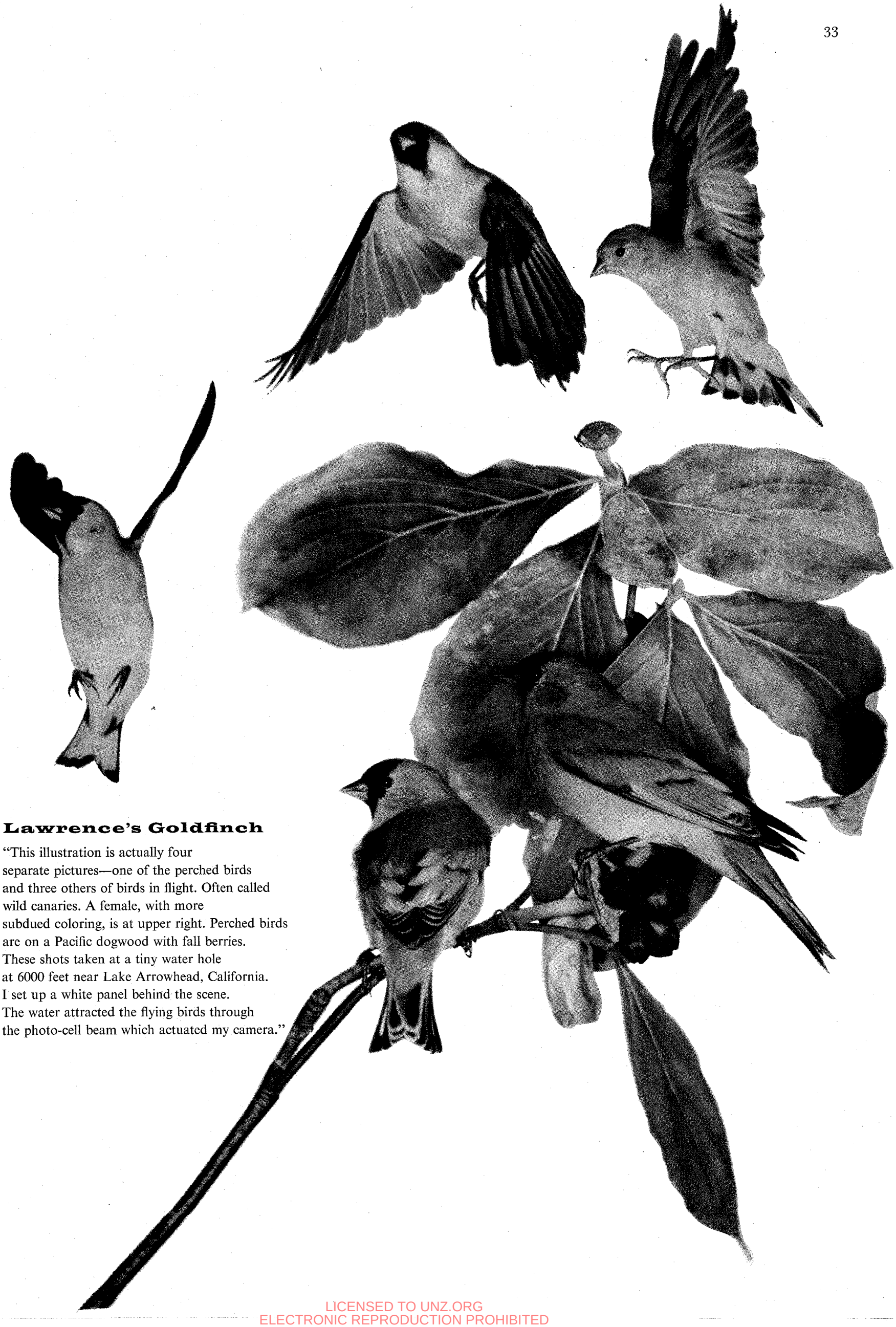

## Lawrence's Goldfinch

"This illustration is actually four
separate pictures—one of the perched birds
and three others of birds in flight. Often called
wild canaries. A female, with more
subdued coloring, is at upper right. Perched birds
are on a Pacific dogwood with fall berries.
These shots taken at a tiny water hole
at 6000 feet near Lake Arrowhead, California.
I set up a white panel behind the scene.
The water attracted the flying birds through
the photo-cell beam which actuated my camera."

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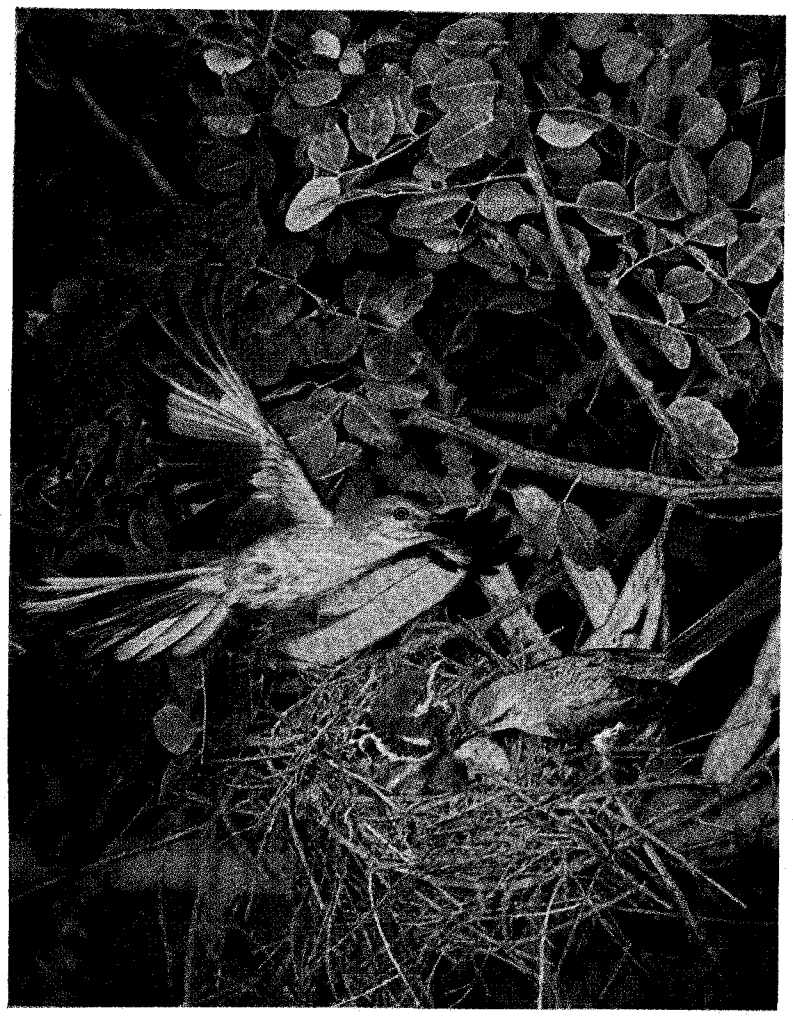
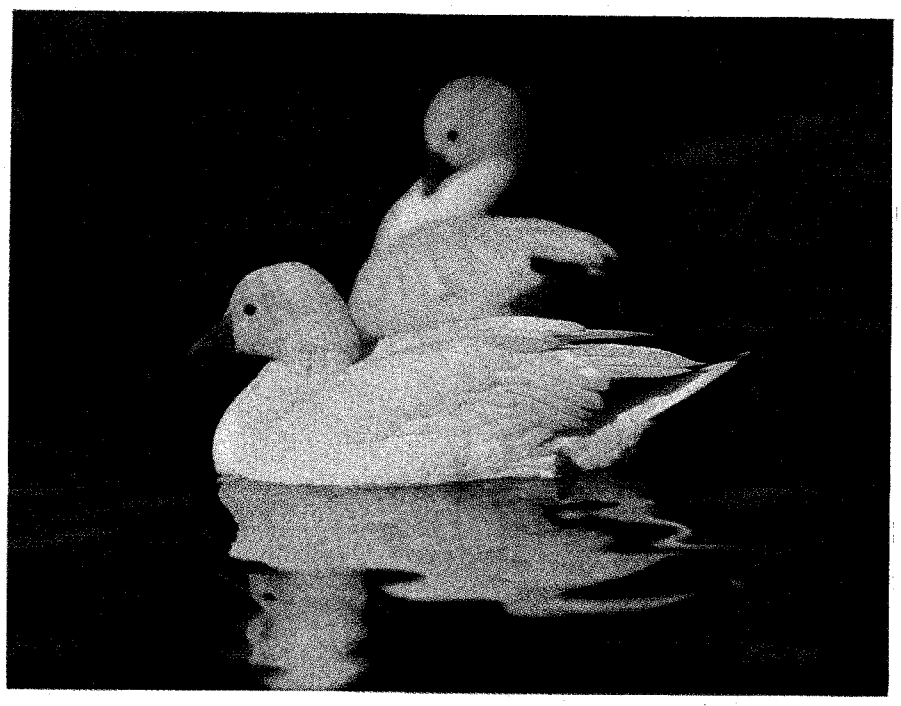
## Western Mockingbirds

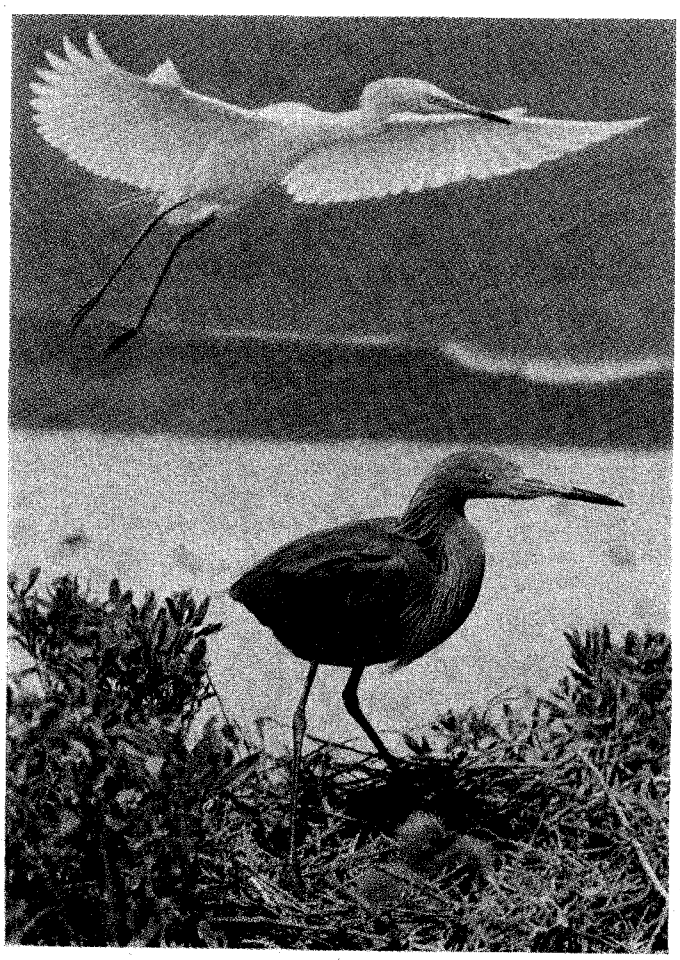
"This family group happened to be nesting
in a carob tree in the patio of our home
in the Hollywood hills. Notice that the flying bird,
the male, has a primary feather missing."





## Ross's Geese

"They nest in Canada and migrate as far south
as Southern California. Because of their small size and rarity,
they are protected from hunters. This photograph is one
of the few I have made with a telephoto lens, which accounts
for the loss of detail of the hen goose in the background."



## California Jay

"This perched 'scrub jay' is sitting on a
castor-bean plant a few yards from our home.
The flying bird is a separate picture.
Usually noisy and aggressive,
jays become very quiet while nesting."

## Reddish Egrets

"These were photographed on a nesting
island near Corpus Christi, Texas.
The white bird—in this case a male—
is a white-phase bird. This species
can be distinguished in either phase by
the flesh-colored black-tipped bill.
Wingspread about 4 feet."

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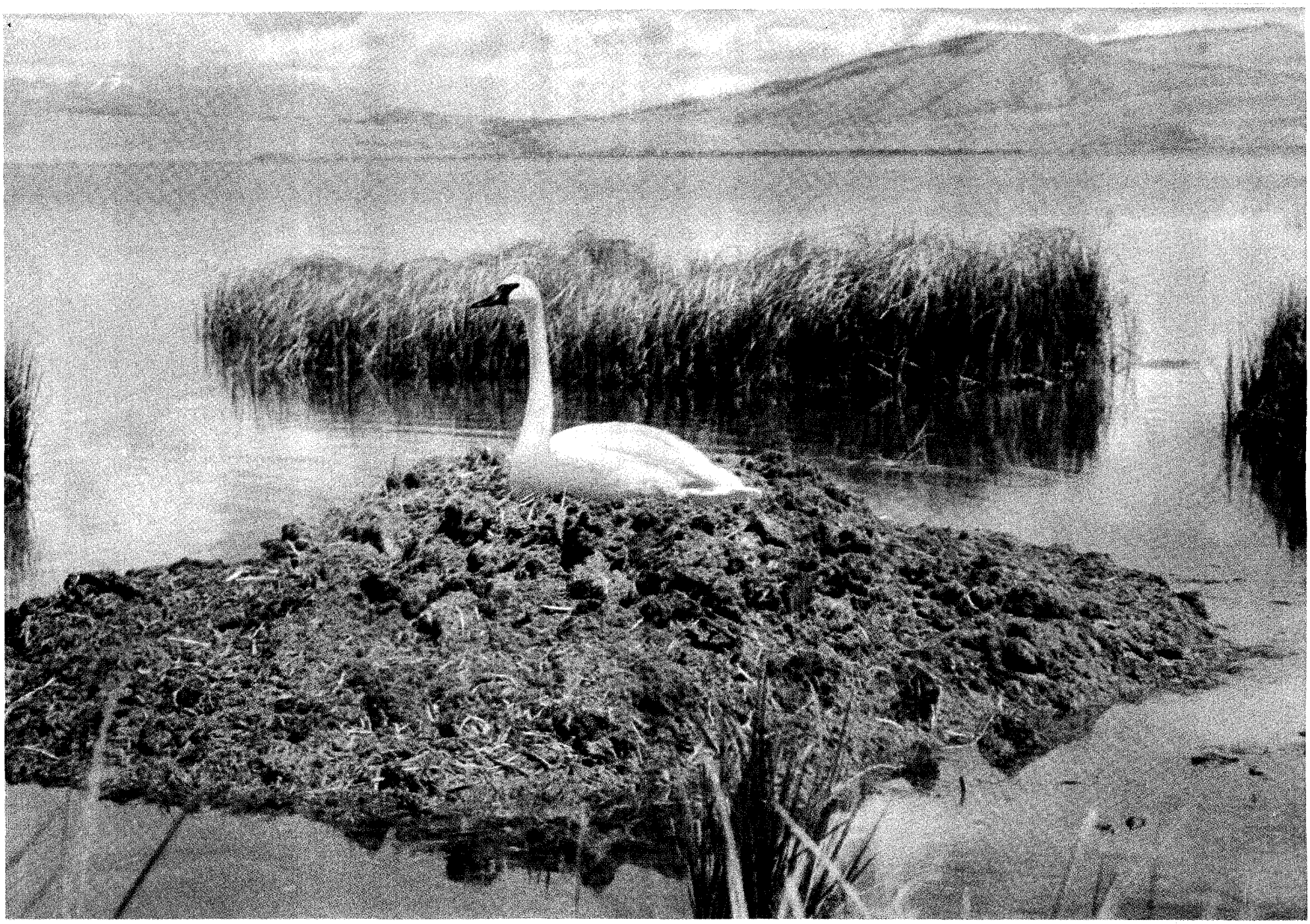

**Trumpeter Swan**

"The largest and rarest of North American waterfowl was once near extinction, but is now coming back with proper protection and adequate refuge areas. This bird is incubating three eggs in a nest built on a muskrat house in Red Rocks Lake, Montana. When the swan leaves the nest she covers the huge eggs with decaying vegetation so that they will stay warm while she is gone."

# HOW THESE PICTURES WERE MADE

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

It is axiomatic that most photographic studies of wildlife speak for themselves and that, beyond the usual identification, there is little that can be said which will add to the interest of the photograph—for, to paraphrase Gertrude Stein on this subject, a wren is a wren is a wren is a wren.

Don Bleitz's studies of bird life are notable exceptions to this rule, for both the pictures themselves and the techniques and processes by which they are produced represent a completely new approach to bird photography. Bird lovers and trained ornithologists usually view the Bleitz pictures with wonder and amazement. Non-bird lovers either look at the plates respectfully or think the birds are pretty cute. Photographers, both amateur and professional, often inspect the Bleitz pictures with a touch of skepticism—they find it hard to believe that what they see is photographically possible. In view of the fact that the Bleitz bird plates will undoubtedly be regarded as the modern successors to the great Audubon prints of the last century, The Saturday Evening Post offers here a brief and nontechnical introduction to the man and his methods.

The first point which should be made about the Bleitz photographs—and this, especially, for bird watchers and photographers who admire the plates and start reaching for their cameras—is that these pictures are the result of a heavily subsidized, dedicated effort to achieve what is almost, but not quite, impossible. Free birds are among the most elusive and difficult subjects in nature photography; each Bleitz plate demands from fifty to several hundred hours of field and laboratory work, the accumulated technical experience of fifteen years of research in half a dozen arts and skills, and a range of equipment which, if it could be purchased—and some of it can't—would cost at least $50,000.

Continued on Page 171

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The ship gave a sudden lurch, and I fell, half lying, half floating, my foot caught in a vise.

Trapped in the flooded compartment, he faced the

lonely terror of

# Death Below Decks

By BRIAN CLEEVE

The waves came solid green-and-white-bearded, like frost giants racing, each one higher than a house. We were bow on to them, but every third crest or so the steering gear would slip a notch of its worn chains, the rust-red forepeak would slide sideways down into the deep, still trough of the waves, and the next crest would hit us on the starboard quarter. You could feel the deck shuddering and the rivets starting out of their sockets.

"Who's on the wheel?" I said.

The bos'n shifted his grip on the stanchion and spat downwind. "Olaf."

"That big tramp," I said. "He ought to be steering a taxi."

"Tramp?" said the bos'n in his slow voice. "I thought you boys was friends?" He was an old man, with narrow, stooped shoulders inside his faded-blue denims. "You boys quarreling again?"

"I wouldn't waste a quarrel on a rat like that," I said, and I realized with an odd kind of hurt inside that this time I meant it. This wasn't just a quarrel. We'd had those often enough—over a drink, a card game, a loan. But not like this. When I shut my eyes I could see Olaf's face—the three-week fringe of beard, the eyes as gray and cold as those damn lakes of his in Finland—and I wanted to put my fist right in the middle of it.

I thought of the last night ashore, and me going into The Spanish Landing like some kind of monkeyed-up Romeo, with my hair brushed and flowers in my hand, to be told that Olaf had been there half an hour before me and that Sue had gone out with him. And I remembered the snicker that had gone round the bar—although it stopped after I took two of them outside and bounced them off the wall.

I walked that night till my feet were ragged. Down the dock road, with the smell of wet iron and wet coal slack like a taint in the air round me, out through the town where the villas lie behind their hedges, warm and curtained. And every villa that I passed, I thought of Sue. Dark eyes she had, like jet buttons, and skin whiter than cream. And a soft, small body that fitted into the snug of a man's arm.

We'd met her a week before, first night ashore, pulling the beer taps behind the bar in The Spanish Landing. And she had a Spanish look to her that went with the name of the pub. Silver earrings, and black hair smooth as polished ebony in a great coil behind her head. I wanted to touch that coil of hair the first minute I saw it; weigh it in my hands and hold it against my face to find the scent of it.

Olaf had given me a big chuck in the ribs with his

(Continued on Page 80)

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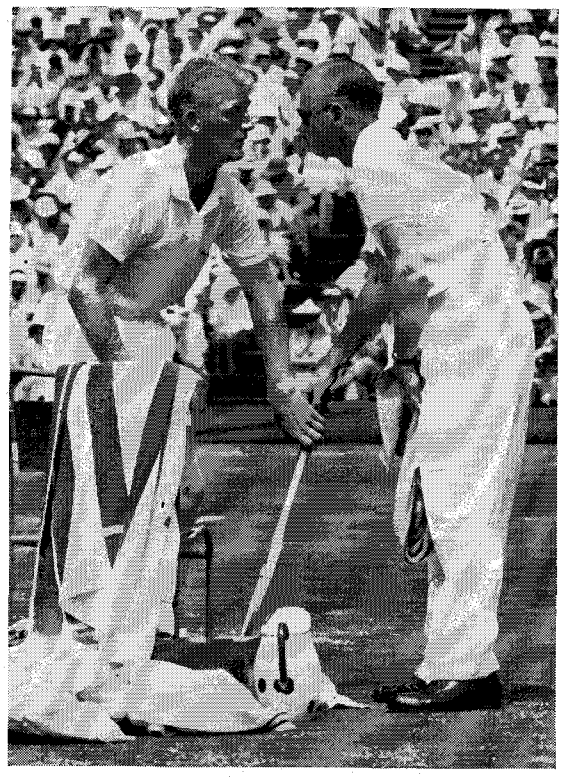
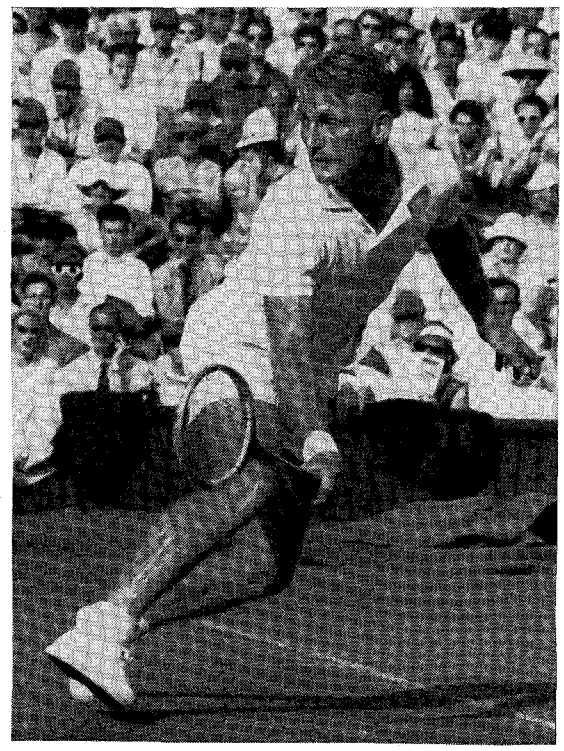
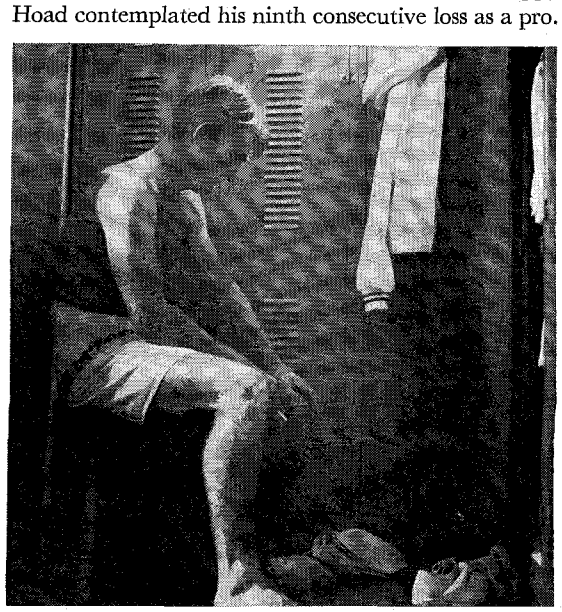


The author and Harry Hopman (right), captain of Australia's Davis Cup team, in Sydney in 1954. Hopman enforced an iron discipline over his players.



Tension showed on Hoad's face as he strove for his second Wimbledon championship, two months ago.

In Los Angeles, a month after Wimbledon, an unhappy Hoad contemplated his ninth consecutive loss as a pro.



Lew Hoad and his wife Jennifer. Their wedding at Wimbledon in 1955 outraged Australian tennis officials.

# I Was a Tennis Slave

## They made him live on peanuts and even tried to keep him from marrying. The Wimbledon champion exposes the brutal facts of "amateur" tennis that made him turn pro.

By LEW HOAD as told to Will Grimsley

I began playing tennis, barefoot, at the age of nine. At eleven I was being furnished good rackets and shoes. At fifteen I was a seasoned tournament player, and at seventeen I made my first trip around the world. Since I was seventeen I have played tennis the year around, moving into Europe in April, into the United States in July and back home to Australia in October for the summer season, which coincides with most people's winter. I haven't seen a winter in six years.

Except for four months spent in the army in 1954, and two months in a plaster cast with a bad back early this year, I have had no rest. None of my time has been my own. I have been told where and when to play. To an extent, I have been told how to eat and how to spend my leisure hours. Once an attempt was made to tell me when I should marry. I have been, in effect, a slave of the men who run amateur tennis—a willing and a happy slave at first, I must admit, but a slave just the same.

I have played in four Davis Cup Challenge Rounds, serving on three winning teams. I have won Wimbledon twice in a row, also the Australian and French championships. I have been through the mill. Now, at twenty-two, I have grown tired of playing amateur tennis. I have become a bit fed up with some of the actions of the men (Continued on Page 182)

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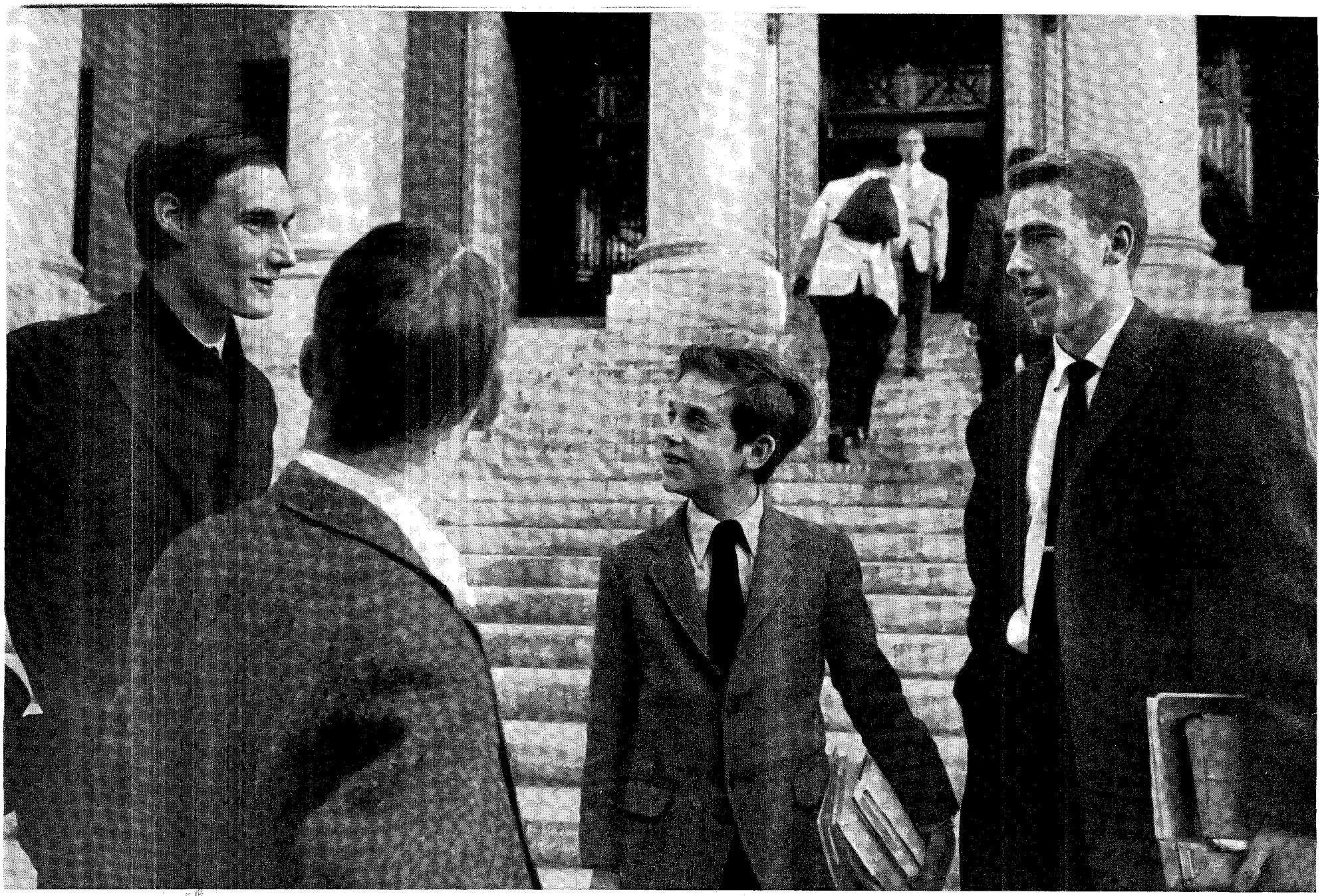

Fred Safier (center) and fellow students on the steps of Harvard's Widener Library. He is five years younger than his classmates, but mixes easily with older boys.

# Prodigy at Harvard

## Fred Safier knew the alphabet when he was 22 months old, read the Iliad and the Odyssey at four, and entered college at thirteen. Here is the intimate story of one of the smartest boys in the world.

By AL HIRSHBERG

When Fred Safier, Jr., of Berkeley, California, became a Harvard freshman a month before his thirteenth birthday last fall, he was quickly hailed as a combination of prodigy and genius, a walking brain, who, presumably, read Hegel for fun and was a whiz at calculus, a sure candidate for jack-pot honors in the highest television-quiz circles. But after this initial flurry of attention, he dropped out of the public eye. Now entering his sophomore year, the youngest Harvard freshman in nearly half a century and the third-youngest in the long history of this country's oldest university has slipped back into the realm of anonymity from which he had come.

It didn't happen by accident. Fred's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Safier, do not think that a high concentration of publicity lends itself to the healthy development of normal children, and they are determined that their son shall enjoy a normal childhood. They shudder at descriptions of Fred that include such terms as "prodigy" or "genius," and congeal at the thought of exploiting his unusual mental capacity on television or anywhere else.

"Fred is not a walking brain. He does not read Hegel for fun, and he has a long way to go before he can hope to become a whiz at calculus," says his father, a former philosophy professor, who taught at George Washington University and the University of Puerto Rico. "He is simply a normal little boy with a high capacity for learning."

Fred, a handsome child with a ready smile and a mischievous glint in his hazel eyes, is pretty much like any other American youngster of thirteen. He likes sports, movies, dogs and mystery stories, is fascinated by scientific problems of almost any description and proud of his stamp collection. He enjoys being a Harvard man, but he missed his mother, who was unable to join him and his father when they moved to Cambridge for the first college year. And he will miss her again this year.



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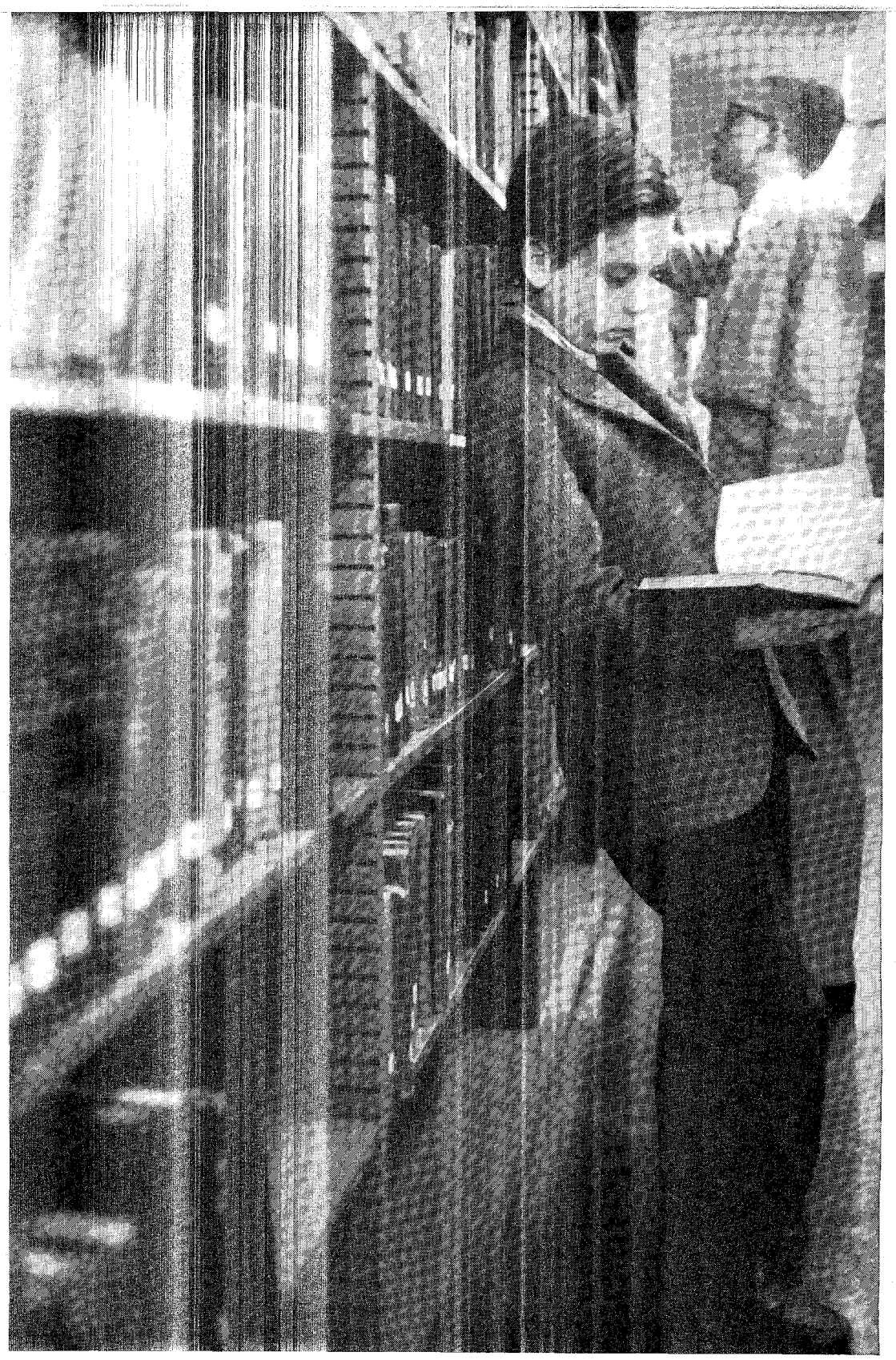
"It's lonesome without her," he said, one day last spring. "But I write her long letters every Sunday, and we hear from her all the time. She was here right after Christmas, and she could see for herself how much I like Harvard. If it weren't for her not living with us, it would be perfect. I'm having a wonderful time. I like my work and my professors so much that I couldn't imagine going anywhere else to school. And I'm having lots of fun too."

When, clad in a tweed jacket, with his necktie neatly knotted and his trousers sharply pressed, he mingled with other freshmen in the Harvard Yard last fall, he looked like a small boy who had wandered into the wrong place. But he had every right to be there, for he was a full-fledged member of the Class of 1960.

There have been other children at or near Fred's age who entered Harvard in past years, and most of them did well in later life. Cotton Mather was an eleven-year-old freshman in 1674, and he lived to a full, productive, useful maturity. Adolph A. Berle, Jr., a freshman at fourteen, later served as Assistant Secretary of State under Franklin D. Roosevelt; and Norbert Wiener, a Harvard student at thirteen, is now a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and one of the world's leading mathematicians. Only Willie Sidis, an eleven-year-old freshman in 1909, failed to live up to his early promise. He was a college lecturer at fourteen and a full professor at nineteen, but he grew up to become an embittered malcontent who died in obscurity at forty-six. Sidis, Berle and Wiener were all at Harvard at the same time, although in different classes. And only Sidis and Cotton Mather were younger than Fred Safier, Jr.

Fred's parents do everything possible to keep their boy's life on an even keel. Since the youngster, who will turn fourteen October sixth, studies and works among boys four and five years older, this takes some doing. Fred's father, a scholar who is inclined to live in an ivory tower, is surprisingly realistic about his son. He goes out of his way to help Fred develop a child's social life while pursuing a young man's college career. He sees to it that Fred plays as often as possible with his chronological contemporaries while working with his



Fred browses in the library. His reading fare includes both advanced texts and Erle Stanley Gardner mysteries. His father insists that Fred is not a genius, but merely a normal little boy with a high capacity for learning.

*Photographs by Larry Fried*

With his slide rule, Fred tackles a mathematics problem. His major is nuclear physics.

intellectual equals. He encourages the boy to relax as much as he can. He enthusiastically approved an arrangement made by Harvard for Fred to take part in sports with the boys at Browne and Nichols, a nearby prep school.

"This," said Doctor Safier, "is typical of the many ways in which Harvard has generously accommodated itself to Fred's special needs."

Naturally Fred couldn't be a member of any of the school teams, but he played soccer there in the fall and tennis in the spring with boys of his own age. However, he did not confine his exercise only to contemporaries, since he often played squash last spring with a Harvard friend of seventeen. He also made other friends while writing for the Yardling, the Harvard-freshman newspaper.

One of Fred's closest friends is an eighteen-year-old Harvard (Continued on Page 177)

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# Bitter Vengeance

**He couldn't forgive her for marrying another man. Now he was going to get even—by killing her sons.**

By MARY AGNES THOMPSON

The sun hovered in the west like a hangman's noose waiting to be swung by a violent hand. The lone cottonwood tree on the south side of the small gray house stood ghostlike, its shining leaves atrembling. There was hardly any wind—hardly any wind at all.

Marshal Alec Winters sat in the rocking chair on the porch of the house. He was waiting—just waiting. He moved slightly in the chair and his guns creaked in their holsters. He muttered something under his breath. Then there was only the stillness again, and the waiting.

The Negro boy, Benjamin, who had always run errands for Miz Clayton, moved into the yard on bare, quiet feet. He slid over the grass and it crinkled, being burned and bleached by the fierce summer heat. When he came close to the porch he raised his harmonica to his mouth and breathed out of it the sweet tones of Beautiful Dreamer. It was almost as gentle as the voice of the woman inside the house, if she should speak. She was almost past speaking now, the word had gone around the town.

"Shut that thing up, boy!" Winters snapped at Benjamin. "Don't you ever stop playin' that music and singin' your crazy talk? There's a time and a place for everything."

Benjamin slipped his lanky body onto the top step of the porch and leaned back against the house, loose and easy. He lowered the harmonica and thought on the marshal's words a little.

"One time Miz Clayton she say to me, she say: 'Benjamin, when I die I hope to heaven you're about somewhere aplayin' Stephen Foster's music on that mouth organ of yours.'"

For a while both Benjamin and the marshal were quiet then, and finally it was Benjamin who broke the stillness. His eyes had a faraway look and he droned in the singsong, chanting manner familiar to levee folk from whom he had sprung, but alien to the territory people of the Cimarron country:

"*Oh, Miz Clayton, she's adyin'! Oh, Miz Clayton, she lay down! Everybody love Miz Clayton, everybody in dis town!*"

Alec Winters grunted. Again there was nothing but the slight, slipping sound of the rocker moving and the low creak of leather holsters.

"You jus' gonna sit there, Mist' Marshal?" Benjamin asked softly.

"I'm just goin' to sit here, boy."

"But you don' really look for 'em to come, do you, Mist' Marshal?"

"Nope."

"You gonna sit there all night, anyhow?"

"Yep."

Benjamin laughed his easy, throaty chuckle. He tapped the harmonica against the ragged edge of his trousers and wiggled his bare toes.

"They gonna come, all right, Mist' Marshal. I can jus' hear 'em comin'. I can jus' hear dem big black horses."

He made the sound of trotting horses with his tongue and with his hand slapping against the side of his leg.

"Mighty fine horses, dem blacks," he added.

"When did you see their horses last?" Winters demanded, eying Benjamin.

"I was jus' pokin' 'round up on the river this afternoon, up on the Cimarron." Benjamin shifted his eyes casually around to indicate the manner in which he had been rambling. "I was jus' atraipsin' 'round and I heard dem horses acomin'." He made once more the trotting sound of the famous blacks. "And there they was, all four of 'em, aridin' dem big black horses toward the Clayton caves."

Winters snorted. He sounded angry and impatient. "They can hide out up there until they rot. If you're wantin' a show, boy, you're wastin' your time. They won't come."

"Then why you sittin' there, Mist' Marshal?"

"I just want to greet 'em, if they come, boy. If they come."

Benjamin raised the harmonica to his mouth again. This time it was Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair. He turned once to peek toward the inner room, not taking the instrument from his mouth. His lanky body hardly moved. His hands barely shifted. It was a time for tenderness. It was a time for dying.

"You hear me, Miz Clayton?" he whispered in a coaxing tone when he had finished his soft elegy. "It's your music, Miz Clayton. I'm doin' what you tol' me. I allus did what you tol' me, didn' I? You hearin' your music, Miz Clayton?"

There was no answer, no sound at all, except the rustling of the cottonwood leaves.

A young couple came up the walk then, and Benjamin moved his feet aside politely. It was

The outlaw Clayton boys, riding their big black horses, had been seen up on the Cimarron.

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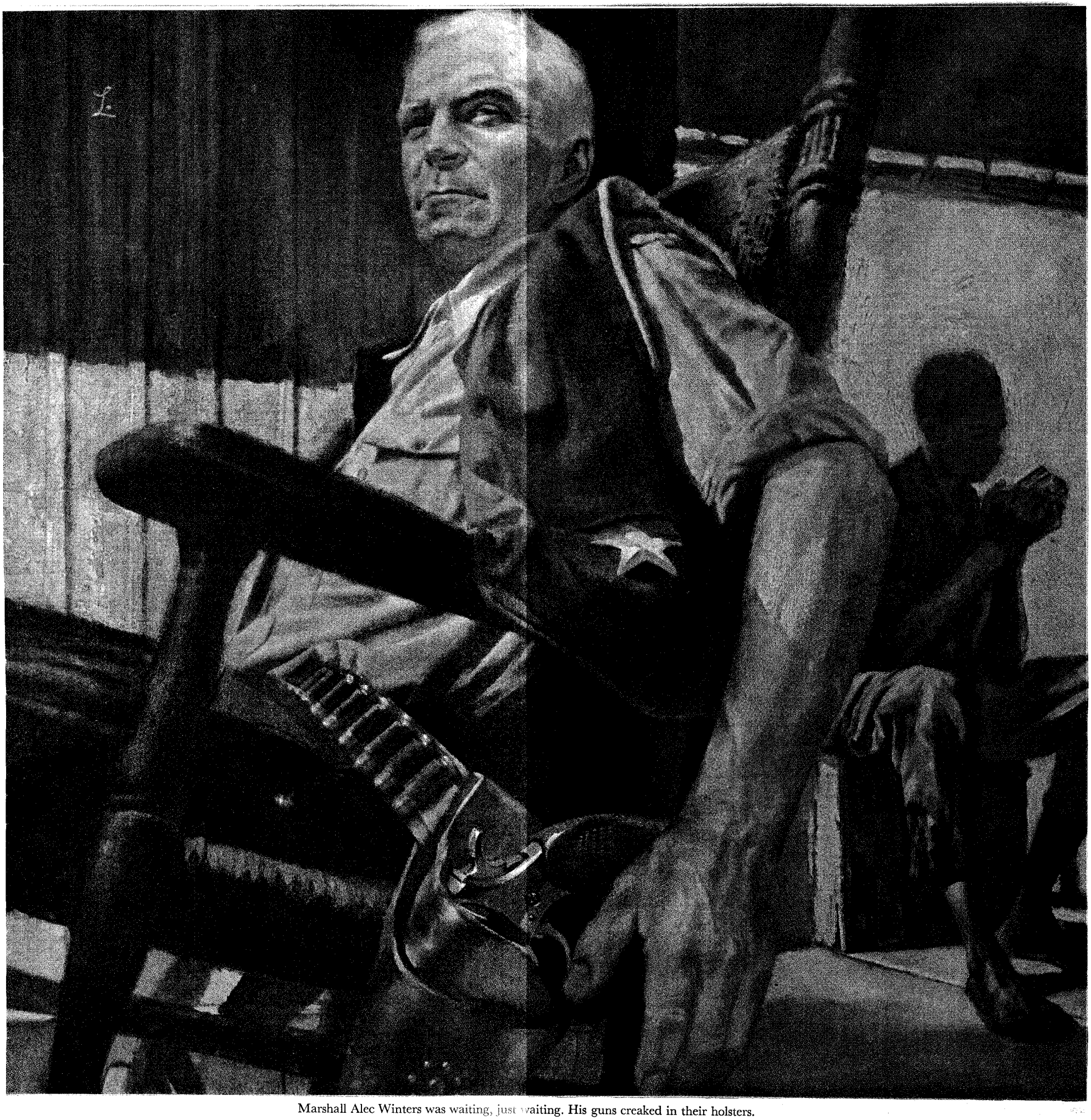

Marshall Alec Winters was waiting, just waiting. His guns creaked in their holsters.

the preacher from the Mennonite community west of the town, where the wheat fields lay golden-ripe in the hot sun. He was accompanied by his wife, Hilda. They had come calling for the first time. The Reverend Mr. Anson, in the tradition of the Mennonites, wore a heavy brush beard, and Hilda's face was framed by the white neckpiece worn by the Mennonite women. She had a black shawl about her shoulders, although the day was hot, and she was wearing a dark percale dress.

The preacher was dressed in a black suit. They looked as though they meant to call upon somebody who might be close to dying, Benjamin thought.

"Good evening," the Reverend Mr. Anson greeted the marshal.

"Evenin'."

"We heard she was sinking. We wish to pay our respects."

"I didn't know you knew her," the marshal said, almost contemptuously. He wasted no love upon the community of farmers whose men wore no guns. Their world was apart from his.

"We knew her," the preacher said softly. He turned to his wife.

"One spring when smallpox struck our community and nobody else would come, she came," Hilda broke in, her voice husky. "She alone came from the town—she and the boy there." She nodded at Benjamin. "She's a good woman." (Continued on Page 112)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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# I Am a Kidnaper of Sorts

## An industry "recruiter" reveals the tricks of talent hunters who raid rival companies for engineers. He also tells how to comb a college campus.

*ANONYMOUS,*
*as told to*
*James Joseph*

I've lured 1200 kids from their halls of ivy to the less cloistered halls of industry. And now I was set to snatch another—the soon-to-be-graduated youngster sitting across from me there in his college's job-placement office.

The abduction order—a telegram from the home office—had arrived only that morning: "New Air Force contract pending. Hire 20 EEs immediately." That double E stood for electrical engineer, the kid's specialty.

Already the youngster had warmed to my practiced man-to-man handshake. He'd chummed up to my convincing casualness. He'd been visibly flattered—as what lad isn't?—hearing himself called "Mister." He was edging his chair as I offered the works: A career with one of America's best-known aircraft companies, year-around California sunshine, more pay to start than his machinist father was making—and his dad had twenty-five years' experience.

"He's ours," I told myself confidently.

But suddenly the eagerness drained from his face. He stopped fiddling the "slipstick"—the slide rule which indelibly labeled him an engineer, a bird almost as rare in 1957 as the all but extinct whooping crane. There's closed season on whoopers, but none on fledgling engineers.

"That's the best job offer I've had," he admitted, "but don't you think —— Well, I'd planned on more schooling, planned getting my master's degree."

He was asking my advice! Asking me, an industrial "kidnaper," a guy employed by a major West Coast plane maker to entice engineers—kids right out of college and old grads, too—to come to work for us. We're building missiles, fighter planes and bombers. We've got titanium to spare. And all the jet engines we need. Everything, that is, but engineers. Without them you can't build missiles, or refrigerators, either.

I grinned across at him, still playing it palsy-walsy. Inside, I was boiling. What'd the boy want to be, an Einstein? Sure, I knew the odds. Every engineering recruiter does. Come to work for us—for any company—and likely he'd never go back to school. They seldom do, even though many companies, my own included, encourage after-work schooling. I knew grimmer statistics too: Last year only 4724 engineering masters of science, a step above bachelor degree, came out of our colleges and universities, while the Soviets by best estimates graduated twice that many. And no nation can stay ahead in the armaments race without engineering theorists—fellows with advanced degrees. But I wanted that boy, wanted him enough to play the trump I'd been saving.

"Suppose I got you assigned to Project Y?" I said with feigned indifference.

He blinked in disbelief. There wasn't an engineer in his graduating class who wouldn't have hocked his sheepskin to get in on that hush-hush project. And the kid was no exception.

"Like to work on that missile?" he blurted. "You bet I would!"

Back on the coast they'd jab another red-headed pin into the big wall map—each of the eight recruiters on my team has his own color. My boss, who supervises engineering recruitment, would muse happily, "Jim's snatched another live one!"

Alive or academically dead, we need every engineer who can be coaxed, bribed, cajoled or shanghaied into joining our staff. In today's frantic engineering manhunt—which rivals the FBI's best—industrial kidnapers like myself aren't beyond doing all four. Actually, we have little choice. For without engineers a company can't latch onto Government contracts, or civilian ones either.

There simply aren't engineers enough to go around. Last year a mere 26,306 bachelor degrees—from mechanical to electrical—were awarded by the nation's 213 engineering colleges, of which only 153 had one or more of their curricula accredited by the all-powerful Engineers' Council for Professional Development. Yet the Engineering Manpower Commission estimated demand at 35,000, and some put the need at 45,000. In even shorter supply were essential scientists—chemists, biologists, physicists, mathematicians and a half dozen other categories. During 1956, our colleges conferred a scant 29,000 scientific first degrees (bachelor). By contrast 61,001 new scientists and a bumper crop of engineers—52,732 of them—spilled from our halls of higher learning in record-breaking 1950, a year when the need was perhaps half what it is today.

Almost everywhere the shortage is acute. In aircraft and electronics it is critical. Research into missiles, the atom and more complex aircraft has doubled, even quadrupled the call for engineers. (Continued on Page 147)

"We located another engineering graduate, J.B.!"

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It was the most incredible apparatus ever built. But not even the inventor knew the amazing things it could do. . . .

# The Happiness Machine

By RAY BRADBURY

In front of the corner cigar store this evening the men were gathered to burn dirigibles, sink battleships, blow up dynamite works and, all in all, savor the very bacteria in their mouths that would someday stop them cold. Clouds of annihilation loomed and blew away in their cigar smoke about a nervous figure who could be seen dimly listening to the sound of shovels and spades and the intonations of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." This figure was that of Leo Auffmann, the town jeweler who, widening his large liquid-dark eyes, at last threw up his child's hands and cried out in dismay.

"Stop! In heaven's name, get out of that graveyard!"

"Leo, how right you are," said Grandfather Spaulding passing on his nightly stroll with his grandsons Douglas and Tom. "But, Leo, only you can shut these doom-talkers up. Invent something that will make the future brighter, well-rounded, infinitely joyous. You've invented bicycles, fixed the penny-arcade contraptions, been our town movie projectionist, haven't you?"

"Sure," said Douglas. "Invent us a Happiness Machine!"

The men laughed.

"Don't," said Leo Auffmann. "How have we used machines so far—to make people cry? Yes! Every time man and the machine look like they will get on all *right—boom! Someone adds a cog, airplanes drop* bombs on us, cars run us off cliffs. So is the boy wrong to ask? No! No."

His voice faded as Leo Auffmann moved to the curb to touch his bicycle as if it were an animal.

"What can I lose?" he murmured. "A little skin off my fingers, a few pounds of metal, some sleep? I'll do it, so help me!"

"Leo," said Grandfather, "we didn't mean ——"

But Leo Auffmann was gone, pedaling off through the warm summer evening, his voice drifting back, ". . . I'll do it."

"You know," said Tom in awe, "I bet he will."

Watching him cycle the brick streets of evening, you could see that Leo Auffmann was a man who coasted along, enjoying the way the thistles ticked in the hot grass when the wind blew (Continued on Page 154)

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Inside the machine, Lena could be heard saying, "Oh!" and then again, "Ah!" in a startled voice.

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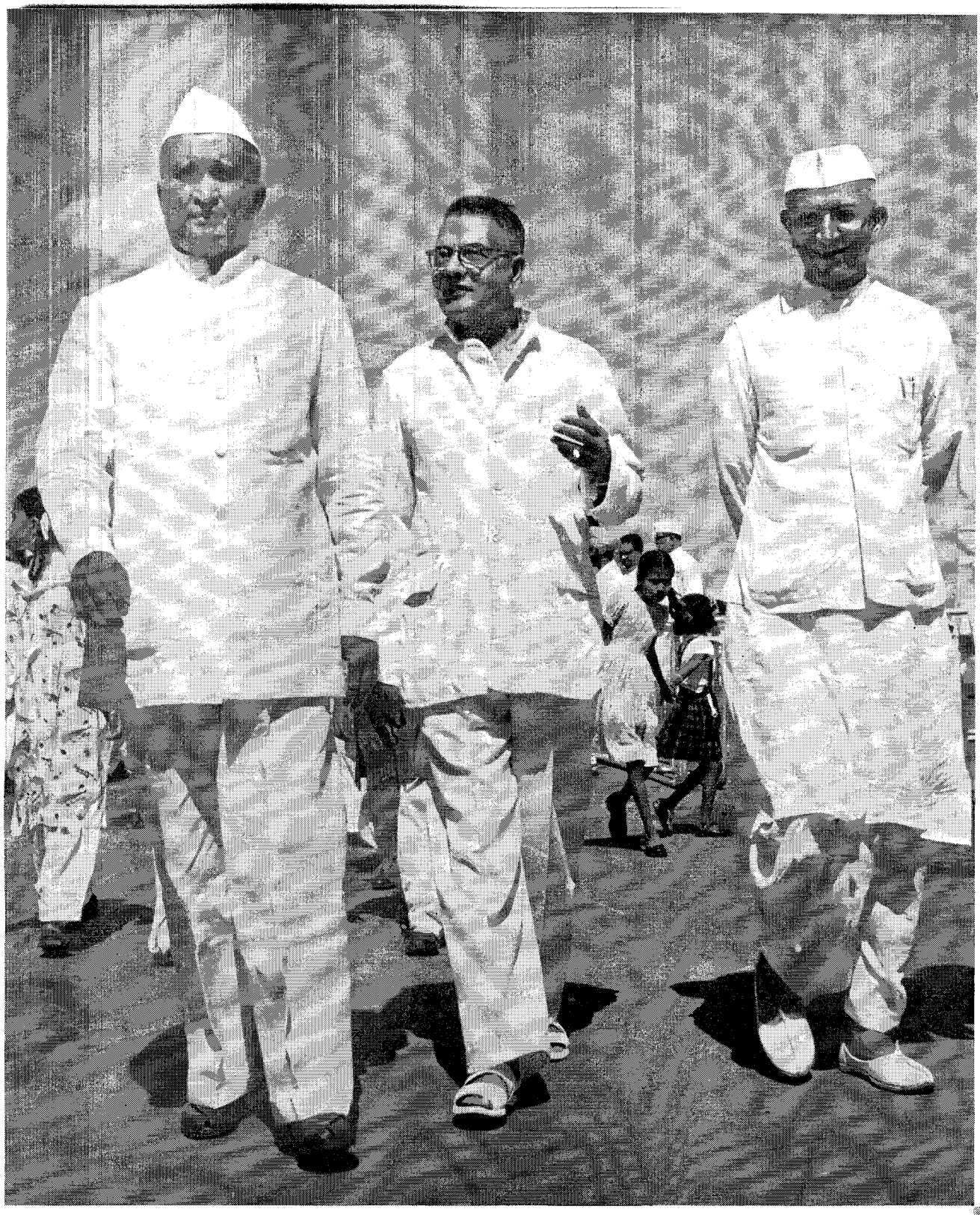
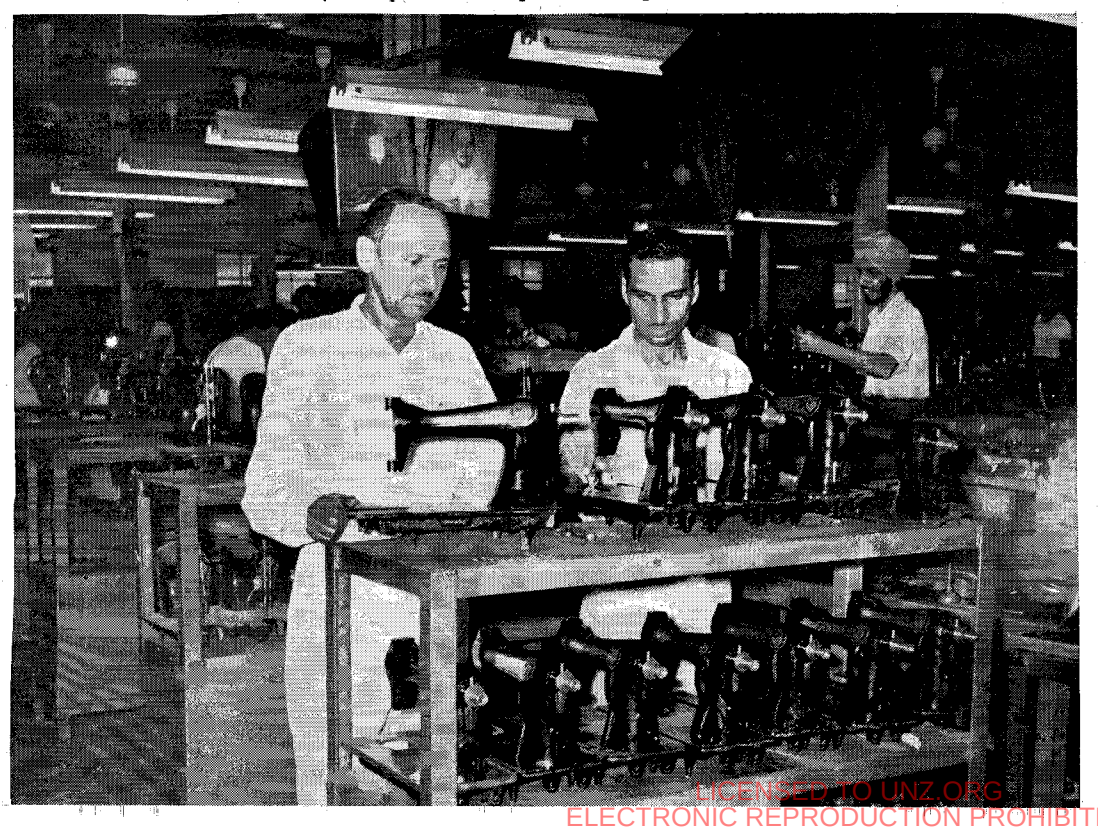


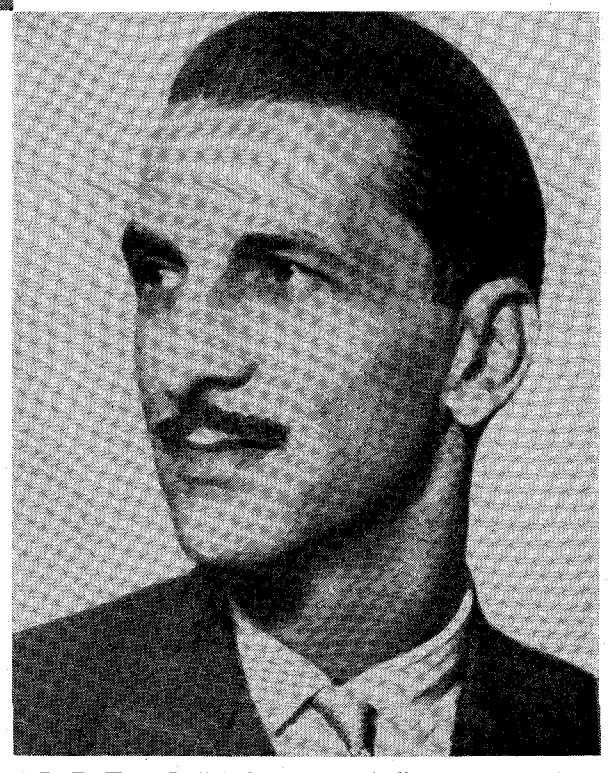
These friends of capitalism now find themselves in the ascendancy:
(from left) Ministers S. K. Patil, Irrigation and Power;
T. T. Krishnamachari, Finance; and Morarji Desai, Commerce and Industry.

# India Faces the Facts of Life

Fed up with socialists and empty promises, India in crisis is turning to the capitalism it scorned. A distinguished writer reports from the scene.

T. R. Gupta (left) visits the assembly line of his sewing-machine company, a healthy new private enterprise thriving in socialist India.





J. R. D. Tata, India's foremost capitalist, has hired an American firm to expand his immense steel-making facilities.

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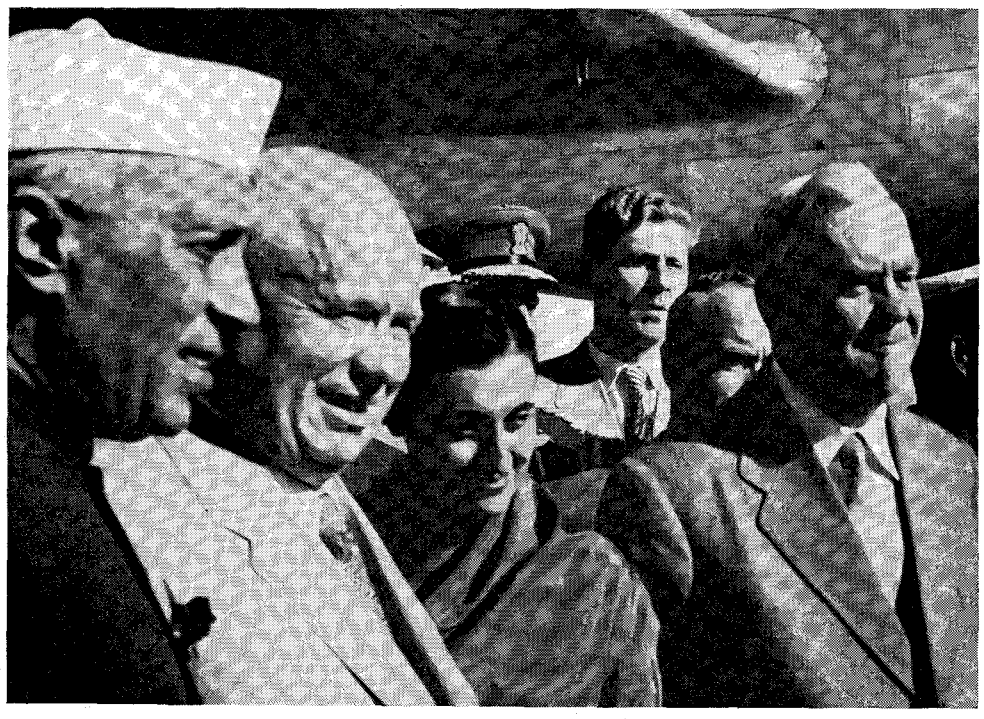
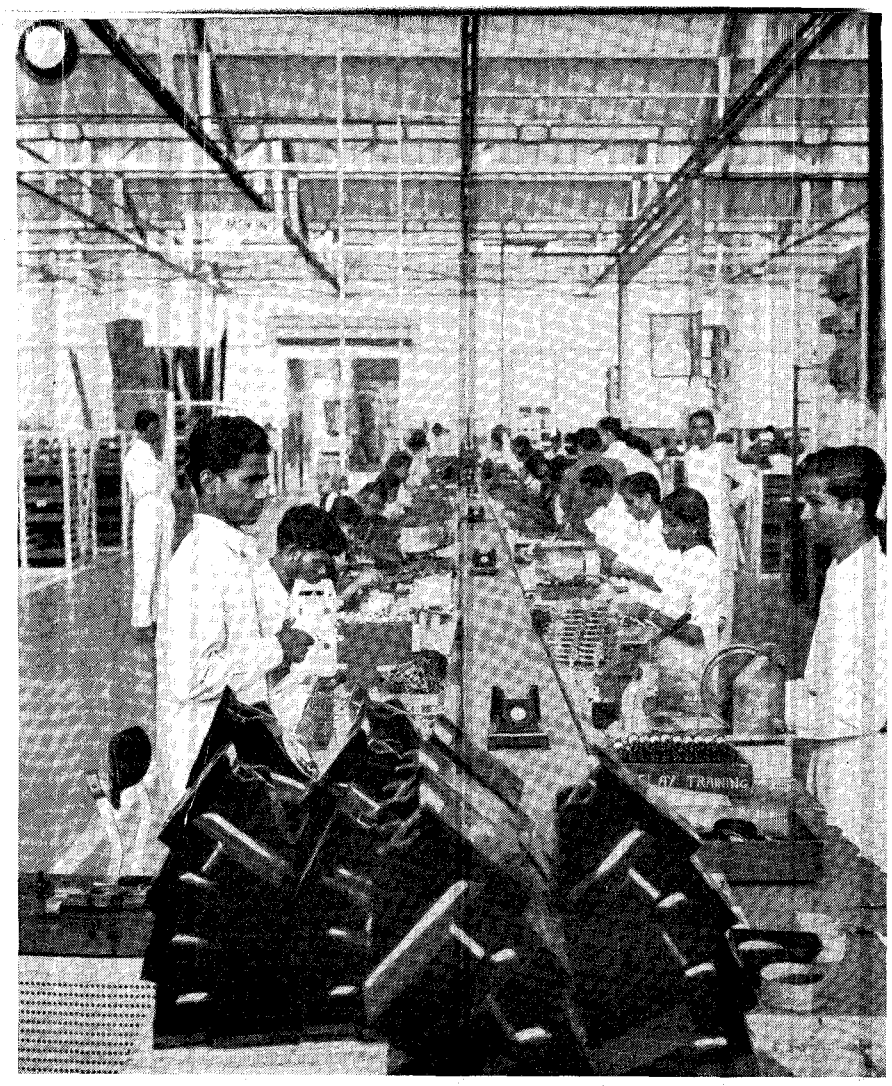


Prime Minister Nehru (left) and his daughter welcomed Khrushchev and Bulganin to India in 1955. Recently, however, Communist prestige has declined.



Right: A so-called socialist "showplace," this state-operated factory is plagued by red tape and low production.

By CAMERON HAWLEY

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

This is my last weekend in India. Two months ago, on the day after my arrival, a Bombay friend predicted, "You'll have a hard time believing what you'll see and hear. There's been a big change in the last few months. India is finally beginning to get its feet on the ground."

He was right on both counts. Again and again I have been tempted to distrust my eyes and ears—and, unquestionably, India is changing its political course. There are significant developments that will affect not only the future of this country but also that of the many other underdeveloped nations of Asia and Africa which so often look to the Republic of India as a guiding example.

My first solid evidence of change came at a luncheon arranged to give me a fast cross-section of current thinking on economic development. The guests were seventeen industrialists and financiers. Some were men I had interviewed three years ago and, to refresh my memory before meeting them again, I reread the almost verbatim transcripts I had made of those 1954 conversations.

It was well that I did; the change in attitude and viewpoint proved so astounding that, without verification, it would have been difficult to believe that I was listening to the same men.

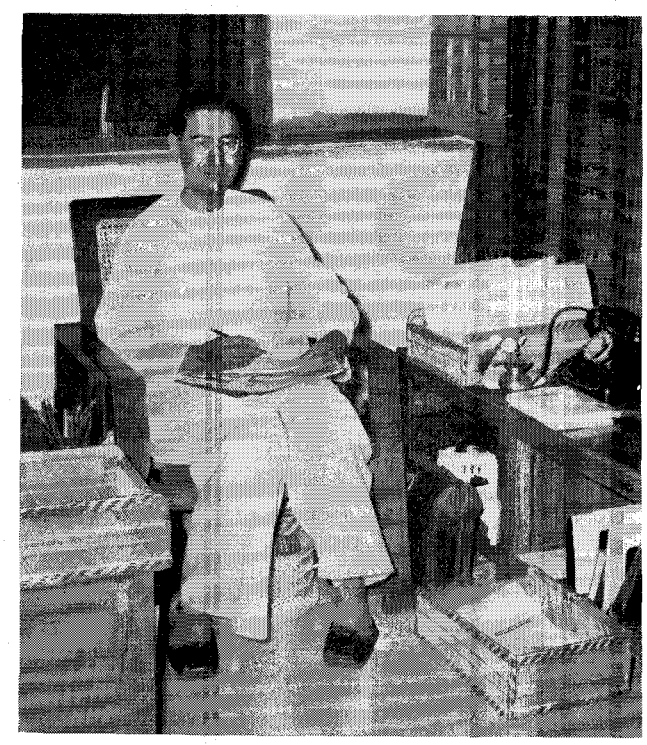
Three years ago, almost without exception, they had been glumly pessimistic. Few could see any substantial hope for a privately owned business in the anticapitalistic state into which the Republic of India was being molded by Jawaharlal Nehru. One man had told me in 1954, "My business is for sale at a fraction of its value. All I'm trying to do is to salvage enough to take care of my family. We're moving to the south of France. I'll be out of India in less than two years."

But he was still in India, one of the first guests to arrive at my Bombay luncheon. Sipping fruit juice together before we sat down—Bombay has rigidly enforced prohibition—he told me that he was engaged in a big expansion of his mills, gambling every rupee of his private fortune and all the money he could raise among his friends. To my amazement, I heard substantially the same story all around the table. Within this small group alone, more than $170,000,000 was currently being invested in new facilities for the production of textiles, steel, heavy machinery, chemicals and drugs. In terms of India's restricted economy, that represents big money.

What had caused this change of attitude? There had been no announced shift of government policy; officially, New Delhi was more adamantly anticapitalistic than ever. The Second Five Year Plan, in effect for only a year, carried the clear threat that the state might take over all major private enterprises. As if to pave the way, the national constitution had been amended to permit any private business to be expropriated, recourse to the courts being denied to the owners. Only a few months before, Nehru had said, "Capitalism is not necessary to democracy."

I reminded the man who sat beside me of that statement. He startled me by replying, "Forget about Nehru. The politicians don't dare let the people find out what a mess they've got the country into, but the men who are really making economic decisions know now that capitalism is the only thing that can save India. A year ago most of them were headed to the left, doing everything they could to stack the cards against private industry. Now they've swung to the right and are doing everything they can to help us."

There was plenty of confirmation. Incident after incident was recited to prove that the Ministries of Finance and Commerce and Industry were now giving wholehearted support to private enterprise, encouraging expansion programs that, only a few months ago, would have been rejected as intrusions upon fields reserved for public ownership. "Go up to New Delhi and see for yourself," the man across the table advised me, with a grin of wry satisfaction. "It's quite a spectacle—all those long-haired socialists who've been reformed by having their noses rubbed in the cold facts of economic life."



P. C. Mahalanobis, Nehru's economics coach, is an expert on Communist methods. His title: "honorary statistical adviser."

I went to New Delhi. Again, it was only those transcripts (Continued on Page 92)



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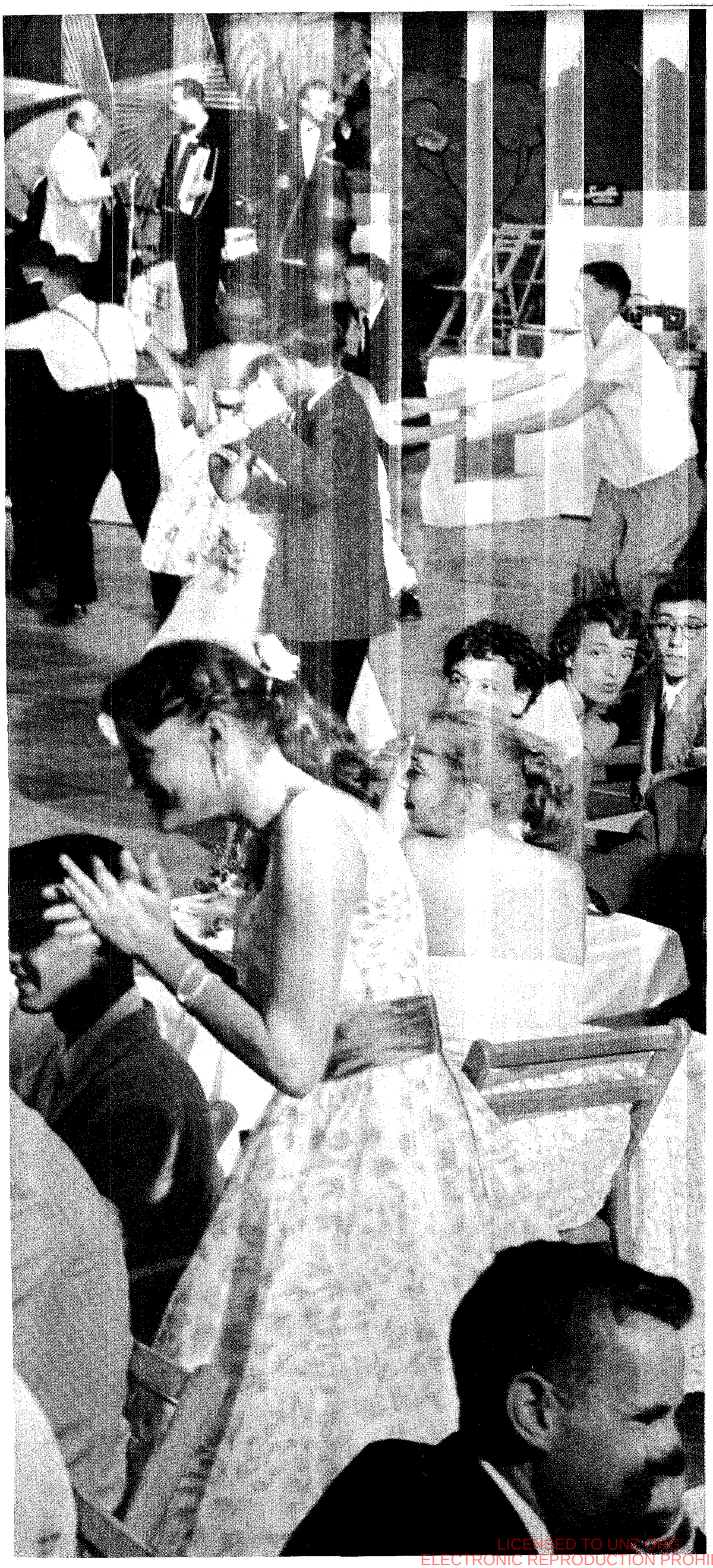

The Face of AMERICA

# They Dance All Night

How do you keep them from killing themselves in cars, after the dance is over? Just keep them dancing through the night. Hot and mellow music, swishing skirts, a slippery floor and some 400 exuberant kids all add up to a high-school dance that should go on and on.

If it ends too early, the kids are apt to tear off on wild parties or crazy automobile rides.

Here the class of 1957 whoops it up at the graduation ball of the Paul D. Schreiber High School in Port Washington, New York. The high-school Men's Association sponsored the affair, and the parents paid for and planned it. A group of fathers even climbed into waiters' jackets to serve a steak dinner at midnight. As the hours whirled by until dawn, a few coats and shoes were shed in the interests of more rigorous romping and stomping. They all had a wonderful, sober time—and survived. ● Photograph by Ormond Gigli

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# QUEEN OF THE SEAS

## A reporter takes us on a crossing with the master of the S.S. United States. His ship may be a queen, but when she's afloat Commodore John Anderson is king.

The skipper—a seafarer for 42 years.

By CORNELIUS RYAN

He stood on New York's water front near Pier 86, a tall, lean man in a creased raincoat and a well-worn felt hat. It was sailing day and around him surged crowds of passengers and hurrying porters, harassed policemen and sweating longshoremen and yelling souvenir vendors.

Commodore John Williams Anderson stood quietly looking up at the tremendous, knifelike bow of his ship, the world's fastest liner, the S.S. United States. And, as always, the boss of the Big U found himself thinking, *She's big—awfully big.*

As master of the $78,000,000 luxury liner and the nation's No. 1 Merchant Marine officer, Anderson has responsibilities that would make a corporation president blanch. He is the chief executive of a 53,300-ton, air-conditioned floating city, a couple of blocks long and twelve stories high—a piece of America that breaks off from the mainland every two weeks and speeds across the Atlantic at almost forty miles per hour. Her 213th crossing would begin at noon, in three hours.

Anderson began to edge his way through the crowds.

"Watch it, bud; watch it!" yelled an exasperated porter, struggling with a dolly piled high with baggage.

The commodore stepped aside and walked up a canvas-roofed (Continued on Page 116)

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The port of New York saluted the sleek, black-hulled United States as she completed her maiden voyage from Newport News, Virginia, on June 23, 1952.
Rumors of her incredible speed were confirmed two weeks later when she broke the transatlantic record held by the Queen Mary for 14 years.

## ON BOARD EVERY CROSSING: THE FAMOUS AND THE GLAMOROUS

Dr. Jonas Salk, the vaccine discoverer, and Mrs. Salk.

Passengers dabble with bingo at the first-class bar.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor and their pug.

The Prince of Monaco and his American princess.

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Matt bent over her, his arm across her shoulders. It tore him apart when she sobbed like this.

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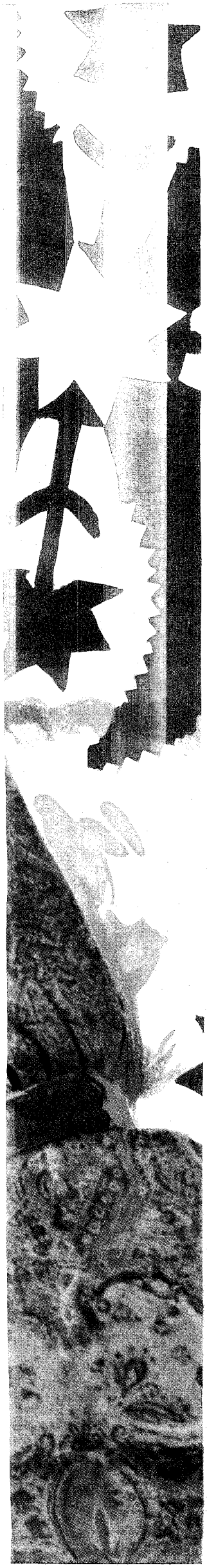

By STEVE McNEIL

# AIR-FORCE WIFE

## She was sick of the fear and the waiting. It wasn't enough just to be in love . . .

Maj. Matthew J. Cassidy, of the United States Air Force, wearing civilian clothes, sat in one corner of the dimly lighted cocktail lounge and toyed with a light Scotch and soda as he read the women's section of the morning paper.

Matt Cassidy was a lean and grizzled man with a butch haircut, deep blue eyes, wrinkled at the corners from a great deal of squinting into the sun. He was an old-pro fighter pilot at thirty-three, a career Air Force man, but if anyone had suggested to him that he was a dedicated man, he would have been embarrassed.

He lighted a cigarette, sipped his drink; then again turned his attention to the column, THIS AND THAT, by Sally Cassidy. "Young Dale Howard," Matt read, "who has been box-office dynamite since Winter Harvest was released, flew into town today for a three-day visit with his parents. Friends of this sensational young motion-picture star will be happy to know that he is essentially the same young man who played basketball for George Washington High School, who painted scenery for the Little Theater Group, and who was so shy that he had to be coaxed into trying for the part which launched his motion-picture career. When I went to his home yesterday afternoon, I found him wearing blue jeans and a T shirt, mowing the lawn."

Matt put the paper aside. He could see Sally walking up to interview this boy. She'd be wearing no hat, and her hair would be loaded with sunbeams. He could see the fluid way she walked, head up, heels clicking purposefully. He could see her smile. Her level brown eyes would be half closed and she would say "Hi!" as she always did.

Matt knew exactly how she would look, what she would say. He could tell Mr. Dale Howard that Sally Cassidy was afraid of spiders, that she loved cottage cheese, that she slept face down, that she would not plug in an electric iron, that she would have at least one good cry each week over a book, a play, a magazine story. He could tell the man that Sally was a sucker for stray dogs, and that she had a little scar on her right knee, courtesy of a pair of roller skates which hit a pebble when she was nine years old.

She was Matt's wife and he knew that she was lovely, with a brain that ticked as smoothly as a four-hundred-dollar watch. He also knew that she was as immovable, once her mind was made up, as a heavy tank.

Thinking of Sally, the yearning for her became almost a physical ache deep in Matt's bones. In the last seven months he had tried not to think of her. In this, he was not measurably successful, but he did not permit himself to brood—to dwell at length on the brightly shining hours of three years of marriage. Now he could afford the luxury, since it would not be long before he'd see her. The switchboard girl at the newspaper had said that she'd be back at four o'clock. Matt looked once more at his watch. It was ten minutes of four.

He got to his feet and for the fifth time went to the telephone, dialed, and then waited. He was not surprised to find that his hand was shaking, the anticipation of hearing her voice as sweet as a chocolate sundae, but at the same time, very nearly as frightening as a flame-out.

"I think she's in now," the switchboard girl said. "Mind waiting a minute?"

Matt didn't mind. He'd wait forever, if necessary.

Presently he heard Sally's voice, "Matt?"

"Yeah. Remember me?"

"Oh, Matt! Where are you?"

"Downtown. Sitting here and having a light Scotch and soda."

"You mean you're in town? Whatever in the world are you doing here?"

Whatever in the world he was doing here was hoping to see his wife. Whatever in the world he was doing here was that he could stand it no longer. He had become a taciturn and nervous man, a somewhat unwelcome commodity around an Air Force base, and Col. Pete Ramspeck had given him ten days' leave and had said, "Get outta here!" Strangely enough, a T-33 was just leaving on a cross-country hop, and just by coincidence, the hop had ended right here. That's what he was doing.

"I got ten days' leave and a pocketful of loot," he said. "I thought maybe you'd wash your ink-stained fingers and have dinner with me." He said this lightly, as if it didn't really matter, but he held his breath until she answered.

"Oh, Matt! I can't!" (Continued on Page 124)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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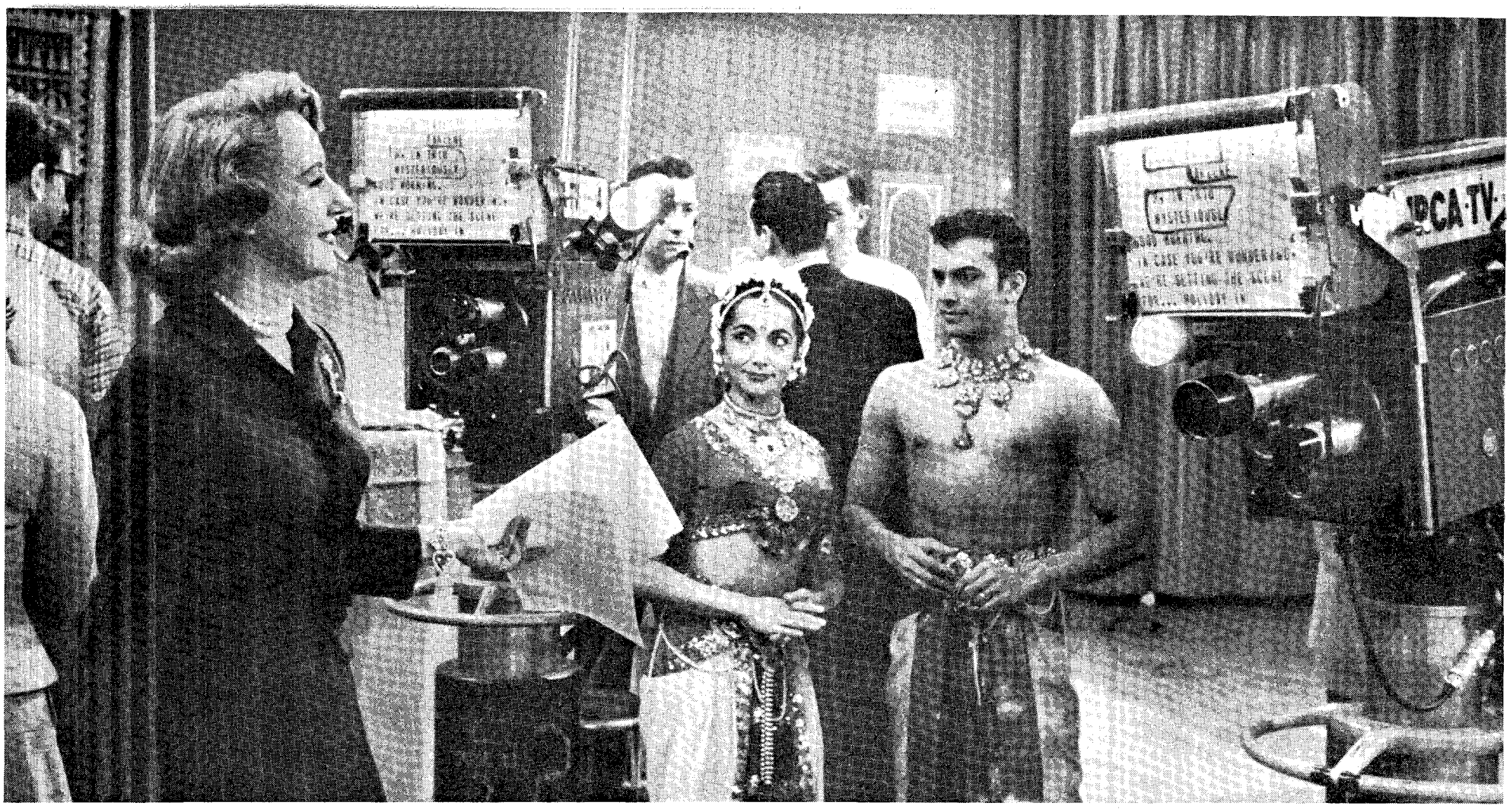



Arlene Francis reads artlessly from the Teleprompter unfolding her script before her as she introduces an Indian dancing team to her television audience.

# Sure Cure for Stage Fright

## An ingenious device that you never see enables politicians and TV stars to look the audience right in the eye—and never muff a line.

By RUFUS JARMAN

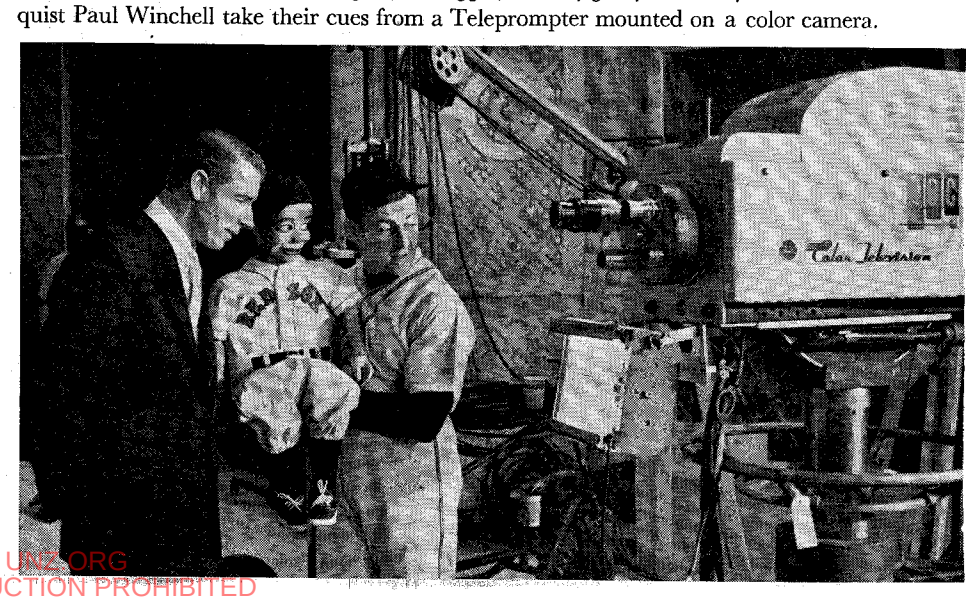
"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking"—that time-worn introductory line of the inept orator—may soon be heard no more. Such, at least, is the goal of Irving B. (for Berlin) Kahn, president of The Teleprompter Corporation, a business firm with headquarters in New York. Kahn's company—which, incidentally, spells its name TelePrompTer—has harnessed the modern science of electronics to make the ancient arts of oratory and histrionics as foolproof as possible.

Kahn has already had remarkable success with his campaign to make Teleprompters as familiar on the speakers' rostrum as the old water pitcher used to be, and the microphone is now. When he accomplishes this, Kahn hopes, all speakers—regardless of previous experience—will at least appear to be eloquent, witty, poised and self-possessed, unlimited in vocabulary, and skilled in the graceful execution of forceful gestures.

Kahn is a sharp-eyed, black-browed, 220-pound, five-by-five, irrepressible nephew and namesake of the well-known song writer. But this younger Irving Berlin has applied his

Garry Moore beats the skins as the machine feeds lyrics to Denise Lor. Moore uses six Teleprompters on his show, and often refers to them purposely for laughs.

On C.B.S.'s "Salute to Baseball" Joe DiMaggio, dummy Jerry Mahoney and ventriloquist Paul Winchell take their cues from a Teleprompter mounted on a color camera.



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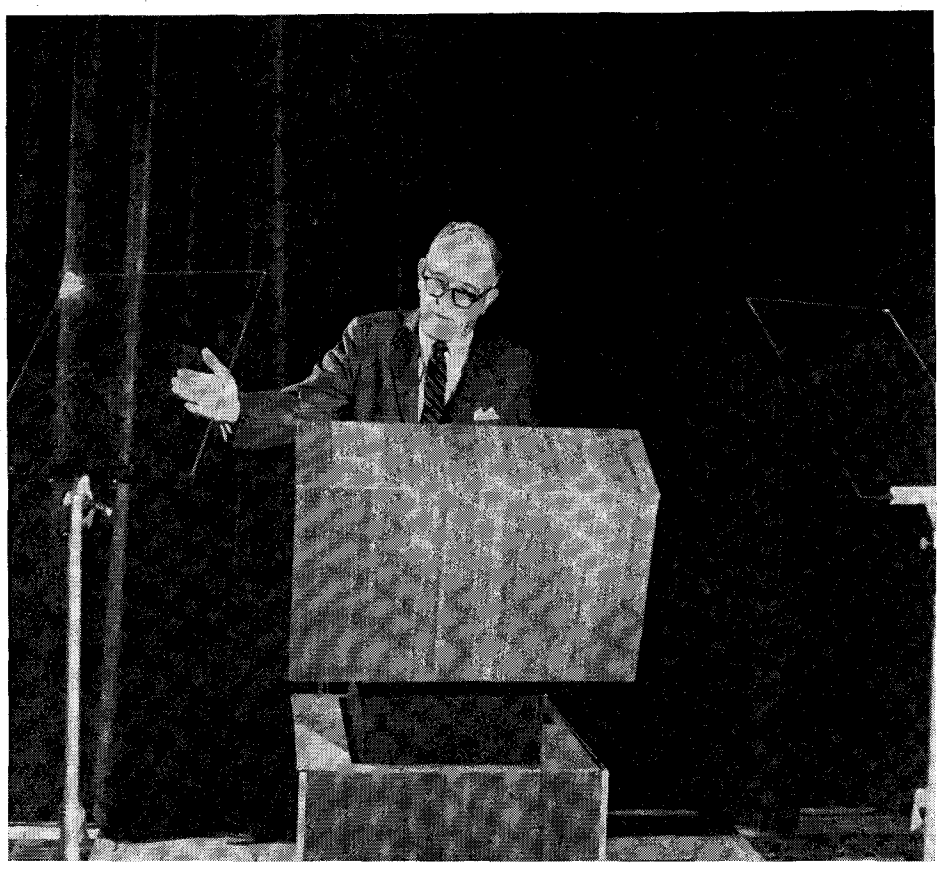
This is how the Speech-Vue System looks to the speaker from his rostrum—panes of glass to his right and left with a bright, clear image of his speech reflected upon them.



To people in the audience, the reflected speech is invisible. The speaker appears to be looking directly at them, delivering a natural, unread talk.

considerable talents—of energy, imagination, ambition and gall—to the field of forensics.

His Teleprompter equipment reels off the manuscript of an oration in typewritten letters more than half an inch high on a paper belt like a player-piano roll. Electrically powered, it moves at a speed regulated by remote control by an operator with a copy of the manuscript, who follows the speaker at whatever pace he sets.

By marginal notes on the scroll, the Teleprompter can also suggest to the amateur orator tricks for more dramatic delivery and poetic postures.

A poor speaker remains a poor speaker, even if he uses a Teleprompter, but the device does allow him to read his address while apparently looking his audience squarely in the eye. It corrects the well-known oratorical stance in which the speaker presents to his audience a panorama of the top of his skull—often bald—punctuated by occasional quick, frightened views of his face as he glances up furtively from his manuscript.

Even as practiced a speaker as former President Harry Truman once remarked, prior to a platform ordeal, "Every time I do this, I swear I never will again."

Truman's oratorical anxieties were somewhat relieved by the Teleprompter's arrival in the latter months of his administration. On at least one occasion, indeed, he was actually reading from a Teleprompter when, toward the end of his speech, he ostentatiously pushed aside his prepared manuscript, and went into the old "Give 'em hell, Harry" routine, apparently straight off the cuff.

The public first became aware of the Teleprompter by watching the telecast of former President Herbert Hoover's speech to the 1952 Republican National Convention, which he read from the first Teleprompter ever used on a political platform.

Later, most of the other speakers at the G.O.P. and the Democratic conventions of 1952 and 1956 followed suit.

The Smithsonian Institution and the National Archives have asked the Teleprompter Corporation for the equipment and scrolls of the speech in which President Eisenhower accepted his first nomination and of speeches he made during his first campaign. The President has used the Teleprompter only rarely since then because he is "more comfortable" speaking from notes, reading directly from a manuscript, or from big placards held out of range of the TV cameras.

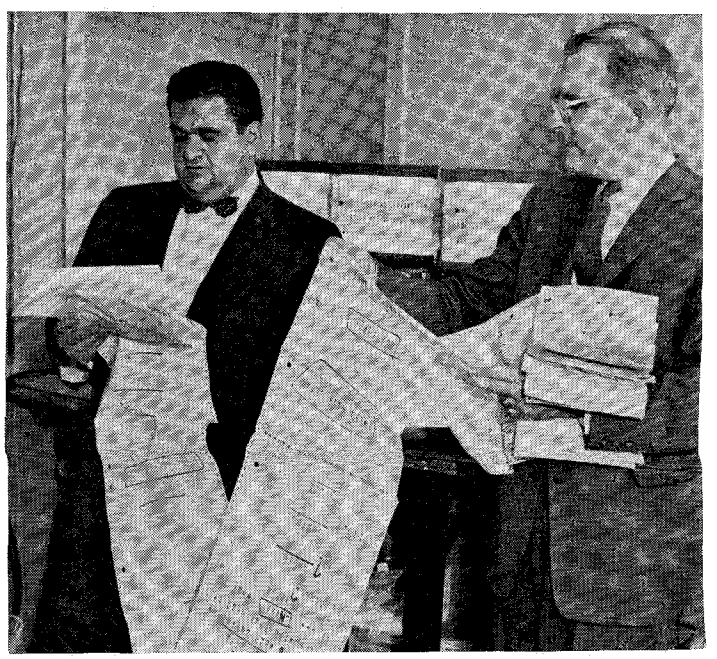
Harold Macmillan used a Teleprompter for his speech to the houses of Parliament when he accepted the prime ministership of Great Britain last winter. Politicians and other speakers have, in fact, used the Teleprompter in such distant places as Mexico City and Paris, in Italy, Spain and even in Saigon, Vietnam. Legislative halls in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and Bogotá, Colombia, are equipped with Teleprompters, as are the House and Senate recording facilities in Washington, D.C.

The Teleprompter, however, was not invented with politicians in mind, but as an aid to TV performers who could not remember their lines; and the television industry remains its single biggest user. Nearly 140 individual stations lease Teleprompter units for sixty dollars a week.

For this, they get a typewriter with big type, two prompters—that is, the metal housing, rollers and electric motor—scrolls and allied equipment. These units are used mainly for local commercials, news programs and local shows. (Continued on Page 60)

Former President Herbert Hoover's speech to the Republican Convention in 1952 marked the first use of the new device by a public figure.

Company president Irving Kahn (left) and engineer Hubert Schlafly examine a scroll. Kahn expects $4,000,000 worth of business this year.



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George Talbot, on duty as escape officer of the Montana State Prison, patrols nearby Clark's Ford with his bloodhounds Joy and Con.

# Man Trackers of the Rockies

## How a team of Montana bloodhounds with an unerring instinct for saving lives hunts down lost children or armed desperadoes in America's ruggedest mountains.

By PAUL SCHUBERT

This year over fifty Americans—hunters, fishermen, tourists, children, elderly men and women, the weak, the innocent or the incompetent—will be lost for a day or two, for a week, perhaps forever, in the rugged mountain wildernesses of Western Montana. About as many more will disappear in the equally wild country of nearby Idaho, Utah, Wyoming. It happens every year. To people who know the vast untouched wildness of the Rockies the miracle is that the figure isn't much larger. Few tenderfeet realize what trouble they can get into half a mile from the highway.

Roughly half the lost will blunder back to civilization under their own steam—plod doggedly on until they stumble upon a trail leading to habitation. Search posses will find a few more. But for twenty to thirty terrified unfortunates the adventure won't end until a big brown bloodhound with drooping ears and comically wrinkled face comes sniffing through the underbrush and stands triumphant at the end of his trail, radiating dog joy and accomplishment. In Switzerland the dogs of St. Bernard Pass became world-famous for mountain rescues. In Montana it's the bloodhounds of George Talbot and the Montana Sheriffs' and Peace Officers' Association.

Not all the lost will welcome the rescuing hound. Some will be unjustifiably terrified of him. Some, indeed, will be in such a state of panicky dithers that they try perversely to hide from the searching party, crawl into brush cover and refuse to answer calls. They can fool men looking for them, but they won't fool the dogs. Not old Joy, or Gay, or Con. The dogs wear stout leather harnesses displaying strings of deputy sheriff's badges from different counties in which they have done successful work. They are the only dogs in the world with the badge of ranger in the United States National Park Service, entitling them to run free in Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks.

At the other end of the leash attached to the hounds' working harness will be the second half of the tracking team, George Talbot, a tough, hard man with a big, soft heart, keyed up with the intensity of a search which has probably kept him on his feet all night after bumpy hours in (Continued on Page 71)

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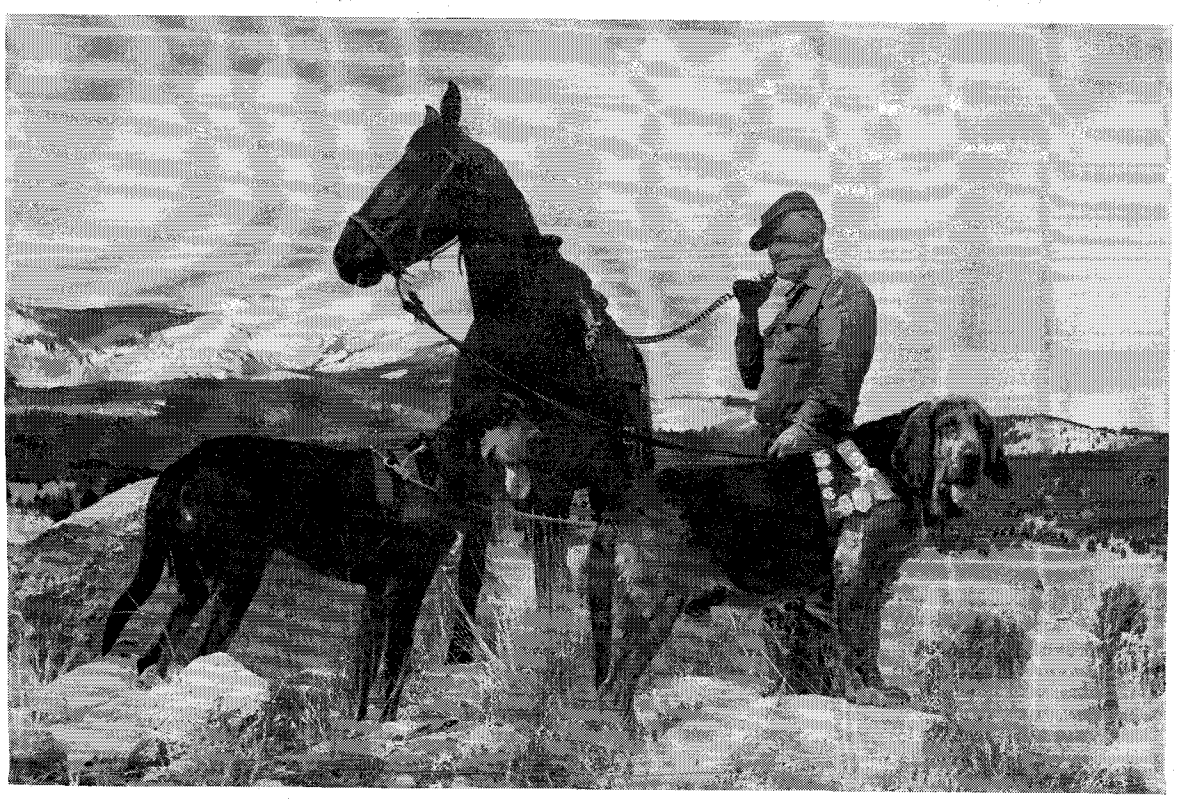
End of the trail: On a practice hunt, Talbot's hounds lead him to a prison trusty who volunteered to lay a training scent. This is a game the dogs always win.



The "bloodhound man" reports to base camp by walkie-talkie. Joy (right) wears deputy sheriff's badges.

Talbot's daughter Judy with Joy in 1949, when he was 3 and at the start of his remarkable career. For a picture of the same two friends as they look today, see page 78.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST PETERSON

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# Post Scripts

## The Gentle Brush; or, Don't Call Us, We'll Call You

I can sincerely say that your references are as fine as any I have ever read, your ability seems far above average, and any company lucky enough to get the benefit of your know-how will no doubt profit immeasurably. However, at this time, I don't believe that we are in a position to ——

*Dear Joe:* Thanks for letting us be the first to read your latest story, For You I Die. It is a cleverly constructed, fast-moving tale. The plot is fresh and the characters convincing. It is unfortunate that For You I Die does not quite fit our present editorial trend ——

Considering both the excellent reputation of your long-established business and your obviously sound plans for expansion, there is nothing we would rather do than grant you the $35,000 loan you request, but unhappily, at this point in our fiscal year ——

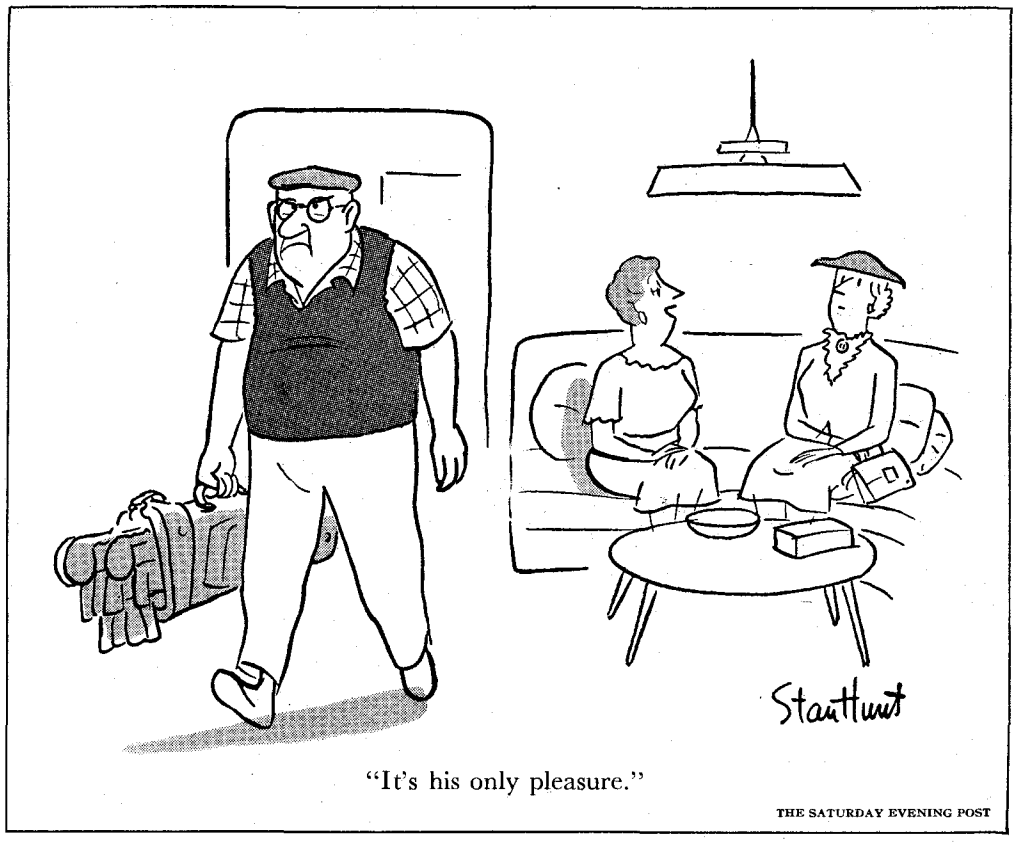
*Dearest Boy:* Thanks a million for those delightful gifts from the native markets—thanks for wining and dining me in all those colorful out-of-the-way places—thanks for dances in the moonlight to a Calypso band—I shall miss it all as keenly as I shall miss you—but (and please understand) I feel we shouldn't continue to see each other when we return to the city. You see ——

Hanson, a man of your sales ability and experience can get a job anywhere that will pay more than you are getting from us, and it's a good thing, because ——

MM PORTERFIELD

"It's his only pleasure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"It's his only pleasure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## The Next Line is Mine. What is It?

"Darling, I wonder if it would be a good idea for me to run through my part in the play that I'm to be in at the club tomorrow night."

"Very likely would. I'll be glad to hold the script and —— Well, if you want me to, I could even take the part of Lysandra."

"Sounds like a real good idea. O.K.; here we go: Now, as the script says, Hendrick—that's me—has just returned after being lost for several weeks in the jungle and ——"

"'Hendrick! Hendrick! You've come back to me!'"

"Wait just a minute, darling. If you'll look closely, I think you'll notice that I have a line to speak before you say that Hendrick-Hendrick business."

"You're right, dear. I'm sorry. Go ahead."

"'Lysandra!'"

"'Hendrick! Hendrick! You've come back to me! . . . Well, go ahead; the next line is yours."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it."

"'It would ——'"

"'It would ——' Let's see. 'It would ——'"

"'It would take ——'"

"Oh, sure! 'It would take a lot more than a jungle to keep you and me apart, Lysandra.'"

"Well, that's pretty close, dear. Actually, it's 'It would take more than a jungle to keep the two of us apart. . . . Tell me you love me!'"

"I say that? I mean, 'tell me you love me'?"

"No, I—I mean, Lysandra says it. I'm reading the next line."

"Oh. Well, then, after you say that, I say something about —— Let's see, now. Oh, yes. 'As I was coming through the village, I saw your father, Lysandra, and he told me that ——'"

"You're too far down the page, dear. After I—Lysandra says, 'Tell me you love me,' you say ——"

"I remember now. 'I love you, Lysandra.'"

"Actually, it's 'Lysandra, I love you very much.'"

"I'll try to remember that. Now, then, right after that is when I say that line about 'As I was coming through the village I saw your father ——'"

"Yes, but not until after I've—Lysandra has said, 'I love you, too.'"

"Look; let's begin from the beginning. Ready?"

"Ready."

"'Lysandra!'"

"'Hendrick! Hendrick! You've come back to me!'"

"'It would ——' Let's see. 'It would ——'"

"'It would take more than ——'"

"'It would take more than ——' Let's see. 'It would take ——'"

VERNON H. KURT

## Prelude to an Insurrection

We should be one, believes my love:
One heart, one mind, one neat set of
Convictions and opinions, viz.,
His!

PENNY PENNINGTON

## How to be Happy

The first step in being happy is looking that way. The next time you find yourself frowning, get a grip on each corner of your mouth and tug upward. If you hear a slight ripping sound, you have tugged too hard. Don't be disconsolate; it takes practice.

Go around clapping people on the back heartily. This induces self-confidence. Start on little old ladies, who are not likely to strike back, and gradually work your way up to medium-sized old ladies.

Whistle while you work. Or if you can't whistle, hum a lot. This is excellent for morale. When you enter the president's office, for example, do so as follows: "La-tum-tee-dah, D.J., here are those distribution tum-tiddy-eye-oh-tweedle-tee-doo charts you wanted. I think you'll find them yoop-atoopa noody-noddy-heigh-ho perfectly satisfactory."

Don't berate yourself for making mistakes. They're human, so chuckle at them. "Funny thing, boss, I somehow sent that Des Moines order to—ha-ha—Ipswich and the Des Moines people are—oh-ho-ho—canceling their contract with our—hee-hee—firm."

As I say, these are just the first steps in being happy. When they readmit you to society we'll discuss the others.

DICK EMMONS

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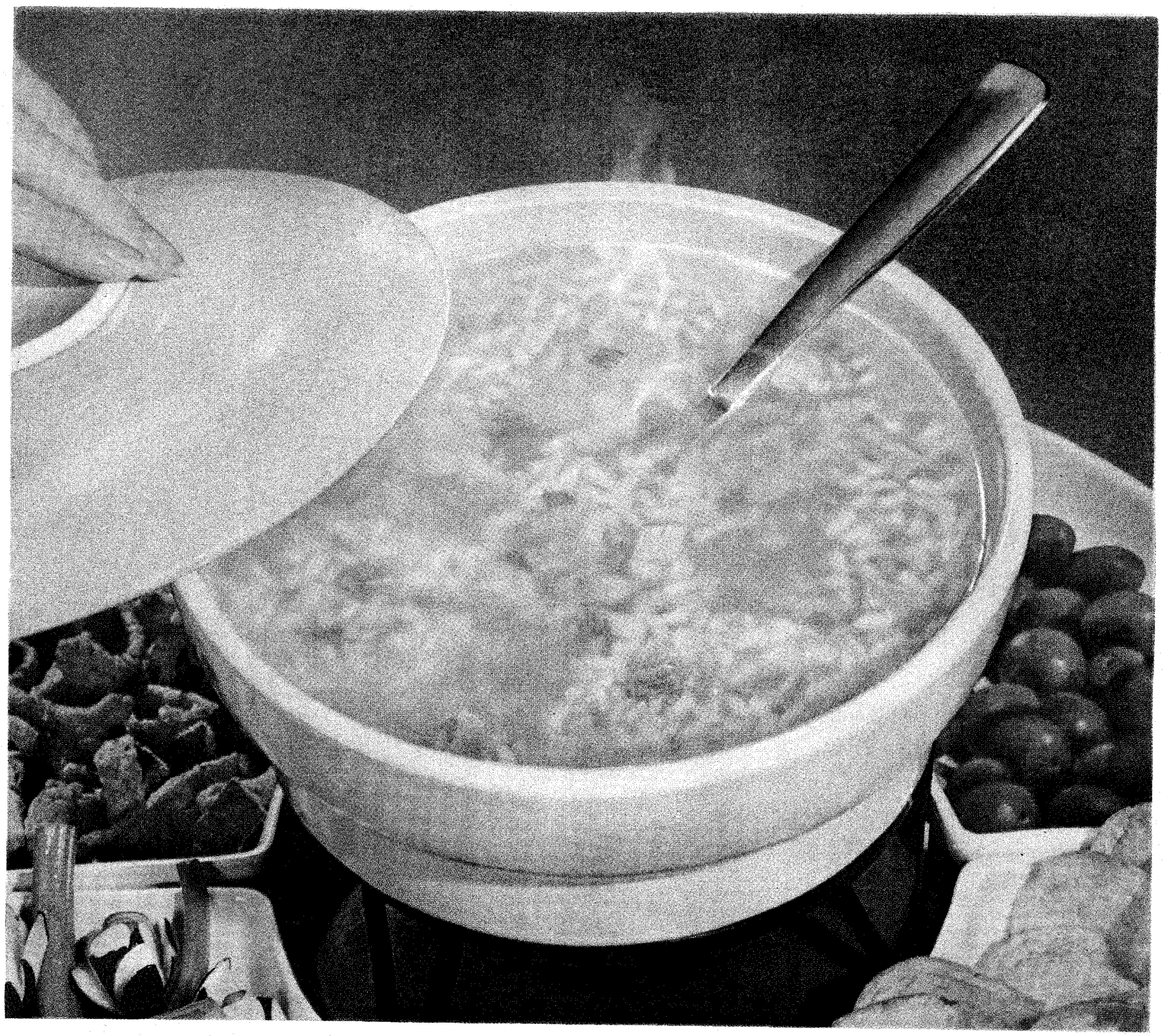
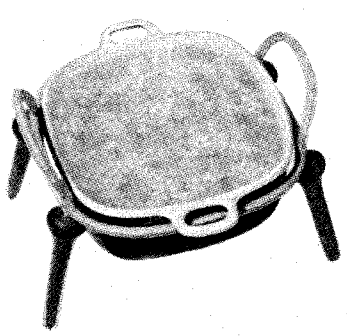
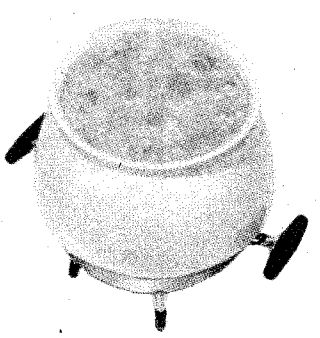


# Chicken with Rice—everything's nice!

Have soup — Lazy Susan style! That's a bright new way to be welcomed — to a party, or just to family supper. Help yourself to crispy "extras" on an appetizing tray — and a sunny soup kept hot in a chafing dish. The center-of-attraction soup might be Campbell's Chicken with Rice — golden chickeny broth, tender chicken and fluffy long-grain rice. What a pleasant way to be told, "Glad you're here" — *any time!*



**Quick-supper welcome** for the family. Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup heated in a pretty casserole and brought right to table on its own stand.



**Warm welcome for late-comers**—a big, white soup pot filled with fragrant Chicken with Rice Soup—hot, and ready on its own electric warmer.

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just comb it in...

then comb out!

it's the 1-step permanent!

# creamy PROM

**FASTER... BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM!**
*Just comb in PROM's waving cream once*—(then roll up and rinse). One Step! That's all. The neutralizing is automatic! When your wave's ready . . . *comb out!*

**EASIER... BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM!**
No dripping . . . No dabbing . . . No messing! Creamy Prom stays where you put it—waves where you want it!

**SOFTER... BECAUSE PROM IS A WAVING CREAM!**
No after-wave dryness! No snarls! No frizz! PROM is rich with costly conditioners. It actually waves in silken softness . . . leaves hair far easier to manage. And, it's the longest lasting home permanent you've ever had! **TRY IT!**

Creamy Prom

For complete permanents... *REGULAR, SUPER, VERY GENTLE*—There's a PROM perfect for your hair.

end curl Prom

One step *END CURL PROM*—For in-between permanents, neckline stragglers and all end curl hair-styles.

*PROM is ideal for children's hair, too!*

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# The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

## Homer Garvin tried to outsmart the police– and played right into their hands.

"The metal heelplate of her shoe matched the bloody shoe imprint I'd seen in Casselman's apartment," said Homer Garvin, Sr., to Perry Mason. Garvin found the incriminating evidence when he called on Mason's client, beautiful Stephanie Falkner, who was suspected of George Casselman's murder. When Garvin went to Casselman's to discuss a business deal, he discovered the body. He also found that one shot had been fired from the gun he gave to Stephanie, with whom he was in love.

The police picked up Garvin for questioning because the gun he had given to his son, Homer, Jr., turned out to be the murder weapon. Mason, following Garvin's orders to protect Stephanie, had deliberately fired a shot from Homer, Jr.'s, gun into Homer's office wall, and then told Homer, an old beau of Stephanie's, to take the gun to her apartment. Homer's gun, not his father's, was the one the police found.

This drew Homer, Jr., and his bride, once a friend of Casselman's, into the circle of suspicion. However, the police believed that Mason had managed to substitute the murder weapon for Homer's gun, and were ready to throw the book at the lawyer.

VI

"Did you ask her about it?" Mason asked.

"No. I stayed until around midnight. I told her I wanted her to know I'd be her friend if anything ever happened and she needed a friend, and then I left. I had work to do."

Mason regarded him with level-lidded appraisal. "You went back to Casselman's apartment?"

"Yes. I went back and eliminated all evidence that could point to Stephanie."

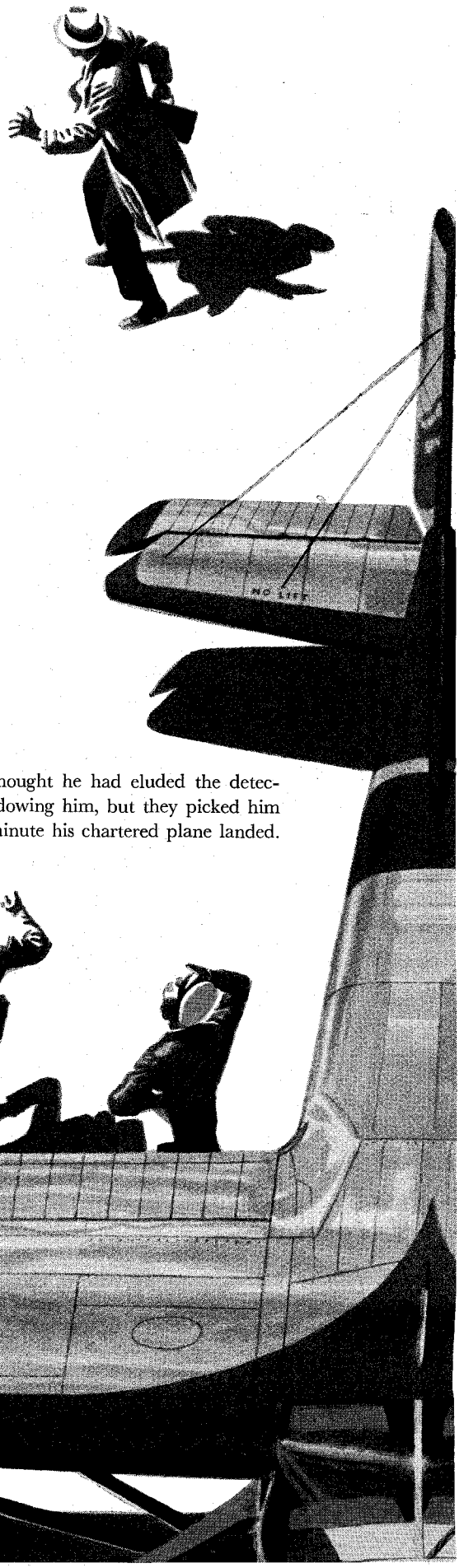
"What did you do?"

"I am kicking myself for overlooking the one real golden opportunity I had. I had that other gun of mine in my shoulder holster while I was in Stephanie's apartment that second time. I should have simply made a substitution, then and there. But I was too shocked to think clearly."

Mason, his face only a matter of inches from the other man's, regarded him with steady concentration. "You're not lying to me, Homer? You didn't switch guns?"

"Definitely not. I tell you, Mason, that gun had been fired between the time I left it with her and the time I returned."

"So what did you do in Casselman's apartment?" Mason asked. (Continued on Page 134)




Garvin thought he had eluded the detectives shadowing him, but they picked him up the minute his chartered plane landed.

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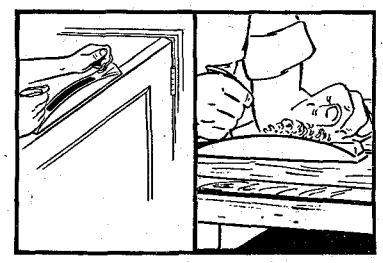
STANLEY

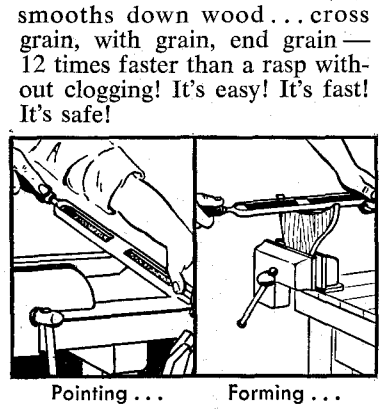
"SURFORM"®

New surface-forming tool
Does 1001 jobs



Fitting . . . Smoothing . . .

Stanley SURFORM forms the surface of wood, plywood, floor tile, rubber, plastics, copper, aluminum — even mild steel. It smooths down wood . . . cross grain, with grain, end grain — 12 times faster than a rasp without clogging! It's easy! It's fast! It's safe!

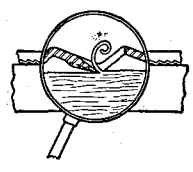


Pointing . . . Forming . . .

**450 sharp edges work together!**

This cutting strip is the secret of SURFORM. The tool steel strip has 450 tough, razor-sharp teeth that really cut, and 450 holes that take the cuttings away from the work. No skill is required . . . you can't go wrong. Nothing to adjust. Depth of cut is automatically controlled.

**Tough, long-lasting replacement blade fits both tools — 98¢.**



Your hardware dealer has Stanley SURFORM now. Look for it. Try it. For free tool catalog and descriptive SURFORM folder, write Stanley Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 7109 Elm St., New Britain, Conn.

STANLEY

*The Tool Box of the World*


(*Continued from Page 60*) tions of this frightening thing was given a year or so ago, when Paul Garrett addressed the General Motors executive conference at the Greenbrier Hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. This was shortly before Garrett retired as GM vice president in charge of public relations.

His twenty-nine-minute talk was punctuated by 179 action cues, which clicked off with robotlike precision. As he spoke the cue words, lights went on and off, spots played here and there, movie clips and slides came and went, smoke bombs exploded; there were blares of trumpets and ruffles of drums, and even a heckler's voice chimed in on cue now and again from a squawk box strapped beneath a seat to ask leeringly: "Isn't Ford catching up?"

Last fall the Western Union Telegraph Company bought 14 per cent of Teleprompter's stock. Then Teleprompter in turn acquired Sheraton Closed Circuit Television, Inc. As a result of these deals, Teleprompter now stores equipment for staging and broadcasting talks or conferences in Western Union's offices in some fifty-five major cities, and Kahn hopes eventually to extend this arrangement to a total of 250 cities. Western Union people in these cities will provide liaison between Teleprompter, the owners of halls, local technical personnel, and companies that want to sponsor national or area-wide meetings from any city via electronics.

If some concern's refrigerators or washing machines suffered an abrupt sales fall-off, for instance, its officials could summon all sales personnel to (eventually) 250 key cities within a few hours. Teleprompter would equip a meeting hall in each city with the apparatus to receive a closed-circuit telecast on a fifteen-by-twenty-foot screen.

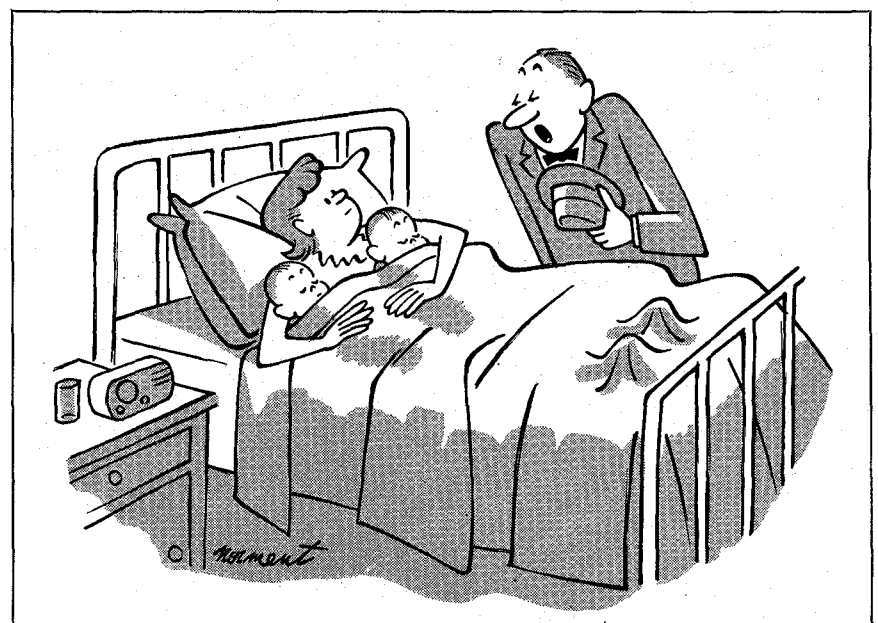
Then up would step the sales manager, posed, clothed and lighted for the greatest theatrical effect, to light a fire under his salesmen. His call to the company colors would be accompanied by offstage effects, precision-cued by Telemation for the supreme dramatic shock. He would be magnified to awesome size by Cinemascope and all this would be absorbed simultaneously by the firm's entire sales force.

These wonders were undreamed of—and Teleprompter itself was practically unknown—before the 1952 political conventions. Neither Kahn nor Teleprompter had any official status, or even an invitation to attend either convention. And yet through sheer nerve, gall and imagination, Kahn used the pair of political powwows to make the nation Teleprompter-conscious.

By 1956, the Teleprompter had become a political necessity. As official staging consultants for the Democratic National Committee, the Teleprompter Corporation laid out the hall for the 1956 convention, in Chicago, arranged the big platform for seating distinguished guests, designed press, TV and radio sections, arranged photographer positions and arbitrated hassles among the various news-gathering media.

Kahn's pride was a special lectern, containing two Teleprompters, lights to flatter speakers, a special air-conditioning unit and an elevator to regulate each speaker's head to a common height, to accommodate the battery of cameras. Speakers gave their heights in advance, gauges were set, and the platform adjusted automatically.

This worked out very well except with lady speakers, who were almost always taller than they had said. Hubert J. Schlafly, Jr., chief Teleprompter engineer, was forced to conclude that ladies are as sensitive about height as they are about their ages and weights.



"Hello children; good-by outboard motor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In San Francisco the next week, the Teleprompter Corporation did approximately the same job for the G.O.P., except that the Republican lectern contained three prompters instead of two, and no air-conditioning unit—in deference to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, which is sensitive about the local climate.

As the Teleprompter has grown in influence, the company has grown in size—from three men working part time in a borrowed office six years ago to 200 people occupying two floors on West 43rd Street in New York. It has, in fact, had to move to larger quarters seven times in six years. There are branches in Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Havana and London. The company grossed $96,221 in 1951; $533,661 in 1954; $1,784,607 in 1956; and Kahn claims he has $4,000,000 worth of business lined up for this year. Three other firms have entered the field, but two went out of business, and the third, Tele-Q Sales Company, trails far behind Teleprompter, doing only about 5 per cent as much business.

The Teleprompter Corporation's big advantages are, first, the electronic talents of engineer Schlafly and, second, the remarkable promotional abilities of Irving Kahn. Kahn was born forty years ago in New York, grew up near Birmingham, Alabama, and in Montclair, New Jersey. He played clarinet and saxophone in high-school bands, but, yearning for attention, became a drum major. He twice won the national collegiate baton-twirling championship with the University of Alabama's Million-Dollar Band.

After a stint as press agent for Larry Clinton's dance band, he became radio manager for Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. During the war, Kahn served three years in the Air Force, then returned to Fox as radio and television manager. In this capacity, he persuaded Fox that money was to be made filming TV commercials. He promptly got into trouble.

A magician in a cape was to bring a lady out of a giant box of detergent, but the magician blew his lines every time he reached the "whiter than white" part. Kahn made a dozen retakes, spent $6000 over his budget, and still had no picture.

After a painful session with his superiors the next morning, he was in a receptive mood for any ideas to help actors remember their lines. At this point, in April, 1950, one Fred Barton, a member of the cast of Mr. Roberts, which was then playing on Broadway, walked into Kahn's office with a primitive version of the Teleprompter—a wooden box containing a roll of waxed butcher's paper that turned with a hand crank.

Barton, who had got his idea after seeing a famous actress blow her lines, had tried to interest movie and TV studios in his mechanical prompter, but without success—until he arrived at Fox and the disconsolate Kahn. Irving enthusiastically took it to his boss, Fox President Spyros P. Skouras. Skouras said Fox wasn't interested, but that Kahn could work with the idea on his own, after hours, if he liked.

Kahn formed a company with Barton and "Hub" Schlafly, Fox Director of Television Research, who worked on his own time perfecting the Teleprompter technically. Kahn agreed to furnish the financing and promotion. Barton, who left Mr. Roberts to work full time, got the Underwood Typewriter Corporation to design a (*Continued on Page 66*)

Answer to

**What's Going On Here?**

(Page 60)

The Civil War arrayed Brigadier General Cooke, U.S.A., directly against his son-in-law, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, C.S.A., Lee's great cavalry leader. Both men were West Pointers, veteran cavalrymen and Virginians. Cooke remained loyal to the Union and commanded Federal cavalry which opposed his son-in-law's gray horsemen. A second daughter of Cooke's married a Federal general, a third wed a Confederate general. Cooke's son, John, a Harvard graduate, became a Confederate brigadier and did not speak to his father again until twenty years after Appomattox.

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The story behind the news—told by Ernest R. Breech, Chairman of the Board, and Henry Ford II, President, Ford Motor Company

*More than a new make of car...*

# THE EDSEL

## *is a ¼ billion dollar measure of a company's faith in the American Economy*

The Edsel is the first new make of car among major automakers in 19 years. In our time, the introduction of a new line of automobiles has become incredibly expensive. The new Edsel represents an investment of $250,000,000.

The decision to make this extraordinary investment was a momentous one. It was based on a boundless faith in the strength of the American economy . . . and something more. It was based on what we knew, guessed, felt, believed, suspected—about you. *YOU* are the reason behind the Edsel.

We believe *You* will be pleased to pick your next new car from a larger choice than you had when you bought your last one. We believe that *You* will enjoy sharing, with us, some of the adventure of a totally new automobile. We believe *You* will be pleasantly startled at the distinctive styling, advanced engineering and the tailored elegance of the Edsel . . . which you will see on the next pages.

And, speaking quite frankly as businessmen, we believe that the addition of this remarkable new make will give us an added opportunity to bring you into (or keep you in) the Ford Family of Fine Cars.

Ernest R. Breech *Chairman* Henry Ford II *President*

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**
THE AMERICAN ROAD • DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

TURN PAGE

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# This is the EDSEL

## "A remarkable new automobile joins the Ford family of fine cars"

There has never been a car like the Edsel. It is a magnificent automobile. Behind it lie all the resources of Ford Motor Company, all the experience and engineering skill.

The Edsel is powered by the newest V-8 engines in the world—the Edsel 400 and the Edsel 475. Their specifications: 400 and 475 pound-feet of torque; 303 and 345 horsepower; 361 and 410 cubic inches of displacement. It is unlikely you have ever handled so much usable power.

The Edsel's big, safe brakes need no periodic adjustment. They adjust themselves automatically in the course of your day-to-day driving.

The Edsel shifts itself. In an Edsel equipped with Teletouch Drive, you just touch a button on the steering wheel hub. Teletouch does the rest—smoothly, surely, *electrically*.

The Edsel's list of available new features is long. Examples include a dial that lets you select temperature, quantity and direction of air with one twist of the wrist; a warning light that tells you when you exceed your pre-set

The Edsel looks expensive, but it isn't

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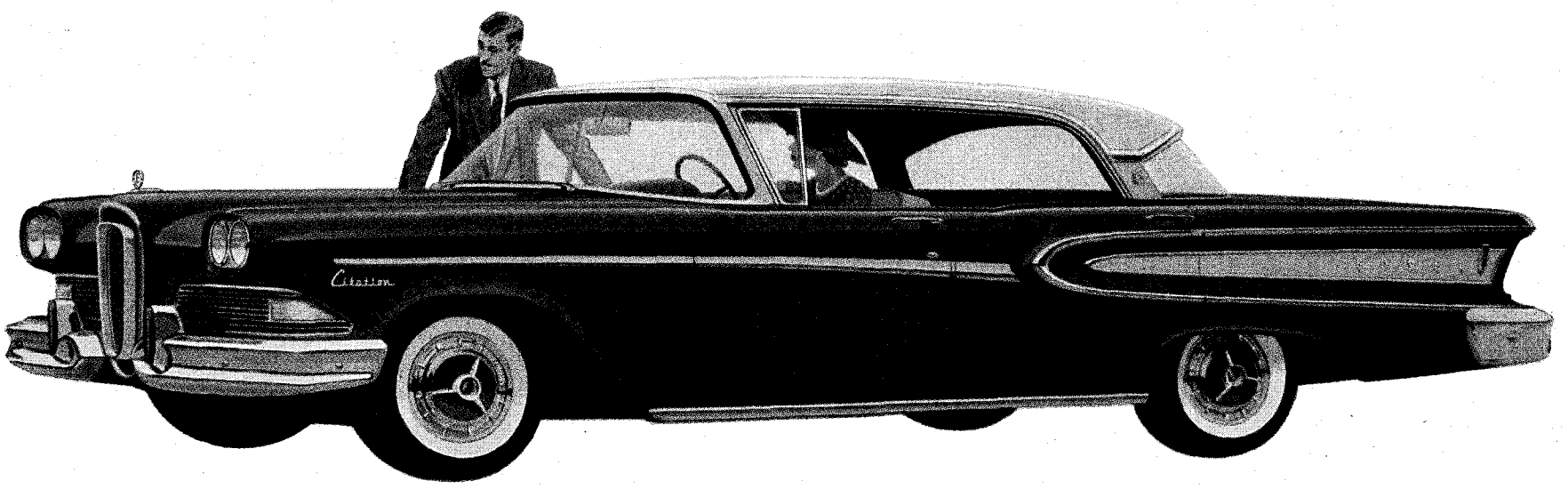


*Elegance is written in every line of this Edsel Citation 4-door Hardtop*

speed limit; another that flashes when oil is one quart low; a release that opens the luggage compartment from the driver's seat.

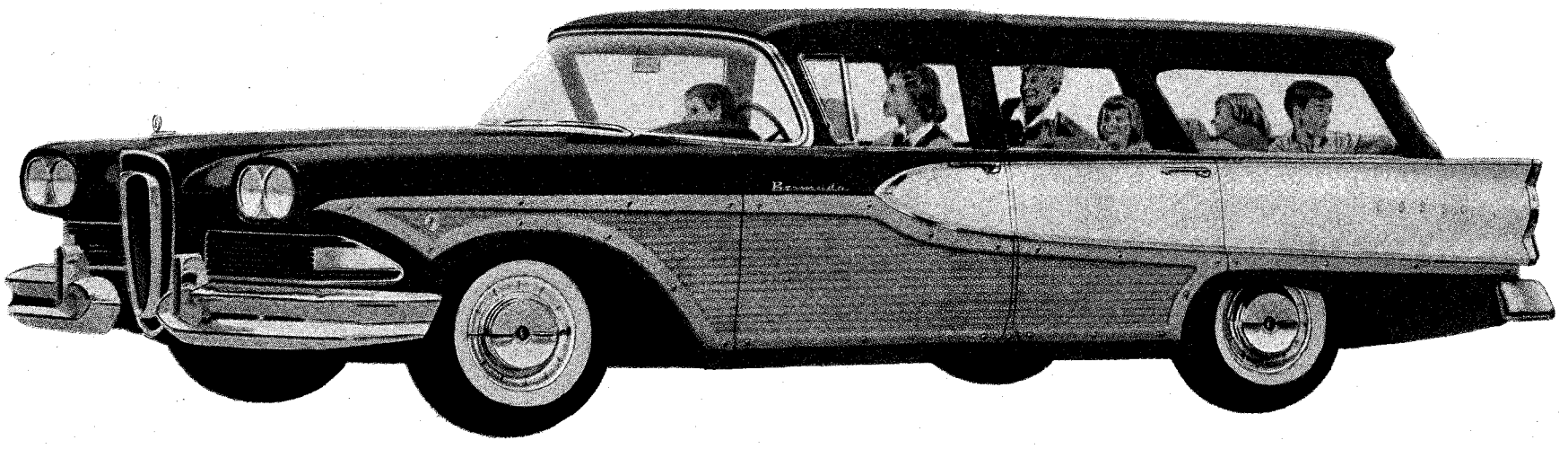
You will find many things that make the Edsel different from any car you have ever driven. More exciting, more sure, more safe.

What does an Edsel cost? Edsel prices range from just above the lowest to just below the highest. You can afford an Edsel. And you can choose from four series, 18 models.

EDSEL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

# EDSEL

## NOW AT YOUR EDSEL DEALER



*Left: Edsel Pacer Convertible. Above: Bermuda 9-passenger Station Wagon*

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# "I wish Grandma would call me today"

"I miss her a lot. And Mommy always feels happier, too, after she's talked with Grandma."

• • •

Is there someone in your family who lives too far away to see as often as you'd like? A regular telephone visit is something nice to look forward to; something warm and satisfying to remember.

It's easy to telephone out of town. And you can talk as long as you like. The cost is low. Someone would like to hear your voice right now.

**LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW**

*Station-to-Station Calls*

| *For example:* | First 3 Minutes | Each Added Minute |
|---|---|---|
| Buffalo to Cleveland | 55¢ | 15¢ |
| Detroit to Milwaukee | 70¢ | 20¢ |
| Los Angeles to Phoenix | 85¢ | 25¢ |
| Atlanta to New Orleans | 90¢ | 25¢ |
| Chicago to New York | $1.20 | 30¢ |

*These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

*Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.*

(*Continued from Page 62*) special large type for the scrolls. His fiancée, Marjorie Day, was the firm's first typist. The Bartons now live in Los Angeles, where Fred heads Teleprompter's West Coast Division.

Schlafly built the first two actual Teleprompters by hand, housing their works inside large suitcases, with a side cut out for the scroll to show. These weighed forty pounds. His latest model—the sixth—weighs eight pounds, is a fourth the original's size, and holds ninety minutes of script at a reading rate of 120 words per minute.

The company's first client, acquired in October, 1950, was an early TV soap opera, The First Hundred Years. The next was John Conte, who had a daytime song program on NBC and a poor memory. But Kahn had his sights on Arthur Godfrey. He paid a young actor ten dollars a day to attend the dress rehearsals each week of Godfrey's Wednesday night show, which, like most TV shows then, used youths holding placards as prompters. The actor silently watched rehearsals for eleven weeks, then he telephoned Kahn at home late one day. He reported that the boys had goofed miserably with the cards during rehearsal, and might do so again on the show, a bucolic business climaxed by most of the cast's joining in Old McDonald's Farm.

"The boys that night held up the wrong cards upside down," reports Kahn, who attended. "They had the turkeys going 'quack-quack,' the dogs barking 'moo-moo,' and I don't know what all. Godfrey blew his stack after the show. We set up a Teleprompter for him to see next day. He approved it immediately, and has used four ever since."

Just before the Republican National Convention in 1952, Kahn arranged to demonstrate Teleprompter equipment in New York to former President Herbert Hoover. Kahn claimed that the big Teleprompter type would make it easier for Mr. Hoover to read his convention speech.

"I'll use it," he declared after the demonstration. "I think it will help me and I admire your perseverance. Have it on the stand when I go to speak in Chicago."

The Teleprompter was the most prominent object in the entire convention hall, the way Kahn and his men erected it out in front of the speakers' stand. However, the only place Kahn could arrange for his operator was under the platform, sixty feet to the rear of the speaker. Since the operator had to be able to hear well so he could keep the script moving at Mr. Hoover's speaking speed, Kahn arranged to plug a special telephone line into the public-address system so the operator could listen in direct with a headset.

He next procured a couple of short-wave radio walkie-talkies so he could communicate from the convention floor with his man under the platform. Learning that he needed a broadcasting license for this, Kahn persuaded Robert Humphreys, an official of the Republican National Committee, to telephone the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, which wired him a license in short order—Kahn recalls it as twenty minutes.

Meanwhile Kahn had observed that the color of ribbon on official badges appeared to indicate where the wearers could go. Kahn and his men had badges with blue ribbon that allowed them on the floor, but nowhere else important. A few people, Kahn noted, wore badges with white ribbons, which appeared to give them entry anywhere, including the speakers' platform and other rarefied areas. Kahn accordingly sent one of his men to a nearby dime store to buy ribbon that looked like the white ribbon on the convention badges, and that night a hotel seamstress exchanged blue ribbon for white on Kahn's group's badges. Teleprompter was now ready to roll.

At that, Kahn almost failed to penetrate the group of politicians surrounding Mr. Hoover, in time to get the manuscript for his typist, Ray Hagen, to prepare for the Teleprompter. The scroll was not ready to go into the machine until Mr. Hoover was being introduced on the platform. In fact, Kahn helped prolong the Hoover ovation until his men could get the machine loaded. Each time the band showed signs of tiring, Kahn telephoned the leader, said he was chairman of the G.O.P. National Committee, and ordered a few more choruses.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

## Freight Trains

By Lee Avery

Freight trains seem beautiful
to me: the square,
No-nonsense sturdiness of
soft barn-red,
Insignia flaunted with a
jaunty air,
As though a frosting had
been put on bread!
How many times at railroad
crossings, I
Have waited in my car and
read aloud
The painted emblems as
boxcars squeaked by.
How fanciful they seemed—
how gay and proud!
Way of the Zephyrs! Like a
waltz, it sings
Across the mind. . . . Route
of the Southern Belle,
And Pere Marquette, The
Rebel Route—each brings
The feeling that it has a
tale to tell!
Collectors range from bottle
caps to art.
And I have freight trains
running through my heart!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Then, just before Mr. Hoover began to speak, it occurred to Kahn that a great many millions of people would be looking squarely at his machine, but it bore no sign to tell what it was. He ran to the Amphitheater's first-aid room, snatched up a three-inch-wide strip of adhesive tape, and had Hagen type TELEPROMPTER on it in big type. Then he pasted the name on the machine right out in front of Mr. Hoover and everybody.

The former President began his oration in good form. Kahn was standing on the convention floor, admiring the fine figure cut by the Teleprompter when suddenly over his short-wave radio came a static-clouded cry of desperation. It was Ray Hagen, sitting with operator Art Keely under the platform.

"Irving, Irving," he gasped, "can you hear me? In all that rush, we forgot to bring the last third of the Hoover speech."

This meant that, although a complete manuscript was in the Teleprompter for Mr. Hoover, (*Continued on Page 68*)

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# From Research comes TRUTH

Penetrating Medical Studies to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset—confirm:

# BAYER Brings Fastest Relief

## ...the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get

**TRUTH** *based on 3 years' research*

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project to bring greater certainty and absolute truth to the field of pain relief, Bayer sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several of New York's largest clinics.

This specialist began a carefully controlled series of clinical tests—tests on people in actual pain—to compare the action of Bayer Aspirin versus aspirin with a "buffer" added.

Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain . . . the findings were checked and rechecked, analyzed and corroborated beyond any question or doubt. Throughout three intensive years, the results were always the same . . . bringing to light new and additional verification that Bayer brings the fastest relief . . . the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief—you can get.

**TRUTH** *. . . confirmed . . .*

Bayer called for further tests, further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, the two pain relievers . . . Bayer and aspirin with a "buffer" added . . . were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset . . . tested on people actually suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

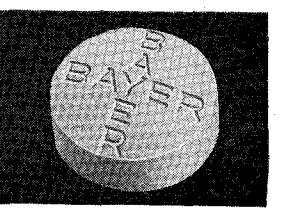
Again, the results were the same . . . adding further confirmation that ever-dependable Bayer Aspirin is still the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach pain reliever you can get!

**TRUTH** *. . . confirmed again!*

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, Bayer requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings of this third study were overwhelming and indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that Bayer brings the fastest relief . . . the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief . . . you can get. You can trust your body to Bayer to feel better fast.

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and absolute method for testing the value of pain relievers—by studying people suffering from real pain.




**For headache, backache, and many other pains . . .**

# FEEL BETTER FAST—with BAYER® ASPIRIN

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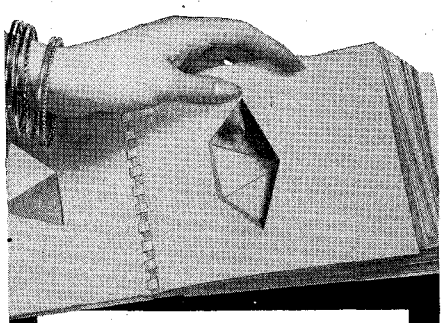
Take Guesswork out of Decorating...

BORROW THIS BOOK FREE



From your Super® Kem-Tone Dealer

- Color Harmony Book makes painting and decorating easy.
- Shows 1500 lovely color schemes in big full-page paint samples.
- An exclusive Super Kem-Tone color service.

(*Continued from Page 66*) the operator had no copy to follow the last part of the speech so he could keep the Teleprompter going at the correct speed. Keely was under the floor, sixty feet removed from the speaker. Kahn had no copy of the manuscript. The situation was grim.

In a desperate sweat, Kahn edged up the platform steps, then crept nearer to Mr. Hoover until he could read the manuscript over the speaker's left shoulder as the Teleprompter unrolled it. He could easily tell whether it was coming in too slow, too fast or just right.

Meanwhile, under the platform, Hagen was in radio contact, keeping Kahn briefed on how much manuscript remained.

"We've got just one more page," he would say. "Now, it's two paragraphs. Now one; now one sentence. Now it's gone. Over!"

At this point, Kahn began sending his operator short-wave instructions on Mr. Hoover's pace.

"Steady as you go," he said crisply, as the former President leveled a telling blast at Democratic inefficiencies.

"That's about right," Kahn would say. "Now steady. Ste-e-a-ady. Just a leetle faster. Ste-e-a-ady. Ste-e-a-a-ady."

Mr. Hoover called attention to the great duties and responsibilities of the G.O.P. in these critical times.

"Keep that speed; you're doing fine," said Kahn to his own audience. "Wait a minute. Wait a minute! He has left his text now. Hold it. Now resume . . . slowly. Pause. Stop! He's left his text again. Wait now. Slower. A little faster. Whoa! He's nearly done. Whew!"

After the Hoover speech, Kahn had no orators lined up to use Teleprompter, but he managed to keep the device where it was with vague claims that "others" were depending on it. He bribed an operator to give him copies of all convention speeches twelve hours ahead of their release time. Typist Hagen, who once did thirty-six hours of typing without any sleep, batted them into Teleprompter scrolls.

Then, while each speaker was being introduced, the Teleprompter crew scrambled about in front of the podium loading a scroll of his speech into the machine. As yet, the speaker had no idea that his speech had been prepared for Teleprompter. Most of them didn't even know what a Teleprompter was, but they pretty soon found out.

Kahn had no regular seat in the Amphitheater, but he mingled with the United Press group seated alongside the ramp from the main part of the platform to the podium. As each speaker, speech in hand, walked along the ramp toward the podium, Kahn would arise from among the U.P., climb the steps and walk with the speaker, as though that was his job.

He would hold the man by the arm in a friendly way, and speak soothing, encouraging words into his ear.

"You know how to use the microphones, of course," he would say. "They are right there, about your right height. Now, your speech is in the Teleprompter. It is right there in front of you. Don't be nervous. Just do your best, and the Teleprompter will do the rest."

In some cases, Kahn was able to slip the manuscript out of the hands of the speaker, who was so caught up in the magnitude of the occasion and the thunder of applause that he didn't realize what was being done to him. By the time he missed his manuscript, Kahn would be gone, and the speaker stood there in front of millions of people, oratorically naked. Then he had to use the Teleprompter.

Kahn's greatest triumph was the night General Eisenhower accepted the presidential nomination. After the nominations that afternoon, Kahn managed to get into the Eisenhower suite in the Blackstone Hotel by shouting loudly and constantly, "He can't speak unless he sees me!"

Until then, General Eisenhower had never heard of a Teleprompter. Kahn got the general's aide to chase others from the room. He measured the distance at which the general could best read Teleprompter script—forty-eight inches—and rehearsed him. General Eisenhower said he was pleased that he could read its type without his glasses.

With the Republican convention over, Kahn now advanced upon the Democrats. He persuaded their keynoter, Paul Dever, governor of Massachusetts, that he needed the Teleprompter, but Leonard Reinsh, the Democratic radio and TV director, was not enthusiastic. He said that if it was used, the device couldn't be stuck up to block the speakers' faces.

Kahn hung around the auditorium late the night before the convention opened, waiting for Reinsh and others in authority to leave. Then he called a carpenter to the lectern and told the man to saw out the entire top of the speakers' stand. The carpenter did as he was told.

After the Teleprompter was installed inside, a large ugly hole was left where the speakers would ordinarily rest their manuscripts. Kahn told operator Keely to get some plate glass to cover the hole. Keely pointed out that it was two A.M. and glass stores were closed.

"Well, cut some out of a door or a window or something," Kahn roared.

Keely cut a large oblong piece from an office door in the auditorium, and the hole was covered. So the Democrats not only spoke from a Teleprompter that was not supposed to be where it was but read their speeches through stolen glass.

When the Teleprompter people returned home from their Chicago adventures, Kahn found piles of telegrams on his desk from large companies interested in using the device as a speaking aid for executives. And before long Teleprompter was being used by such people as S. C. Allyn, president of National Cash Register; Clifford Hood, president of United States Steel; Gwilym Price, president of Westinghouse; Robert Sarnoff and Conrad Hilton.

Like any mechanical device, the Teleprompter occasionally fails to function properly or otherwise confounds speakers. The more accustomed the user is to making public appearances, the less frequent are the Teleprompter slip-ups. Garry Moore, for instance, reported not long ago that the Teleprompters had failed only twice in his TV shows. Both failures were caused by external electrical breakdowns, and each time the operator was able to keep them going manually.

On the other hand, Adlai Stevenson's staff blamed his unfamiliarity with a "new-type Teleprompter" for the fact that his campaign kick-off speech at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, wasn't as effective as had been hoped. Newspapers at the time described Stevenson as "a victim of the Electronic Age."

However, according to Billboard, publication of show business, an electronic slip-up is almost to be welcomed in these highly organized and regimented oratorical times.

"Gone are the rough-and-tumble political conventions, the cavernous echoes," *Billboard* sighed. "In their place are well-ordered sessions timed to the second. Sentences pour forth without gropings or hesitation. Suits are unrumpled. Faces are bursting with the healthy glow of make-up. Nothing unexpected crops up to mar the neat schedule. . . . What nostalgia has lost, efficiency has gained."

THE END

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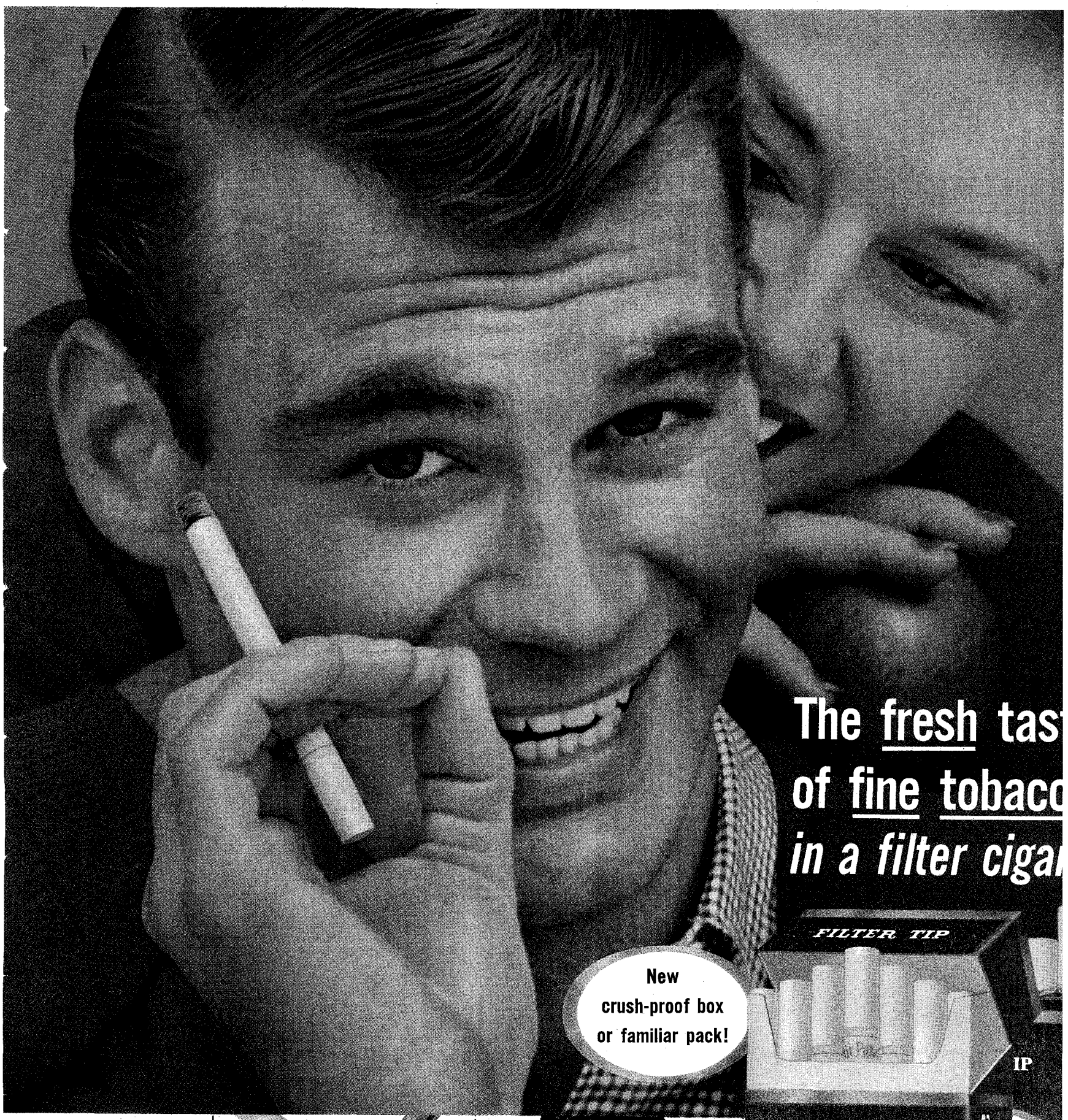
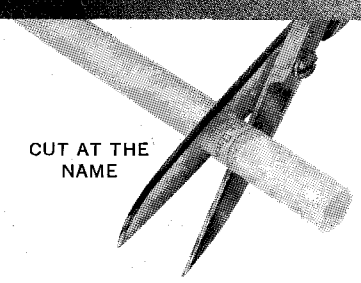
# Best thing ever happened to filter smo



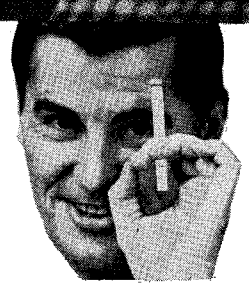

TRY THE
TIP-OFF TEST

and taste which filter cigarette is best!

(In a cigarette, it's still the tobacco that counts. So make this tobacco test.)




First, cut off the filter tip from a Hit Parade (at the name). Put cut end in mouth—light other end. See how mild it tastes—even without the filter! That's really fine tobacco!



Then try this same Tip-off Test on any other filter cigarette. You'll taste the difference. You'll want to change to Hit Parade—for the fresh taste of fine tobacco!

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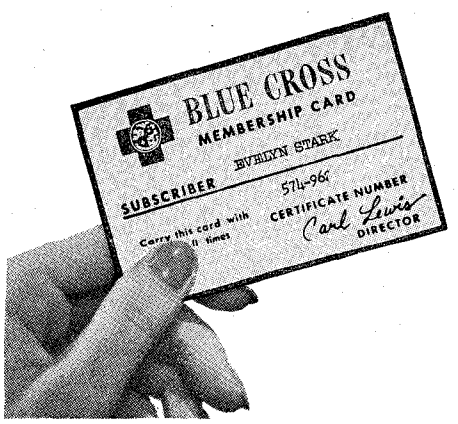
*A frequent observation by those who know:*




## *"Blue Cross is realistic about hospital costs—that's why it helps patients so much!"*

You see so many different kinds of programs for meeting hospital bills these days, but no one seems to understand the real needs of people the way Blue Cross Plans do. Blue Cross protection is different—more practical. Its aim is to help in terms of hospital care, rather than in dollar allowances. Plans work directly with hospitals—like a partnership. Each Plan is officially approved by the American Hospital Association. Then, too, Blue Cross Plans serve not-for-profit. Every cent paid in, except for necessary expenses, goes toward paying for members' hospital care. Last year alone, Blue Cross Plans paid out over one billion dollars! *To join: Most people join where they work. Ask your employer about it. Or contact your local Blue Cross Plan. Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 318, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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# Man Trackers of the Rockies

(Continued from Page 54)

a tiny airplane flying in with the dogs in answer to an emergency call. The bloodhound furnishes the nose and instinct to track by scent, and George Talbot furnishes the rest—eyes, ears, and above all, the hunter's brain.

George started life as a rancher, found he was a born hunter and began training sporting dogs as a hobby. He used to keep a pack of foxhounds and hunt coyotes with them; then presently discovered there is no hunt so challenging as the hunt for men—above all, the hunt for a lost child that may die if you don't find it fast. Eleven years ago George forked out $400 that he couldn't afford for two six-week-old bloodhound puppies that he didn't know how to train, and got into the bloodhound business the hard way. He thought the pups—christened Joy and Happy by his kids because they looked so sad—were going to be an interesting hobby. But the hobby promptly took charge of his life. Before the dogs were a year old—really not ready for the work—he was being called from all over the state on lost-person cases. In another year his local community, Corvallis, Montana, formed a Lost-Persons Foundation to cover his rapidly mounting kennel costs. As his fame spread, the Montana Sheriffs' and Peace Officers' Association took him over on a guaranteed retainer fee, plus expenses. Since 1955 he's also been escape officer of the Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge—all because he got into the bloodhound business.

It isn't the bloodhound that finds lost people or runaway prisoners. Just any bloodhound in the hands of just any man couldn't do it. The combination of a particular skilled and trained bloodhound handled by a shrewd, experienced tracker does the trick, and in eleven years George and his dogs have developed into one of the finest tracking teams in the world. Hard to say which is more important, man or dogs.

While the dog sniffs, casts for scent and follows trail, the man tracks by bits of visual evidence—footprints, matchsticks, discarded clothing, candy-bar wrappers, disturbed grass or leaves. It's a treat to watch an experienced woods tracker interpret trail. The dog can sniff, but the man can think, size up his quarry's limitations, figure, "Why did this person become lost?" and "What's he apt to do next? Is he panicky? Is he at home in the woods or are we up against a tenderfoot and a fool?"

In eleven years George Talbot has taken part in over 600 searches in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Washington, the Dakotas, Canada, Glacier and Yellowstone Parks. Put on the trail soon enough, while the trail is fresh enough to be trackable—day-old to week-old, depending on conditions—and without having scent and evidence trampled away by earlier search parties, George and his dogs almost certainly will find the search object with such speed as to make the whole thing look absurdly easy.

Unfortunately, the dogs are often not called until all other methods have failed and the trail is days old. Then it may be too late. Talbot says: "If a kid or a friend of yours is lost anywhere in the Rocky Mountains, don't try to organize an amateur search. Keep crowds away and don't touch evidence. Don't waste time using an airplane. You can't see much but treetops from a plane in wooded country, can't see a man on the ground unless he gets out in the open and makes a big smoke or a big sign, can't see him at all if he's asleep or unconscious or under cover. Just get hold of the nearest sheriff as fast as you can and ask him to call us. Our headquarters is at Deer Lodge, Montana, on the Prison Ranch; phone Deer Lodge 834, and we're ready to roll or fly twenty-four hours a day."

What is scent, anyway? What does a bloodhound follow? Most urban Americans live under such conditions that the effluvium of your daily passage through the world is drowned out by the conflicting scents of thousands of others. Metropolitan police long ago gave up tracking dogs. If town cops can't use hounds, some people conclude, they must be no good.

Scent is something that attaches to every human being as long as he lives. It is individual and differs from the scent of every other human, and can't be disguised by perfume or by wearing someone else's clothing or shoes. The bloodhound nose is by nature so sharp that it distinguishes between all these different scents, and can be trained to follow any one of them as long as a recognizable trace exists.

All living creatures have scent—the mouse as well as the man, the rabbit as well as the lion, the skunk and the cow, the porcupine and the bull moose. All dogs have to some extent the gift of identifying and following this scent. You yourself have much more of it than you suspect, and if you were to revert to a state of nature for a month, you would be astonished how it would develop.

It would be an extraordinary human nose, however, that could be trained to scent as well as any average hound pup. For centuries the hounds have been selectively bred to improve their tracking characteristics. Special selection to develop other hunting gifts gives us such strikingly different scenting hounds as the Norwegian elkhound and the dachshund. The bloodhound, believed by many to be the oldest of the lot, dating back long before the Christian era, has been bred for one thing alone—his nose. He isn't fast and he isn't beautiful. He has wrinkled skin, sad face, sloppy ears and an ungainly shape. But, man, how he can track. His educated nose can distinguish between all the different scents left by humans, and if a trail is out in the country, where he is at home, he will follow it with skill, stouthearted persistence and wonderful stamina.

The bloodhound has a "cold nose." Instead of sniffing scent in the air, nose high, like most other dogs, he follows it on the ground, nose low. He can follow it when it's old and cold, follow a scent laid afoot, on horseback or in a car, and for centuries has been notable for his mysterious gift of knowing, when he comes upon a scent, in which direction it is leading. Popular belief that hounds lose scent in water is based on observation of breeds less gifted than the bloodhound.

The purebred bloodhound follows human scent silently, without giving tongue; if he starts using his eerie voice, something is holding him back from the scent or he is following the scent of an animal. He (Continued on Page 74)

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The woman who is clothes-conscious nowadays has very little to worry about.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

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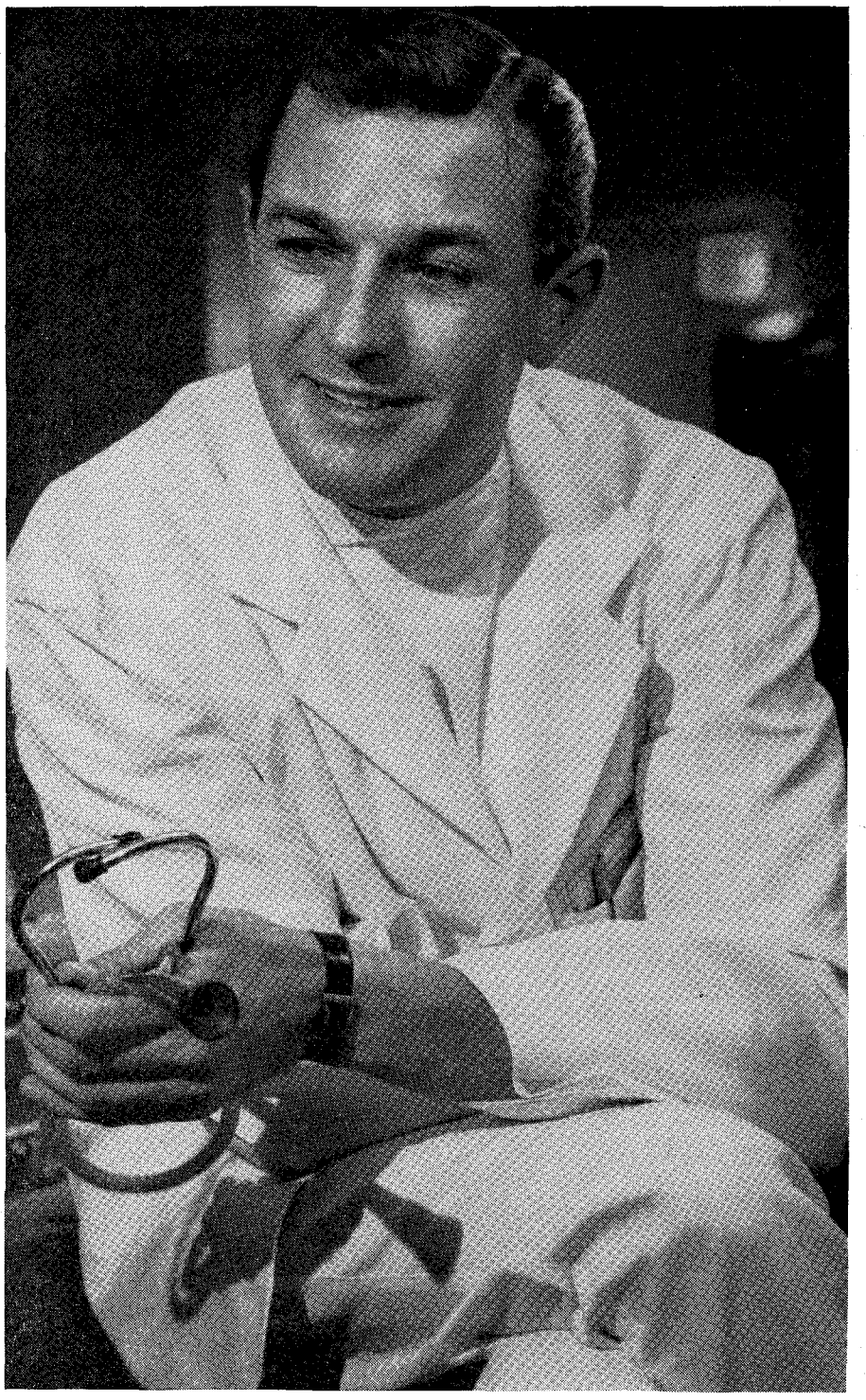
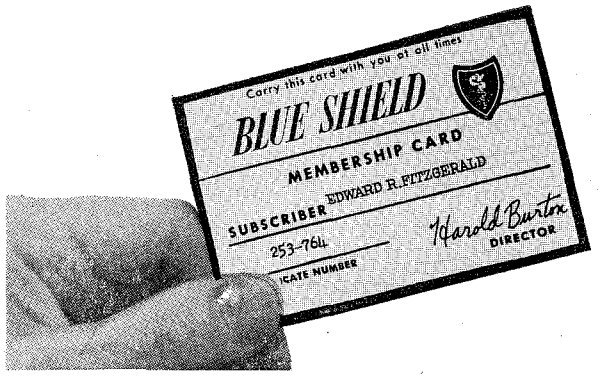


*A typical medical man's viewpoint:*

## *"Blue Shield gives the kind of help people need most!"*

WHEN it comes to doctor bills, the Blue Shield people really know how to help. And they should! Blue Shield Plans must be okayed by the medical societies in their area. The doctors themselves help keep Blue Shield in step with people's needs. Benefits are provided for hundreds of operations, and for many nonsurgical services, as well. And other than for necessary administrative expenses and prudent reserves, all money paid to Plans goes toward paying for benefits. *Ask your employer about group enrollment. Or contact your local Blue Shield Plan. Blue Shield Commission, Dept. 318, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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# AMERICAN-Standard

## ...no matter how much hot water you use...

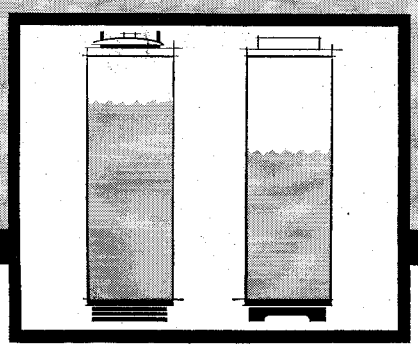
How often have you started the dishes only to find that showers or the laundry have drained off the hot water? This won't happen if you have an all-new American-Standard water heater, performance-rated to your particular hot-water needs.

What is performance-rated? Just this . . . it is a scientific measure of a water heater's ability to deliver all the hot water you need at all times. An American-Standard performance-rated water heater supplies enough hot water not only for the automatic washing machine and dishwasher but also for family baths and showers. In fact, an American-Standard water heater delivers up to 25% more hot water than other heaters of the same size.

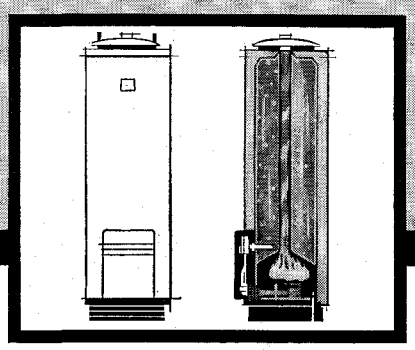
This exciting new water heater outperforms all others because an intense blue flame sweeps the *entire bottom* of the tank and a thick blanket of Fiberglas insulation keeps water hot . . . and fuel bills down.

Other important features include fully automatic safety control . . . built-in draft diverter for low ceiling installation . . . and a smooth glass lining for corrosion resistance. Insist on an American-Standard water heater that delivers up to 25% more hot water, yet costs no more.

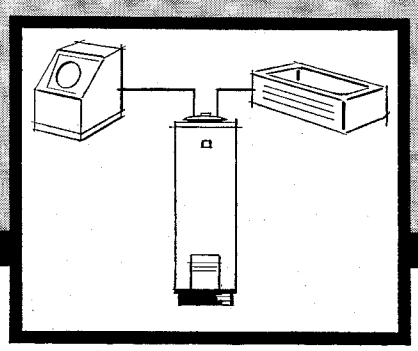
## HERE'S WHY AN AMERICAN-STANDARD WATER HEATER IS SO MUCH MORE EFFICIENT



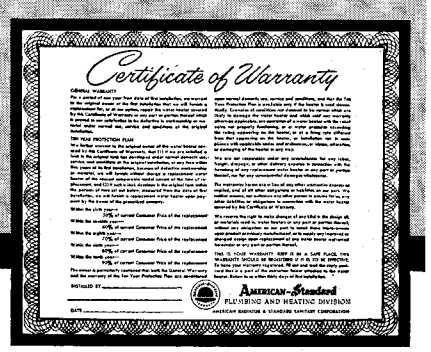
**UP TO 25% MORE HOT WATER** is delivered because of a new, faster, more efficient, more economical burner. Better insulation keeps the water hot longer.



**CORROSION-RESISTANT** . . . a smooth coating of glass blankets the inside of these American-Standard water heaters to prevent corrosion . . . to assure longer life.



**TWO-TEMPERATURE** hot water can be yours with one of these water heaters. Piping-hot water is supplied to the laundry, comfortably hot to bathrooms and kitchen.

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***HOW MUCH HOT WATER*** does your family need? Ask your American-Standard retailer, listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "plumbing fixtures" or "plumbing supplies." Or for a FREE performance-rating chart, mail the coupon. This chart takes the guesswork out of choosing a water heater . . . assures you of one that won't run out of hot water. AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING & HEATING DIVISION, 40 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

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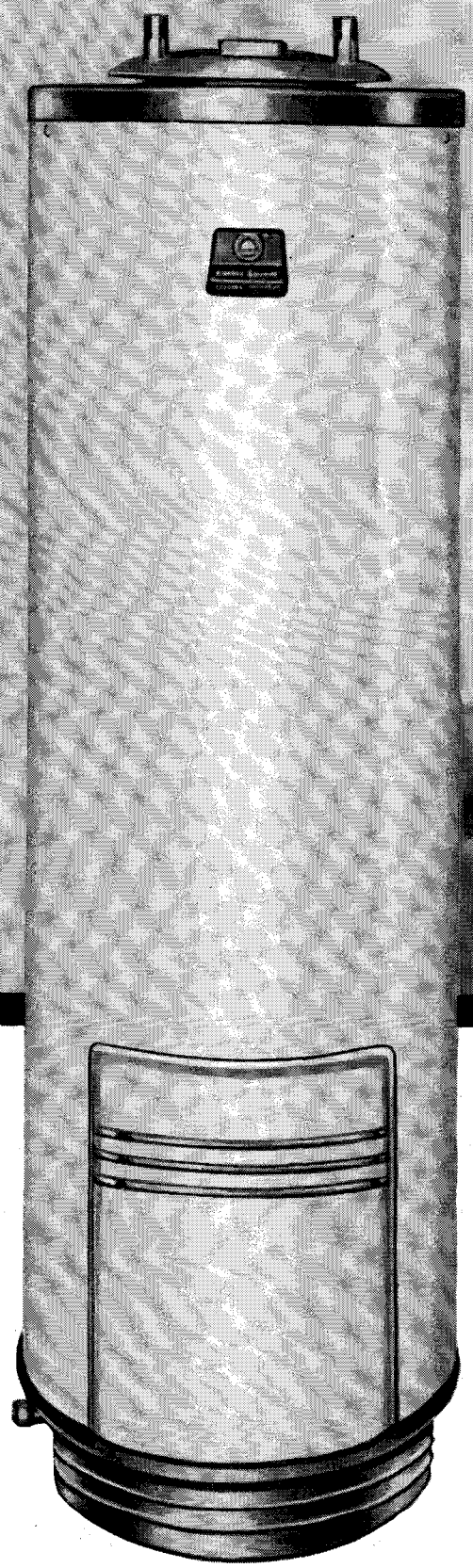
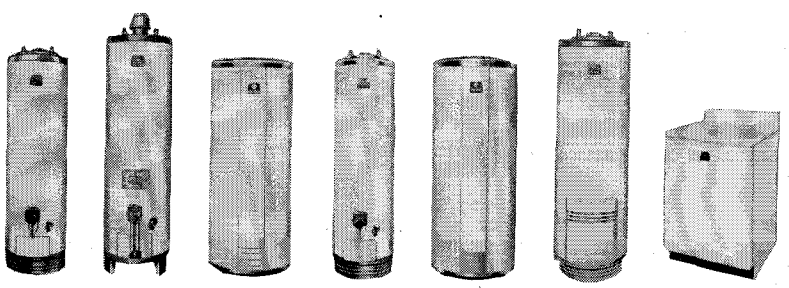
# a NEW performance-rated Water Heater

## or how fast you use it!





**GAS AND ELECTRIC MODELS!** No matter which fuel you use, what style you prefer, whether you want a glass-lined or galvanized model, there's a performance-rated water heater that is right for you in the all-new American-Standard line.

**AMERICAN-Standard**

PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION

AMERICAN-Standard PRODUCTS

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(*Continued from Page 71*) doesn't use his eyes in following scent. One of George Talbot's first pair of pups, Happy, went blind at the age of six months, but for ten years tracked just as skillfully and usefully as his partner, Joy. Happy's dead now, but old Joy still works.

Is scent a smell? Talbot thinks it's much more than that. After watching dogs follow it for thousands of hours he believes scent is a mysterious personal emanation which clings wherever a living being passes. It survives better under moist conditions than in dryness, clings to soil and vegetation better than to bare rock or pavement. Wind may carry it to one side or the other of the trail where it is laid down—the hound's nose doesn't follow footprints, but body scent left in passing. Laid in mild weather, scent usually disappears if the temperature drops below freezing, but reappears if the air warms up again, important in autumn or spring man-hunts when days are warm and nights are cold.

Scent changes the minute you die. A bloodhound following a scent will "claim" a living quarry at the trail's end, make a big fuss and keep other dogs away. But if the trail leads to a dead body, the bloodhound will sit down, won't approach the body or have anything to do with it; not because he's afraid of it, but because it no longer has the scent he was given.

Joy did this at the end of a nine-day-old trail in October, 1951. The quarry was Albert Skinner, of Emmett, Idaho. Skinner, hunting with a party of friends, announced that he wasn't feeling very perky, thought he'd go back to camp, take some stimulant and lie around the rest of the day. The country was strange and he missed the camp. He met another hunting party, which pointed him straight, but he wandered off in a wrong direction and never found his own tent.

After a week of futile searching by friends and posses, Talbot and the dogs were called to the case. It took two days to get Joy and a kennel mate to the remote back area of the Bitterroot Mountains, but, fortunately, tracking conditions remained fair and Joy picked up the cold scent.

It's always a satisfaction to verify the dog's nose by visual evidence. It was soon clear that the lost Albert Skinner had grown irrational. He threw away his rifle, then his pistol. Later he sat down to rest, and hung his hunting knife and belt on a tree branch. Never put them on again. Overtaking the free-tracking Joy, Talbot found the hound sitting patiently beside the hunter's coat. The dog refused to go farther. There were two candy bars in the coat pocket—the man hadn't been starving. Talbot probed the nearby brush and found Skinner's corpse, dead a week, concealed in thick cover by the side of a huge log where he had crawled in to die.

Why do people get lost in the mountains? Unfamiliar surroundings, that's all. Manhattanites can get lost in strange Brooklyn, or Philadelphians in San Francisco, or Parisians in Washington, D.C. But a city man can ask a cop or take a taxi, things definitely unavailable in a Rocky Mountain wilderness, where you can travel a week during hunting season and never meet a soul.

A mountain man entering unfamiliar territory ahorse or afoot usually marks his passage carefully by landmarks, peaks, canyons and creeks. He looks backward often to see how the country will look on his way back out. He keeps his orientation by the sun, and if he can't see the sun, he uses his compass. He carries a map too. Such a man is never lost. Yet even he may turn up missing—he may have a horse fall with him, break a leg or have a heart attack.

Two kinds of hunters do get lost with astonishing frequency. One is the experienced but overconfident type who goes boldly into strange country, sure he can get himself out again without compass or map. The other is the tenderfoot who makes a very common mistake. While hunting along one side of a valley, he sees a deer or an elk, or hears game go crashing off above him in the timber. He follows the game uphill and, without realizing what he's doing, goes over the ridge into what mountain men call "the next watershed." Then he's in a different "country," with all the water running a different way, and instead of telling him what's happened to him, this only confuses him. Suddenly everything looks wrong, he doesn't know north from south, doesn't know where camp is.

Our tenderfoot is now in real trouble. If he keeps his head, he'll soon be out of it; but if he panics, anything can happen, including his unanticipated demise. What should he do?

"Let others do the worrying," says George Talbot. "Just go on along the mountainside either way, whichever is easiest, until he (*Continued on Page 76*)


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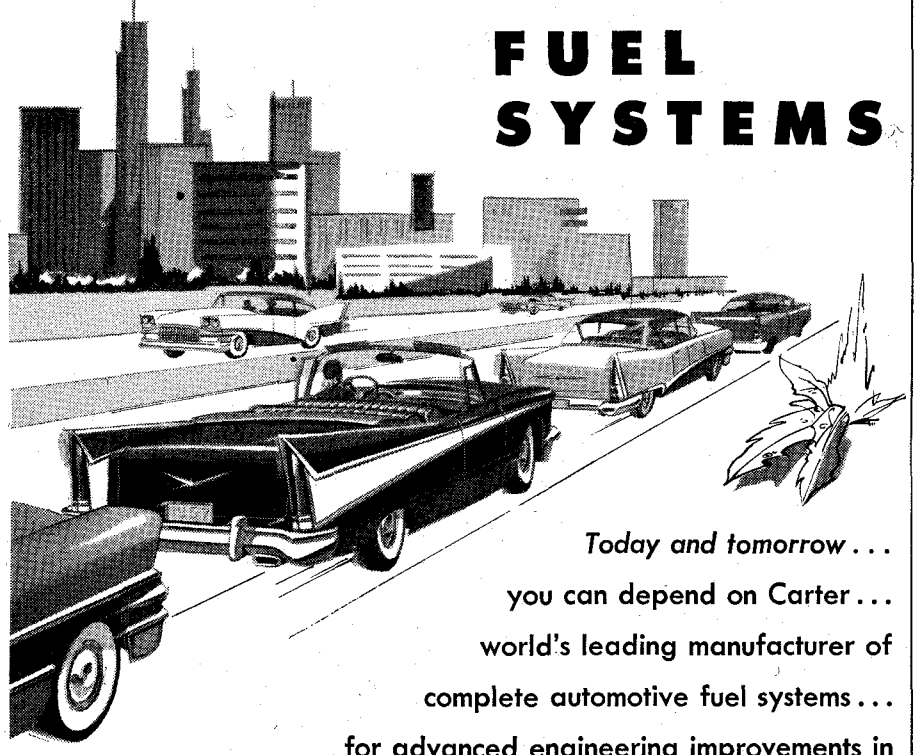

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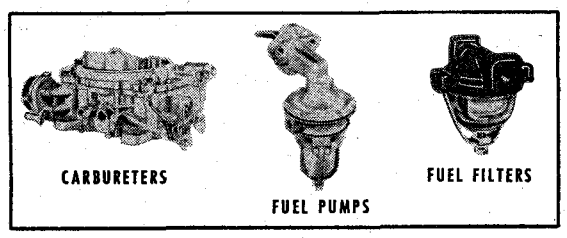


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Is your own state taking advantage of the dollars available? If Federal money (*your* tax dollars) is not matched within the prescribed time by your state, your share may be transferred to another state. Make sure that *your* dollars come back to benefit *you* by supporting your state's highway program.

**GET ALL THE FACTS ABOUT THIS GREAT HIGHWAY PROGRAM**

Will the new freeways serve your town? When will they be finished? How will they be paid for? You'll find the answers in the free booklet, "The Road Ahead." Write to Dept. 8, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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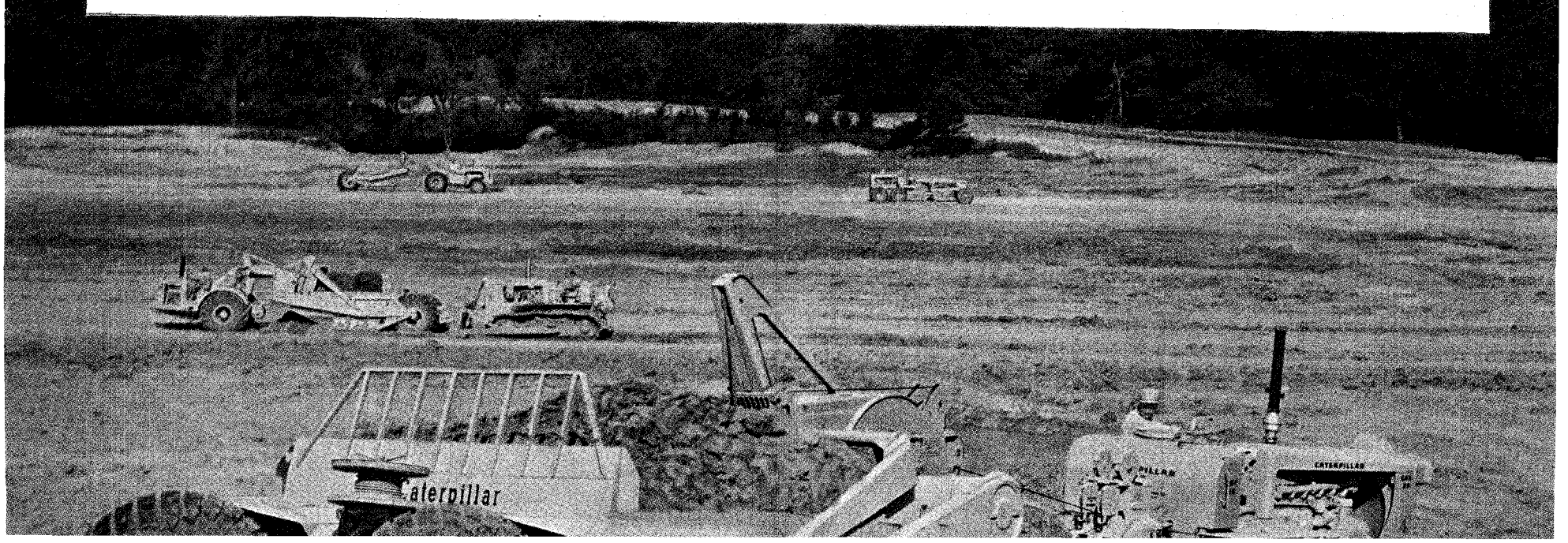
## WHAT IS YOUR STATE'S SHARE?

According to present plans, here's how much money it is estimated each state will receive from the Federal government for Federal-aid highway construction.

| | |
|---|---|
| ALABAMA | $730,800,000 |
| ARIZONA | $424,200,000 |
| ARKANSAS | $529,000,000 |
| CALIFORNIA | $2,019,600,000 |
| COLORADO | $518,300,000 |
| CONNECTICUT | $342,500,000 |
| DELAWARE | $202,200,000 |
| FLORIDA | $608,400,000 |
| GEORGIA | $838,700,000 |
| IDAHO | $364,300,000 |
| ILLINOIS | $1,668,500,000 |
| INDIANA | $872,100,000 |
| IOWA | $751,300,000 |
| KANSAS | $683,300,000 |
| KENTUCKY | $666,900,000 |
| LOUISIANA | $588,500,000 |
| MAINE | $284,400,000 |
| MARYLAND | $418,700,000 |
| MASSACHUSETTS | $735,700,000 |
| MICHIGAN | $1,277,600,000 |
| MINNESOTA | $829,600,000 |
| MISSISSIPPI | $574,000,000 |
| MISSOURI | $986,400,000 |
| MONTANA | $539,000,000 |
| NEBRASKA | $544,100,000 |
| NEVADA | $371,100,000 |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE | $204,800,000 |
| NEW JERSEY | $753,900,000 |
| NEW MEXICO | $450,700,000 |
| NEW YORK | $2,469,500,000 |
| NORTH CAROLINA | $903,500,000 |
| NORTH DAKOTA | $406,900,000 |
| OHIO | $1,509,300,000 |
| OKLAHOMA | $661,200,000 |
| OREGON | $507,900,000 |
| PENNSYLVANIA | $1,865,800,000 |
| RHODE ISLAND | $216,400,000 |
| SOUTH CAROLINA | $476,900,000 |
| SOUTH DAKOTA | $427,700,000 |
| TENNESSEE | $766,800,000 |
| TEXAS | $2,112,500,000 |
| UTAH | $351,900,000 |
| VERMONT | $201,200,000 |
| VIRGINIA | $718,400,000 |
| WASHINGTON | $582,000,000 |
| WEST VIRGINIA | $418,200,000 |
| WISCONSIN | $822,600,000 |
| WYOMING | $369,900,000 |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA | $220,900,000 |

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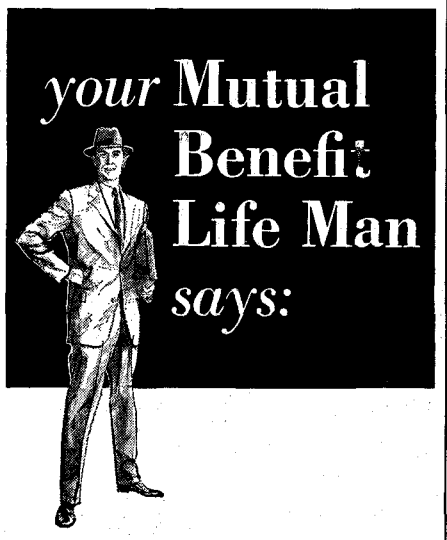
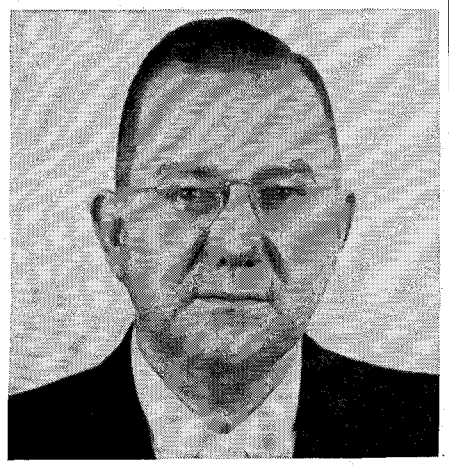



"Creating an *estate* is like building a *house*...

. . . without a carefully worked-out plan—you're sunk!" Creating a healthy estate, for example, requires coordination of *all* your assets—analysis of your future as well as your present income and obligations—and a plan that is realistic as well as optimistic! Fortunately, the wise "architecting" of such programs is part of *every* Mutual Benefit Life man's training—and many Mutual Benefit Life men like **Gus Merkle, Atlanta, Georgia,** *specialize* in creating estates—especially for younger men.



*The* **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*


(*Continued from Page 74*) comes to a trail. Chances are this will be a game trail; if it's a Forest Service trail it'll be marked with blazes on the trees and his troubles are over—it will ultimately lead him to people. If it's a game trail, a faint path made by animals, follow it until it crosses water. Now, with the thirst problem taken care of, pick a nice dry place nearby, probably a little higher up, and make a camp. Get some pine boughs and thatch a good bed to lie on. Get firewood and build a fire and put grass on it to make a big smoke. If there's an open place nearby make a ground signal and lay a smoke fire there, in case they do use an airplane search. We assume our boy did remember to take matches with him! Also that he will hoard his ammunition, not fire a distress gunshot signal till after dark, and then only one shot. If he fires by day, it will be assumed he's just a hunter shooting at game; if he fires after dark, anyone hearing it will know it means trouble. Honestly, if he acts like this he won't make half as much trouble for his friends as he will if he stampedes into real danger because he's afraid to confess that he's a tenderfoot. Too many Americans think they have to convince you they're Daniel Boone."

Some lost hunters, swept by panic, start running and soon exhaust themselves. Some go out of their heads, throw away clothes, matches, equipment and wander naked through the trees. Some, armed with a rifle and equipped with knife and fire, go hungry for days in country full of game, without trying to feed themselves.

Lost children are a different problem. In mountain terrain lost children invariably work uphill. Talbot thinks it's because the light is brighter higher up; instinct makes them climb away from the dark. Lost children may run a while in terror, then stop, sit down and play. Kids can cover an unbelievable distance in very short time, usually keep going all night because they get cold when they stop, sink down after daybreak and fall into deep sleep of exhaustion. Sleeping like this, they don't hear calling voices, may go on sleeping even after they're found.

Human searches for lost children often fail because men simply don't realize how big an area should be covered. Three hours after a youngster disappears the search area may be a circle of nine miles' radius. That's eighteen miles across, or more than 250 square miles—try and cover that with a posse. If dogs do no more than indicate the direction in which a child went, they narrow the search area enormously.

On the July 4 weekend of 1955 Talbot was in on that Grizzly Bear Kidnaping Case—you may remember it in the papers. The father, Mortimer Curtis, reported that his baby, Ida May, had been seen carried off by a female grizzly bear into the woods near Libby, Montana, where the family was living in a woodcutter's camp. There was plenty of evidence that a bear had been about, but Talbot ruled the bear theory out when the father said the bear had carried the baby off under its arm. Bears don't carry things that way; they use their mouths. Rain and trampling of the area by 250 men had ruined the scent, but Talbot organized a systematic search that found the child unhurt 200 yards from camp, asleep in a pit under a cover of leaves.

The working bloodhound is becoming a rarity on the modern American scene. Talbot estimates that there are less than thirty pedigreed purebred bloodhounds now working, perhaps as many more maintained by breeding kennels for entry in dog shows. Show dogs feature abnormally long ears and very wrinkled skin about the head, whereas the working-dog handler is less concerned with appearance than with nose and ability to take training. Pedigreed bloodhound pups are worth from $300 to $500; trained working adults are almost never for sale.

George Talbot has trained and used thirteen working purebreds, all acquired as pups. He uses three now: Old Joy; Gay, a competent but temperamental female; and Con, a young dog just graduated from "high-school" training. The dogs selected for training have been the pick of a much larger number; the others didn't make the grade, either lacking the nose or the capacity to take the discipline.

Training a dog takes two years, and another two years of experience make it an ace tracker. Males and females are equally capable. Bloodhounds must be worked three times a week to keep in top form. During basic training they learn to follow human scent, ignoring cat, rabbit, deer, coyote and other alluring distractions. High school teaches them to single out one human scent from half a dozen laid simultaneously, crossed and tangled and cooled for hours. Talbot uses the reward method, gives dogs meat when they locate their quarry, voices disapproval and uses the switch, if necessary, if they shift to the wrong scent. Dogs also learn to answer voice or whistle commands, sit, walk at heel, and come when called. "Tracking an armed desperate man, the dog must forget the scent and come back at your command if you see him in danger of gunshot."

Dogs almost always work on leash, especially at the start of a search. They're given an article of wearing apparel to sniff for the scent. They know the difference between a training run and a real case, are keyed up and sharp when an actual hunt is on, and are not above vain mugging for praise from bystanders when they've finished a big job. They're fed a standard prepared dry dog ration, plus horsemeat during winter months.

Willing candidates for the job of laying training scents are the inmates of Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge. Convicts like to get away from prison routine for a day in hills and fields, and have an occupational conviction that familiarity with the dogs may lead to some dodge that will outsmart them. In the two years since Talbot appeared on the prison scene, however, there have been only three successful runaways out of twenty attempted breaks, all three while the dogs were away on other cases.

One resourceful trio covered their escape tracks with a herd of prison cattle driven to water, then spent two days wading down Clark Fork for twelve miles from Deer Lodge to Garrison; in their concern about evading the dogs they forgot other police resources and headed for familiar haunts in Missoula, Montana, where the law spotted them and picked them up.

The tracking work of pedigreed bloodhounds is accepted as evidence in the courts. Talbot's dogs figured in one celebrated 1949 murder case in Forsyth, Montana. The victim was shot through the window as he sat at supper with his family. An alert sheriff found footprints outside. It was too late to get dogs on the case that day, but the sheriff stationed guards to keep everybody away from the house. Talbot and his dogs were on the job at daybreak, after an emergency airplane ride from Corvallis. Actual tracking took twenty minutes. The trail crossed a field to the highway, crossed the highway, crossed the barrow pit and led to a wire fence.

Talbot saw a gate 100 feet down the road, took the dogs down there through the gate, came back and picked up the trail on the far side of the fence and followed it a quarter mile to a house.

A man came out. The dogs pointed him out as having the scent.

"What do you want?" he said. It was John Loy Storm, brother-in-law of the murdered man.

"I want you," Talbot answered, gun in hand.

"What for?" (*Continued on Page 78*)

"Let's try it with the tie outside the trousers."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 76*) "For murder."

Storm was convicted and sent to the Deer Lodge prison; his conviction was upheld on appeal, but the case went to the Montana Supreme Court, where a curious point of law arose. To be admissible, bloodhound evidence must be obtained by following a scent in continuous pursuit. When Talbot took the dogs off the trail and around through that gate, it was ruled that continuous pursuit had been interrupted. On that ground, Storm's conviction was reversed and in 1954 he was released after five years in jail. Talbot spent many hours in court during Storm's trials and appeals, got a bellyful of legal technicalities, and hopes he never has to testify again.

In another murder case it was fear of the dogs themselves that led seventeen-year-old Roy Hein to a swift and unanticipated confession. The victim was young Alice Abney, wife of a railway worker. She was stabbed to death on August 17, 1954, in a railway-boxcar dwelling on a side track at Frenchtown, Montana. Young Hein reported the murder, saying it had been committed by a man he had seen run from the car and disappear. Talbot and the dogs were called to trail this man.

Roy Hein had a morbid curiosity about the dogs and wanted to know if they were ferocious. Talbot noticed a tiny speck of blood on the boy's eyeglasses—it might have been spurted from a knife wound before the heart stopped beating. Under questioning, the boy snatched off the glasses and returned to his inquiry about the dogs. While Talbot was still looking over the ground, Roy Hein confessed to police and deputies that he had committed the murder.

Like many men who have spent much time on remote ranches, George Talbot doesn't like towns and hates crowds. He lives in a small brick building just inside the prison-ranch gates; the dogs are kenneled there and his pickup truck, equipped with two-way police radio, siren, red light, walkie-talkie and mobile kennels, is ready to roll day and night. State employees work a forty-hour week, but an inborn sense of duty keeps Talbot on the job seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. At odd hours of the night he patrols buildings and grounds of the prison ranches and farms. It's an unpleasant, sometimes dangerous job—early in 1957 two shots were fired into his pickup cab while he made his rounds. He goes armed and carries handcuffs like any other peace officer, and has a strong sense of community service.

If a lost-person case conflicts with a prison-escape case, "I'm the only judge as to which case I follow," he says. "I wouldn't work under any other agreement. A lost case always comes first in my book; the only exception might be if a dangerous armed criminal became an immediate threat to the public."

It's a lonely business, a heavy responsibility—really too heavy a burden for one man and his dogs. "There ought to be at least three tracking teams in the Rocky Mountains," says George. "One in Montana, perhaps one in Wyoming, one in Idaho or Colorado. One team always on duty, ready to roll or fly. At present the nearest dogs are in Phoenix, Arizona, and at a kennel in California. If a little kid is lost in our Rockies, I feel as if the whole burden of finding that kid rests on me."

Talbot's most thrilling case? "There are two. When Joy and Happy were only half-trained pups eleven months old, they sent for me because a ninety-year-old man named William Berry was lost in the mountains near Noxon; a big posse had been hunting him for twenty-four hours and couldn't find him.

"I was scared to death. I didn't think the dogs were ready. When they tracked off in the 'wrong' direction and the searchers told me Berry couldn't have gone that way, I didn't know what to think. But Joy and Happy found him, saved his life; he wouldn't have lasted another night. I'll never forget what that did to me.

"The other case was Connie. This wasn't much of a case, just a sweet eleven-year-old girl who went fishing with her folks a couple of years ago, and when they told her to go back to camp, she strayed into the big woods. Maybe this case sticks out because Connie's helpless father was so hysterical; he kept calling 'Connie' in the most heart-tearing way until another searcher, who was working the dogs with me, told him to shut up or we'd all go crazy. I had the feeling that the dogs had to take us to Connie because if we didn't find her nobody else in the world would. . . .

"And we found her. A routine tracking job. Her folks were so glad to see the kid and hear her story that they sort of took it all for granted. After all, we're professionals—like a circus act, we're supposed to do our show.

"But I think the ability to find a lost kid is the greatest thing in the world. That's why I sit here waiting for the phone to ring. I've got four kids of my own and a new granddaughter. We've always lived in the mountains and mom and I know what it is to worry about what might happen to them. I had no more right to put four hundred dollars down for Joy and Happy than to buy a diesel locomotive, but it's sure a comfort to be able to do something when a human being is lost." THE END

Judy Talbot, now 14, with her father's bloodhounds Joy (left), who is 12, and Con. In 11 years, Talbot and his man-tracking dogs have participated in over 600 searches in the Rocky Mountain states and in Canada. They're "ready to roll or fly 24 hours a day."

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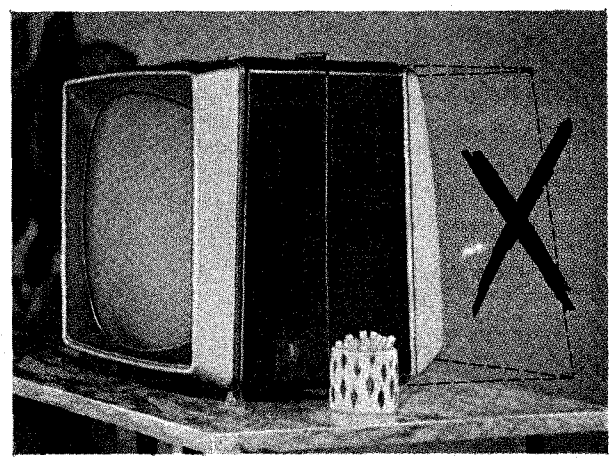

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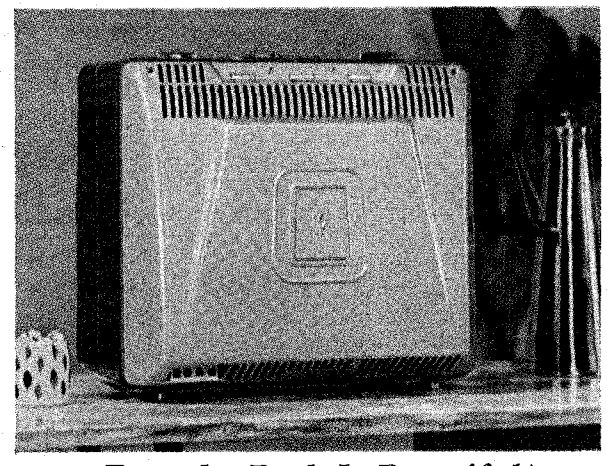

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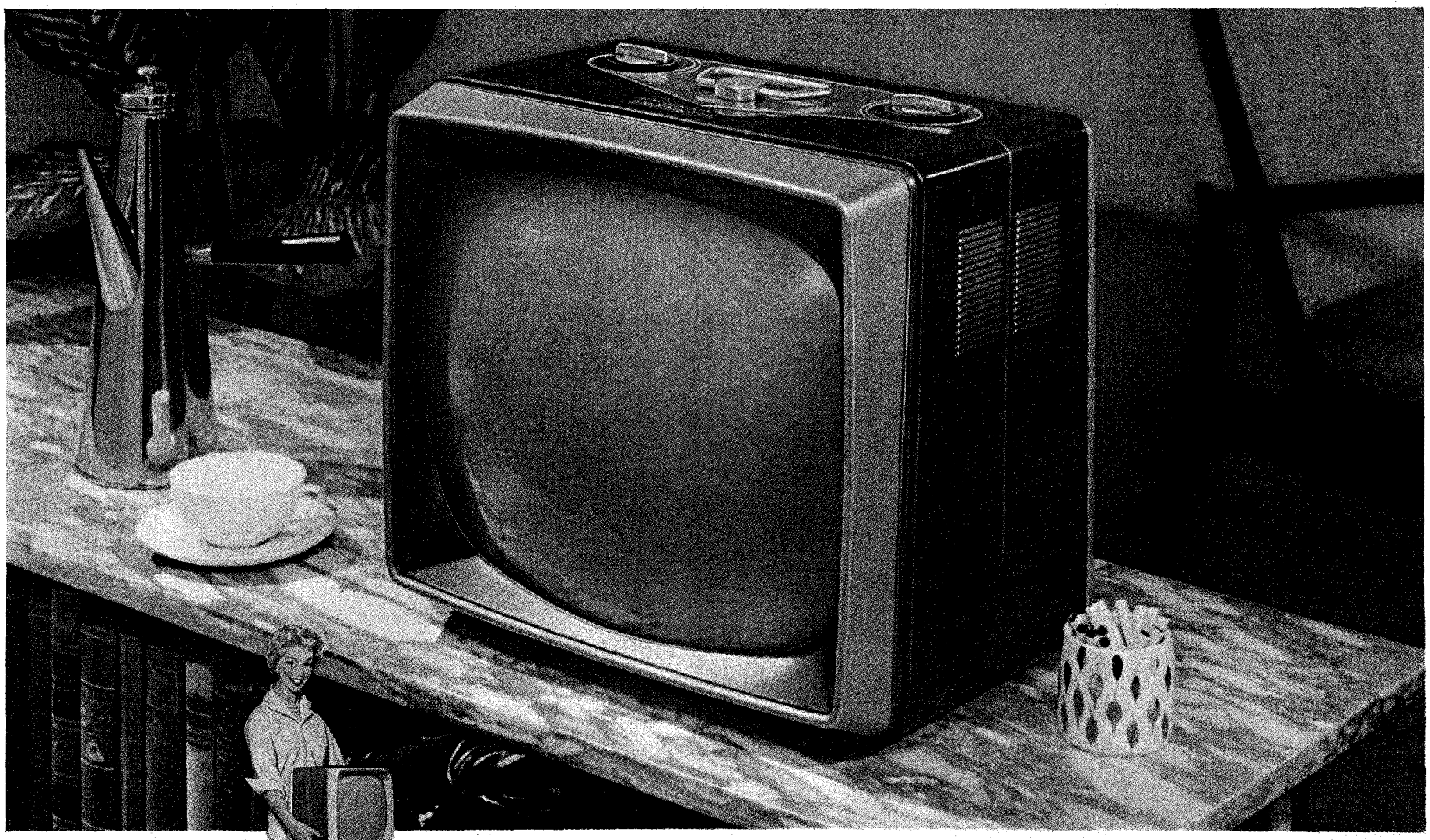

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# Death Below Decks (Continued from Page 36)

elbow. "Nice dish of spaghetti, eh, Spud boy?"

And right from that second I could have killed him where he stood. Because I wasn't seeing a nice dish. I was looking at a woman. A woman who could be a mother, a wife. And I felt so shy that I couldn't tell her what I wanted to drink, and Olaf had to do the ordering. But by closing time I was telling her my life story. The next night I came back by myself, and when the bar shut we went for a walk together.

I had to bend down a long way to talk to her; her head hardly came much above my elbow. But it didn't matter. We didn't do much talking. Just walked in the starlight, her feet very light and quick on the path. And after a little while I slipped my arm round her shoulders and she let it stay there. The villas went by on either side of us, and I thought of the rooms in them, lighted and warm, with white delft on scrubbed kitchen tables, and turkey carpets in the parlors. I thought of red coals burning in kitchen stoves, and the smell of bread baking.

We walked maybe five miles like that, she half resting in the circle of my arm. And then the heel came off her shoe.

"Oh, what'll I ever do?" she said, and she began to cry.

"I'll carry you," I said, and I imagined the feel of her in my arms, and wished it had been fifty miles and not five we'd come walking. But she only cried the harder at that.

"Through the streets? What would anyone say that saw us? Oh, why did I ever come out with you, you big giraffe? Get me a taxi."

I'd never thought of that. It was almost as good as carrying her home. We rode together in the back, with glass between us and the driver, and the seats were soft, like those in a cinema, and after a while she forgave me and let me hold her hand. I closed my fingers over it, and it was warm and soft, and just before we got to The Spanish Landing I kissed her where the dark hair sprang from her white forehead, so that half my lips were against warm silk, and half against ivory.

The next night she couldn't come out, but the day after that was her half day free, and we went to the pictures together. I don't remember what the film was about. All the time I'd be tracing her features against the darkness and wondering how a man would feel if he had a home to come back to and a woman like Sue waiting.

For two nights after that she had to go straight home from work, but I spent all the evenings in the bar, watching her, and talking to her when she wasn't serving customers, until it seemed as if she belonged to me already. I got to recognize the way she'd give a small toss to her head if one of the customers said something out of place. Although after the first couple of times they didn't say much to her when I was there. They seemed to know that we wanted to be private, and they left one end of the bar to me so I could talk to her alone. And I wondered how long it would take to save enough for a house. Would she wait that long for me?

"She had it gold-plated—it's the millionth dish she washed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

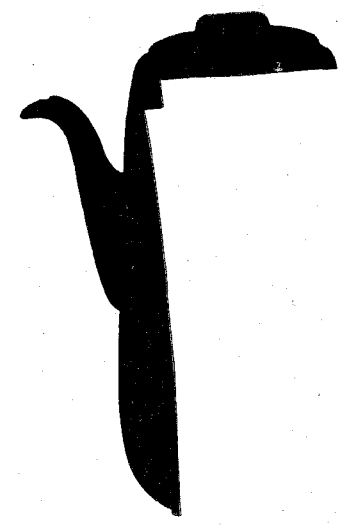
There was a great crash from up amidships, and I came back from The Spanish Landing to the ship like a man wakened out of his sleep by a firebell. The bows had slid off again and there was green water laced with white five feet deep in the well deck. It hit the bridge housing harder than a row of trucks, and the bos'n lurched against me.

"That slob," I shouted in his ear. "Let me go up and take the wheel off him. You need a man up there, weather like this." The wind tore my voice away and blew it to America, and the bos'n just grinned without knowing what I'd said. There was another crash from the galley as the ship heeled back.

"There goes the chow," said the bos'n in a sudden break in the gale.

I looked up at the masthead forrard, and it was going round like a drunken corkscrew. First a little whipping circle, then a long, shuddering, sideways sweep, with a whorl at the bottom of it before it started upward again.

"She'll break her back if this goes on," I said. "She's feeling soggy already." I swayed on my feet to meet the heel of the deck, and it was true. She wasn't lifting so fast out of the troughs. It was as if she was held down at the bows by something. The gale came back before the bos'n could answer, plastering us against the dirty white bulkhead like two pieces of wet laundry against a fence, and

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I stopped thinking about the ship, my mind drawn back to Sue and The Spanish Landing.

I had made up my mind to marry Sue. The next night was our last night ashore, and I spent an hour and a half prettying up. I borrowed the bos'n's cutthroat to get a closer shave than I could get with my safety, and I stole some of the mate's hair cream and the steward's cologne. I would have taken Olaf's new suit, only he'd already gone ashore in it. But even in my own rig I looked the kind of man who could ask a girl to marry him. And when I got ashore I bought an armful of flowers off an old woman, and I walked to The Spanish Landing as if my feet were singing. I had my money belt in my hip pocket with the three pounds I had left tucked inside it, and I was going to give it to her as the start of our marriage money. I wasn't going to wet my mouth with another drink until I had a house for her and all that her heart wanted.

And then to find Sue gone, and with Olaf, half an hour before. And to hear the snicker run round the bar as I stood there with the flowers hanging. I left them on top of the two men I took outside. All that night I walked, until the morning, the sun coming up like a well of blood over the gray whaleback of the hills. The harbor was a black drawing below me on the steel-gray sheet of the Sound; the docks and wharves and ships like dark pencil strokes, and the houses ugly in the cold half-light of the dawn.

Hours earlier I had had nothing in my mind except to beat Olaf into pieces. But the wish had died in me in the cold hours and left nothing. I didn't think of anything on the way back to the ship, just of putting one foot in front of the other—left, right, left, right—until I saw him.

It was four bells as I went up the gangway, and there he was, leaning over the rail, still in his shore-going rig, with a grin smirking across his face.

"Hello, Giraffe," he said, and it was as if lightning had struck me. That had been what she had called me. The silly kind of name that lovers call each other. And she had told it to Olaf. I covered the rest of the gangway in one jump and aimed a blow at him that would have split his skull if it had landed. He ducked sideways and it hit the bulkhead instead, and then he hit me in the guts and we were both down on the deck, knees and elbows going. But I was so tired I couldn't hurt him, and when the mate came out from his cabin and started kicking us, I let Olaf go.

"You drunken bums," the mate said when he had us standing. "I should call the police. Now let me see you shake hands."

"Sure," said Olaf. "I ain't quarreling with the poor slob. Shake hands with me, Giraffe."

It took five men to hold me down, and the captain fined me a pound for trying to kick the mate, although it was only because he got in the way.

"Any trouble out of you this trip, Murphy," the captain said when he was fining me, "you'll not only get a bad discharge, I'll put you in irons until I can find some zoo that will take you in."

It was lucky for both of us that I didn't get what he meant by "zoo" until afterward. That night in the fo'c'sle when we were having tea I didn't give anyone a chance to start anything.

"The first man that says"—I couldn't bring myself to say the word "giraffe"—"that says the name of a certain animal in my hearing on this ship, or talks about zoos or anything like that, is going over the side." I took my sheath knife out of my belt and stabbed it into the timber of the messroom table. "And in case you think this is all very funny, I promise you that he'll go over the side sewn up in a sail, with the old man reading the burial service over him." I looked at Olaf. "I only hope it's you."

"I'm sorry, Spud," Olaf said. "I didn't mean any harm. I just called round to her house a couple of nights after you left her home and took her out dancing. She thought you were a hell of a funny guy, always wanting to walk miles till she was crippled. But I didn't mean any harm. Last night I didn't even know you wanted to take her out. Let's shake."

He stuck his hand out across the table until it nearly touched my knife, and I looked at it for a long moment. I remembered all the times we'd quarreled and shaken on it after. The things we'd been in together. The time in Algiers when we'd thrown three Russians into the harbor and the johnny gendarmes had chased us for two hours until we'd holed out in the Kasbah with some Ouled-Naïl girls. The time in Boston when we'd fallen through the furniture-store window and wakened in a double bed with pink sheets, and a row of coppers looking at us through the broken glass. The time we'd got on the Chilean bark and nailed the captain's wife's bloomers to the mainmast. But this time was different.

"Come on, Spud," Olaf had said. "Shake hands." But I could see the grin at the back of his eyes, and I knew the word that was in every man's mind at the table. And beyond that, and a hundred times worse than that, I was remembering Sue, and the fool I'd made of myself with my flowers and my money belt and my dreams. (*Continued on Page 83*)

An early scene, re-enacted at the Thompson Products Old Car Museum, Cleveland, Ohio.

**This Was "a BILLION Thompson valves ago"**

OVER 50 years ago, in the heyday of this 1903 "side-cranker" Winton car, Thompson Products made its first auto engine valves. This year, the one-*billionth* Thompson valve came from one of the many production lines in Thompson's large valve plant in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., first to use Thompson valves, had been making its own valves. But this pioneer auto builder adopted Thompson valves because they were better and cost less.

Through the years since then, as auto engines constantly became faster and more powerful, manufacturing good valves for them grew into a highly specialized metallurgical science in which there is a never-ending search for more heat-resisting valve steel alloys. The mastery of this science, and keeping up with it, has made Thompson Products the world's largest producer of valves for every type of internal combustion engine—aircraft, car, truck, Diesel, marine . . . down to the smallest power plants, like the one that whirls the blades of your lawn mower.

Over 2,900 men and women work in the Thompson Valve Division turning out valves and valve train parts.

From Thompson's 21 research centers and factories in 18 cities come, every year, many new or improved products for America's greatest industries—aircraft, automotive, electronic, agriculture, mining, construction and others. These industries have learned that for the finest in complex, hard-to-make parts, assemblies and systems . . .

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# NEW! The only toaster that's an "oven", too!

**The new General Electric Toast-R-Oven makes perfect toast "upstairs" or "down." Heats bread and rolls, toasts buttered bread right at the table!**

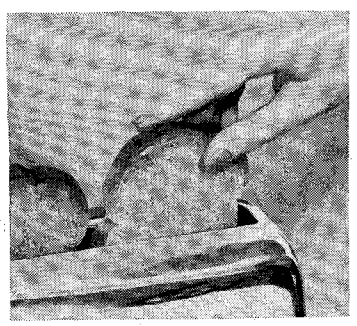
NEW
TOAST-R-OVEN
$29.95*
*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price
Toasts 2 slices
Warms 6

HERE'S SOMETHING really new in toasters. The General Electric Toast-R-Oven does just about all your toasting, warming, browning jobs *right at your table.*

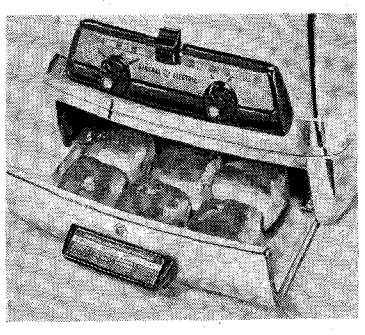
Makes toast "upstairs" to any delicious shade you want. Keeps it warm "downstairs" in the oven. Just set the oven dial for warming rolls, buns or muffins.

And it's all so simple! You'll love the easy convenience of the General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Love its compact beauty, too.

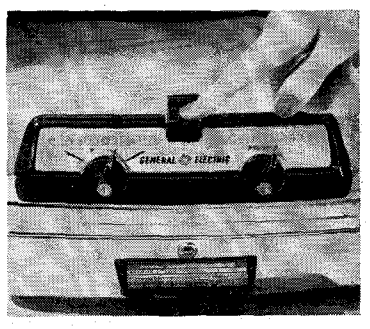
Why not see it at your General Electric dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



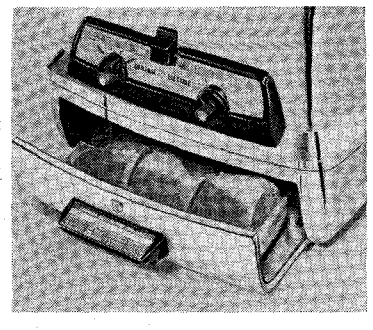
**1. Make toast as you like it . . .** light or dark or in between with the upper part of your new General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Toast pops up extra high—no digging . . . no burned fingertips.



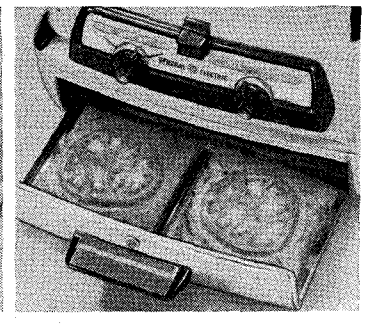
**2. Toasting oven warms up to six rolls,** heats muffins, buns—many baked foods that used to mean using the range oven. Holds 8 pieces of toast at one time . . . 6 keeping warm, 2 toasting on top.



**3. Press a button to lower toast** and start heat. To get the oven temperature you need, set dial at left. Chart on oven door shows you the "just right" heat for whatever you're preparing.



**4. Like to toast buttered bread?** And how about garlic-y French bread and crunchy oven toast? Just dial the shade you want. You can fix all these treats at the table with this really *new* toaster.



**5. Toasted or melted cheese sandwiches,** too . . . topped with a slice of tomato for good eating! Oven drawer slides out for easy cleaning. Chromium finish dazzles at the flick of a soft cloth.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 81*) "Don't dirty my side of this table, Olaf," I had said. "Take your hand back." And I had drawn the knife out of the timber very slowly and gone back to my bunk.

And now we had been four days at sea, and there was a kind of scar tissue over the wound in my mind, but underneath, it was still festering. Another wave poured its tons of water into the well deck, and this time it came up and over, onto the afterdeck, where we were standing, running over our sea boots in a smooth river of green.

"Sea's getting higher," said the bos'n.

"It isn't," I said. "We're riding lower." You could feel the awkward weight in her now, trying to bury her nose in the wave troughs. The bos'n knew it too. I could see it in the way he was testing with his feet and listening to the engine.

Six bells rang, and I saw Olaf coming down off the wheel, big shoulders filling his duffel coat so wide that he had to come down the ladder sideways. He waited for the ship to steady and then started down the deck toward us at a quick run.

"Bos'n," he shouted. "The mate wants to know can you get forrard to the rope locker and take a sounding? He thinks we're taking water in one of the forrard hatches."

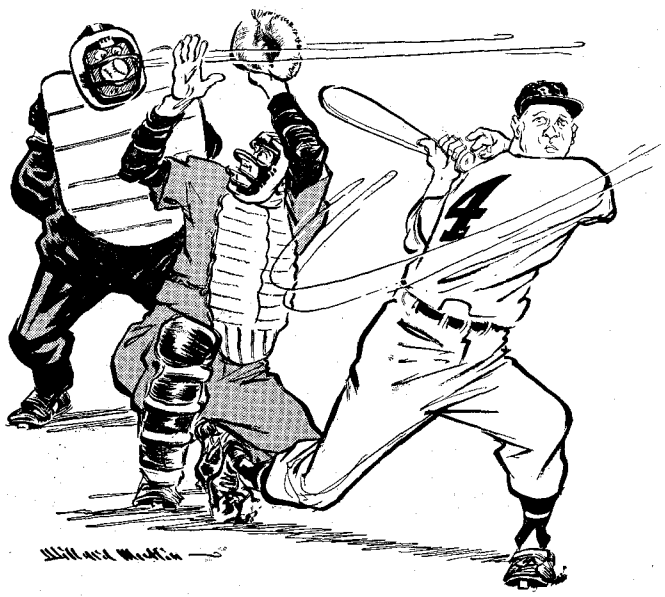
"You better come, both of you," was all the bos'n said. "Three-man job in this sea."

I looked at the well deck and swallowed. Even when the waves had broken, it was still ankle- to knee-deep in water. When they were breaking, it would be deep as a man's head. And there wasn't too long between waves. We made a dash for the ladder and clung to the rail while a wave broke. I felt the water running inside my oilskins and wondered how it would feel to be caught in that giant boil of fury and be swept over the side.

"Run, Olaf!" the bos'n was shouting. And Olaf was down the ladder and knee-deep in the slithering rush of water. We had guy ropes stretched, but it wasn't safe for a heavy man to trust them, and Olaf went up onto the cargo hatch and ran for it. Down off No. Two hatch by the foremast. Up again onto No. One, with the water hardly over his feet. Up the ladder and into safety, crouched behind the donkey engine three seconds before another wave broke. The bos'n went next—much slower than Olaf, hauling himself along the guy ropes—and I could see the head of the wave lifting and our own bows burying beneath it before he was halfway there.

"Run!" I yelled. "Run, you old fool!" Even if the bows were lifting to the new wave as they should, it would have been bad. But they were staying down. And the weight of the falling water would hit the flat of the deck instead of the knife-edge of the bows. I started down my ladder after him, and then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Olaf coming down toward him, running with the slant of the deck as the bows finally sogged upward, pulling him under one huge arm and starting back.

I shut my eyes as the wave broke, because I knew they couldn't make it. I felt the ship sink under the weight of the blow, and I thought that this was the end, that she wasn't going to lift again. She lay lower than gunwale deep in the water, even after the crest had broken and washed over us. And then, slow as an old (*Continued on Page 86*)



## So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Here in a hypothetical setting is an actual American League play of a few years ago which was so fantastic that a leading sports writer commented: "It really sounds as if some dimwit invented it, as it strains all the laws of probability."

Say the Boston Red Sox and the Orioles are in a scoreless tie at the end of the fifth inning in Boston. With one out, Ted Williams draws a base on balls. Jackie Jensen then works a count of three balls and two strikes. The next pitch goes high. Jensen swings and misses—strike three. But the Oriole catcher also misses. The ball zooms over his shoulder and sticks in the umpire's mask, a dead ball.

If you were umpiring, what would you do with Jensen and Williams?

(See page 86 for answer)

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are tailored
to your
**EXACT**
sleeve
length

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*Arrow believes fashion begins with a perfect fit. That's why the sleeves on Arrow sport shirts are never too long . . . never too short . . . always just right.*

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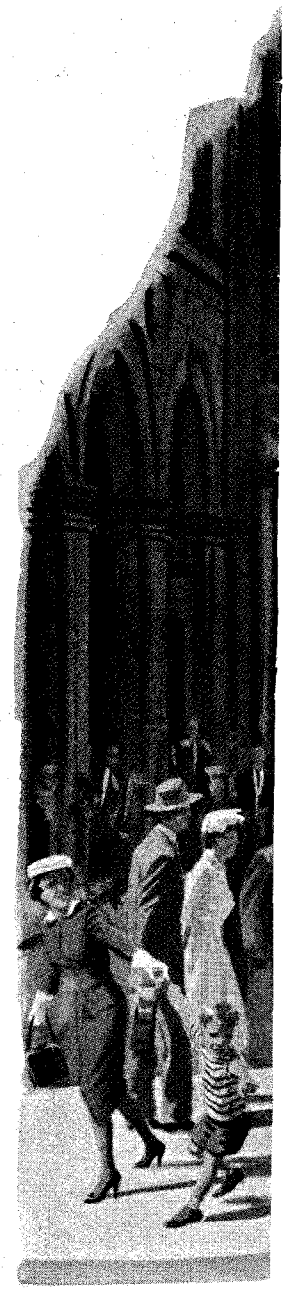
**44 NEW MACK PUMPERS TO NEW YORK CITY.** The toughest fire-fighting town in the world is New York City. Here fire apparatus must not only snake through heavy traffic at high speeds . . . but may be called upon to stand for hours, pumping torrents of water on fires in high buildings. The proved reliability of Mack apparatus was a big factor when New York City ordered the cab-forward beauties shown at right.

on the world's busiest avenues . . .

# Macks

# HANDLE THE IMPORTANT JOBS!



A siren sounds! 'Way down the avenue, you spot flashing lights! Suddenly a big Mack pumper comes hurtling by on its way to protect lives and property.

People often tell us: "Those fire engines of yours are great arguments for buying Mack trucks. Why not let people know that your trucks are as good as your fire apparatus?"

They're usually surprised when we explain that it's the other way around. Mack fire apparatus is unsurpassed for dependability because it's built to the same uncompromising standards as a Mack truck.

For instance. A long-lines hauler often expects his Macks to run night and day for weeks—even months—on end . . . rolling up hundreds of thousands of smooth, repair-free operational miles on highly competitive schedules. *Macks come through!*

A contractor expects Mack dumpers to stand up to the crushing impact of tons of dirt and rock dropped by giant shovels . . . to hustle over axle-pounding roadways or in and out of well-nigh-inaccessible bogs . . . and to go on doing it until the job's wrapped up. *Macks come through!*

But find out for yourself, first hand. Thousands of users, in every phase of heavy-duty hauling, all count on Macks to outperform, outlast and outearn anything else in their class. Just ask any one of them why—on his important jobs—he can't afford to operate anything less than a Mack. Mack Trucks, Inc., Plainfield, N. J.

**IT'S PART OF THE LANGUAGE . . . BUILT LIKE A**

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**AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT**

**TRANSIT BUSES**—Transit buses are the strongest made—they have to be! They take a remorseless, clock-'round beating from heavy loads, incessant starts-and-stops, and the world's most congested traffic. Few manufacturers can produce a transit bus . . . but the widespread use of king-size Macks in New York City gives eloquent testimony to their durability, safety and economical operation.

**UTILITIES VEHICLES**—Just as important as fighting fires is the herculean task of trouble-shooting and maintenance along the mains and cables that supply the city's water, electricity and gas. That's why New York's major utilities depend on Mack trucks for fast, unfailing transportation of full crews, large equipment and heavy materials at lowest over-all operating costs.

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(*Continued from Page 83*) man struggling up from a deep chair, she began to lift again, black iron showing under the white pour of foam, ropes and scarves and rivers of water streaming from the fo'c'slehead, and the bows yawing up and sideward as somewhere above my head the helmsman fought with the wheel.

It was so much of a relief that I'd almost forgotten Olaf and the bos'n. But there they were, half drowned, hanging onto the forward ladder. They went scuttling up it then like crabs, and I found I was running across the well deck toward them automatically, not even knowing I'd left the bridge housing. I saw the next wave coming as if it were on a film. Ten feet to go. Five. My hand on the rope-bound rail of the ladder, my foot on the rung. And that same sickening heaviness under my feet as the ship lay instead of lifting. Then I was up and crouching with the two of them behind the iron barricade of the donkey engine.

I'd stopped thinking by then. There was just the huge surge and crash of the wave, the sodden downward lurch of the ship, the jagged black cogwheel of the donkey engine against the iron-gray sky, the scream of the wind.

The wind caught its breath for a second, and in the lull Olaf shouted, "The old cow is leaking bad! D'you hear the water in the chain locker?"

I heard it then too. The sullen grinding of the anchor chains, forty tons of metal in its narrow shaft. You could always hear it in bad weather, but now the sound was different. The giant links were grinding in water.

"She must be leaking forrard of Number One hatch," said the bos'n matter-of-factly. He might have been in a motorcar, with a puncture. Was it just because he was stupid? I looked at his face, and there was nothing to read there. And even though I knew that the ship was finished, I didn't believe it any more.

We waited for the wind to ease again, and then the bos'n pulled our heads close to his mouth and shouted, "We've got to get down into the rope locker. Spud, you go first, loosen the dogs holding the hatch, get in quick and slam the lid tight again. Hold it down till you hear me knock. Then open and I come in. Same again till Olaf comes, eh? Got me?"

"I got you," I said. I waited till the water had gone creaming off the foredeck, and the bows were lifting, and then I ran the three paces to the little rusty iron hatch that covered the manhole into the rope locker.

"Oh, Heaven let the dogs move quick," I said. A dog is an iron lever that jams a door or a manhole cover tight, and you tighten it with a couple of slams of a mallet. You loosen it with a mallet, too, usually, and I hadn't got a mallet, just my hands. And I could see the new wave building its towers above me already. I straddled my legs and wrenched, and the dog almost came off in my hands. One, two, three, and the last dog loosened. Up with the manhole cover. If the wave caught me going through, if it slammed the iron across my back, I would be in halves—one half down in the darkness, one half swept on the green water the length of the ship. Down until my feet touched iron rungs, until I was all in darkness. Pull the iron cover down after me and then listen to the wave, to thunder on the deck six inches over my head. The bolts and the rivets starting, grinding in their sockets; the welded seams creaking like old bones. And under my feet in the darkness the water thrashing. Water in the rope locker thrashing sullenly from side to side and fore to aft, spilling in through the peephole into the chain

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Answer to

## So You Think You Know Baseball!

(Page 83)

The decision by the umpire in the actual game would have sent Jensen to first and Williams to second. That is right on Williams, wrong on Jensen.

Jensen is definitely out on strikes despite the rule which awards him first base. This rule, Section 6.05(b), Case Book Notes, says: "If, on the third strike (not a foul tip) the ball passes the catcher and lodges in the umpire's mask . . . the batter shall be entitled to first base and other runners shall advance one base." Jensen, however, is already out under Section 6.05(c): "A batter is out when a third strike is not caught by the catcher; provided there is a runner on first base and not more than one is out."

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locker and down and through sprung seams into the guts and scuppers of the ship.

A boot heel rang on the hatch over my head and I lifted it for the bos'n to scramble in on top of me.

"I thought you'd gone to sleep," said the bos'n. "I'll lift for Olaf. You turn on the light and we'll see what's happened."

I went down gingerly, ankle-deep, knee-deep, thigh-deep, into water. I felt for the deck plates with my feet and the bulkhead with my hand, fumbling for the light switch. If the wiring was gone —— But it wasn't, yet. Pale yellow light fell on the black surface of the water round me and made deep shadows under the wooden shelves where the spare coils of rope were stored. A lot of the coils had shifted, in spite of their weight and the yarn lashings, and the lower shelves were awash. But it wasn't that that I was staring at—it was the pulse of water coming between two plates of the hull. You could have put your hand between them and, as the pressure of each wave came, the water burst through, a great spurting

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

**Lucky Lady**

By Arthur Frederic Otis

My darling will not make
obeisance
To vanity or calm
complacence,
See?
Nor can she tolerate conceit;
How fortunate she was to
meet
Me!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

gush, and then a slackening, and then a pulsing gush again. Even while I was looking, I thought the wound in the ship opened a hairbreadth wider.

I heard Olaf come in and then the bos'n turning the inside lever that would keep the hatch down while we were working.

"It's bad," I said as they stood beside me. It was almost quiet inside the rope locker after the wind outside. Just the sound of the water pumping in, the anchor chains grinding and the hammer of the waves as they broke over our heads.

"Uh-huh," said the bos'n. "Cut me a fathom of rope, Spud. No use taking a sounding till we've plugged the leak."

I took my sheath knife and hacked a length off one of the coils.

"Get an end each, boys, and unravel it," the bos'n said. "I'll get the old man on the blower."

And so Olaf and I stood thigh-deep in water, each with one end of a fathom of four-inch Manila rope, unraveling it strand for strand, like two old women spinning thread. But it was Sue that lay between us, Sue's black hair that I held in my numbed hands; my home, my dreams that Olaf was tearing between his rasping fingers.

I heard the bos'n on the blower, sounding matter-of-fact, hardly interested. "Yes, cap'n. Three feet in the locker. Two plates sprung. Yes . . . Yes . . . Could we go astern? . . . No . . . No, cap'n." And from as far away as the moon the small whistling squeak that was the captain answering.

After a while the bos'n plugged the blower again and came back to us, wading heavily through the water that was up to his waist. I glanced down. Was it higher on me since we'd started on the rope? It was hard to tell, with the ship rolling and sloughing so much.

"Hurry up," said the bos'n. "Old man says we can't go astern to take the force off the bows. We got to plug her as she is. Couldn't get her round in time."

He hadn't needed to ask, really. No one could have turned a ship in that water, even if she was answering the helm sharp. A wave would have caught her broadside on as she was turning and that would have been that. I tried to concentrate on unraveling the rope, but it was hard enough even to balance. Olaf had one elbow locked round a ladder stanchion, but I had nothing, and at every new wave I'd swing on the end of our fathom of rope like a lassoed cow. Only the water kept me from falling. It was up to my waist now, and there were things sliding on the deck beneath its surface, tapping against my feet as they slid past with the heave of the ship. But there was not so much of a heave any more. She was lying quieter—too quiet.

"Sea must be falling," said the bos'n. "There's a crowbar slippin' somewheres under my feet, if I can find it. We'll ram the yarn into the sprung plates with that."

Fortunately they were fish-scale plates that had parted. Welded plates lie edge to edge, and if the welding goes you can kiss the ship good-by. But fish-scale plates give you a chance. There's an overlap, and you can ram calking in between the overlapping plates.

"Here she is," said the bos'n, fishing up the crowbar. "Lay them yarns along the leak, Spud."


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We leaned close against the plates and waited for the gush to slacken.

"Now!" shouted the bos'n, and I jammed the yarns into the gap, tucking them in with my fingers all the way down the four-foot edge of iron, like making a bed. And chasing my fingers came the bos'n, ram and jam with the tooth of the crowbar, driving the bundled yarns tight into the split. The gush became a slow ooze of water.

"Brace her with timber," the bos'n said. "Olaf, bust two planks off that shelf. We'll put one upright against the seam, jam it with the other against this stanchion. With luck it'll hold till Chips can fix it proper."

With luck. I hadn't ever heard the bos'n say "luck" before, and I looked at him quickly.

"Help him, Spud," he said. He stayed by the leak himself, watching the calking. I plowed through the water to where Olaf was slamming at the planks. The lower shelf was too deep under for him to work on and he had to go for the upper shelf level with his head.

"Hold the bar," he said, and I watched him working his fingers under the edge of the plank as I levered it up. It was like old times, and I wondered why my heart lay so heavy in me—until I remembered.

"I'll enjoy drowning with you," I said, but he didn't hear me. First there was a noise like a train running across an iron bridge. And then from end to end of the ship there was a long, agonized shriek of metal. I think every plate in her had started. A jet of water vomited through the leak and hit the bos'n from head to waist, slamming him back against the ladder. Across the locker I heard the shrill squeal of the blower. I went over to it out of old habit and held the little horn tube against my ear. The water was leaping at my chest, and suddenly the light went, and the darkness was like death.

"All hands muster to boat stations," the old man was saying from a million miles away at the other end of the blower. Then the slamming avalanche came again and the blower went dead.

"Boat stations!" I yelled. I could feel the ship settling under my feet, giving up the ghost. I started back toward the ladder, fighting the darkness and the water. Four steps, three, hand out, feeling the darkness for a stanchion or for one of the others. And then something gripped my foot. One of the coils of rope that had broken loose—a loop of it round my foot.

"I'm on the ladder!" the bos'n shouted. "Don't rush it. I'll open the hatch and leave it open. Come up fast after me. Last man shut it and tighten the dogs." There was a grating of iron, and a sudden square of gray half-light, with the bos'n climbing through. And Olaf's head below the bos'n's feet. But I couldn't move. The ship gave a sodden lurch and I fell, half lying, half floating, my foot caught in a vise.

"Spud!" yelled Olaf. "Spud! What are you doing?"

"Nothing!" I shouted. "Nothing. Get the hell up on deck, you rat. Go to your Sue." I heard him scrabbling at the hatch cover.

"Get out!" I yelled. "Get up on deck. I hate your guts."

The hatch cover slammed shut, and this time the darkness was worse than death because I was alone in it. I heard the next wave breaking on the deck and I thought, *That must have caught Olaf before he got to shelter.*

And then something was splashing in the water beside me, something big and living in the darkness, and I screamed like an animal.

"O God, forgive me."

"You've a hope," said Olaf, and I felt his hands on me, feeling for what was wrong.

"Get the hell out!" I said, hating him worse for hearing me scream. "What you come back for? My wallet?"

"Shut up!" Olaf said. "Is it your foot got caught?" He was under water before I could curse him again, and I could feel his hands wrenching at the rope. I pulled sideways, and my foot came free, sending me spinning with the surge of the water. I found my feet and started working my sea boots off.

"Are you right there, Spud?"

"Yes," I said. "You were a fool to come back." We were shoulder to shoulder by the ladder, and I felt him pushing under my elbow.

"Get up and hold the hatch close until the next one has broken," he said. "Then we'll both go through." If the ship stayed afloat long enough. Otherwise I'd be struggling to open that hatch against fifty fathoms of sea. The iron was cold as wet snow in my hands, and the rungs of the ladder were cutting into my stockinged feet. I found myself wishing I'd left my sea boots on.

"Is it all right, Spud?" Olaf was saying. "Is it all right now about Susan? I just thought it would be a funny joke. I didn't think it would be like this."

"Yes," I said. "Sure, it's all right. She was just another dish."

"You don't sound like it was all right," said Olaf. And then the last sea came. All the dark sky falling. I could sense the ship bursting round me like a vase struck with a hammer.

"Now!" I yelled, driving my weight upward against the iron hatch. I could feel the weight of water bearing down on it, feel the rung of the ladder slicing into my feet, my shoulders cracking. Up, up . . . half an inch, half a foot—and a white curtain of water pouring over me, filling my eyes and ears and mouth, dragging at me, forcing me down on top of Olaf. Up, up, till the muscles screamed in my back. And suddenly I was through, the hatch flung back into nothing but foam and air, and I came up through the manhole like a launched torpedo.

I fell onto my hands and knees on the deck and saw we were lifting into the air. She had split in two amidships, and I was looking down a steep hillside of deck. Olaf came up beside me, and as we watched, the after half of the broken ship slid thirty feet down into the water. In the lift of the wave behind it I could see two lifeboats. The other two were still jammed in the falls.

"There ain't nothing to stay here for," said Olaf. "I think we should go."

We went over the rail as the next wave lifted, and dropped ten feet into the water. The ship had slewed broadside on when she broke, and the wave carried us away from her into clear water. There was a raft that had broken free a chain's length away from us, and we swam to it and held the rope handles on its side while we skidded down the fifty-foot slide of the wave.

When we lifted again, there was nothing. The ship was gone. And I thought of a shadow caught in the rope locker, a twist of rope holding it by the foot, its mouth open, screaming silently as it drowned. Olaf heaved himself up onto the raft and pulled me after him, and I took hold of his two ears in my fists and shook his ugly head softly from side to side.

"You slob," I said. "You woman-stealing slob. You'd rob your granny's gas meter if she had one in her dirty igloo."

Olaf grinned like the sun rising. "I knew you wouldn't mind in the end," he said. "She was just another dish."

"I know," I said. "I know." And I thought of the people who live on land, and pitied them, with their frowzy little villas and their turkey carpets, and their women like Sue.

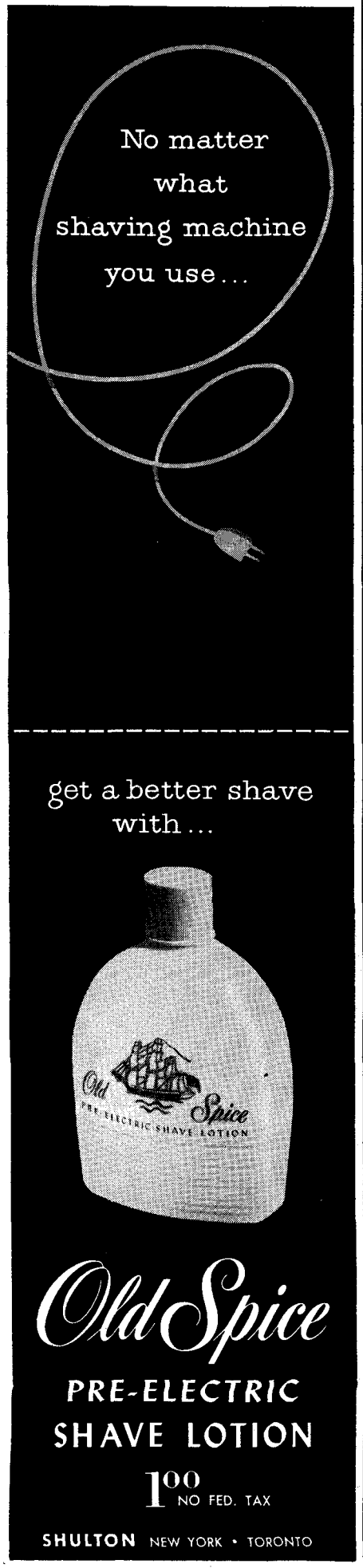
"We'll find two women in the next port," said Olaf. "Big women, like Valkyries, with blond hair and deep bosoms and no talk. Dark little talking women are bad for friendship."

And we struck hands on the twisting, sliding bobsleigh of a raft and nearly fell off it. A long way ahead we could see one of the lifeboats making toward us, and even at that distance I could make out the small, bent figure of the bos'n, calm as an old brass monkey in the stern sheets.

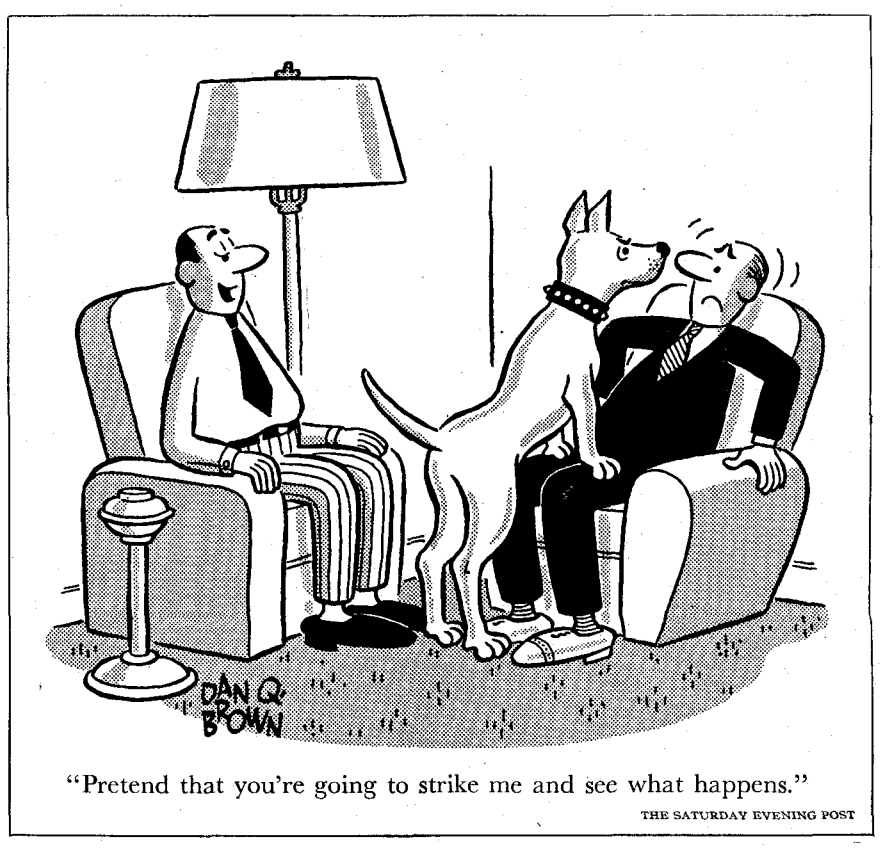
Overhead the wind tore at the clouds, wrenching them apart for a second, so that we could see blue sky like the eye of heaven watching us, and a gull came out of the sea wrack, skimming on slender wings like a messenger from land.

The lifeboat came yawing slowly toward us, and when it was ten yards away we slid off the raft and swam for it, so the raft wouldn't stave in the boat. Half a dozen hands pulled us inboard, and for a long minute we lay in the scuppers while someone shoved the necks of brandy flasks down our throats.

When I sat up, the bos'n was staring at the horizon, rasping his thumbnail slowly down and up the stubble of his cheek. "You boys ain't still quarreling? Good. Then both of you can grab the one oar an' git warm. We got a long ways to go." THE END






"Pretend that you're going to strike me and see what happens."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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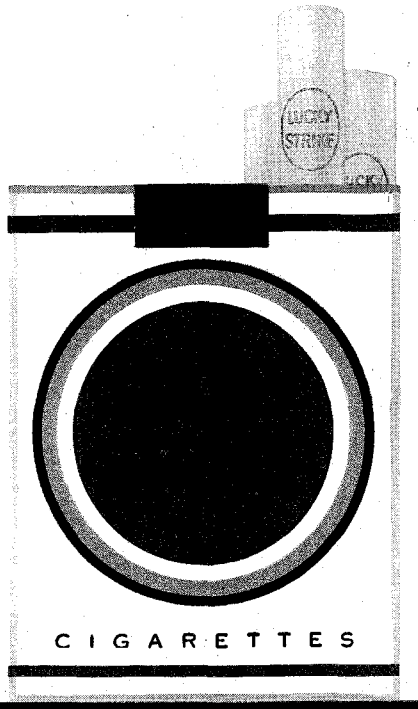

LIGHT UP A light SMOKE—LIGHT UP A LUCKY!

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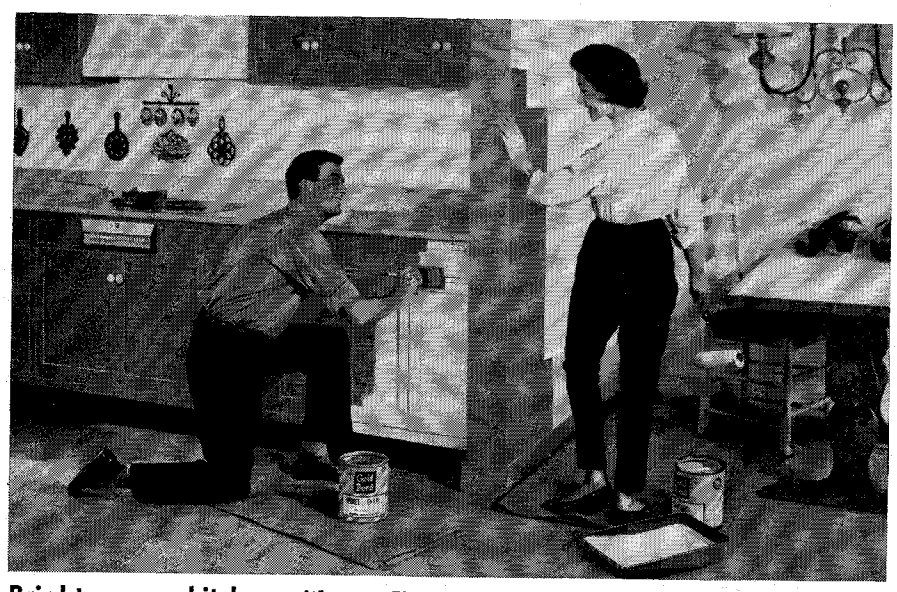


**Brighten your kitchen** with new Velvet Latex Enamel. It's a "first" from Gold Bond—and it's perfect for kitchen, bath, all woodwork. Comes in colors to match Velvet Wall Paint, and flows on smoothly, covers in one coat. Dries in less than an hour, and it's scrubbable. You can clean your brush in plain water!

**Transform your basement** into a sound-conditioned fun room. Gold Bond Acoustamatic Tiles on the ceiling absorb noise, insulate and decorate. Panels of Gypsum Wallboard cover large areas fast. Finish off with quick-drying Gold Bond Velvet Wall Paint. Write for free "how-to-do-it" folder.

# 8 ideas from your Gold Bond dealer to make your home more enjoyable

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE a cheerful family room like the one in the big picture?

. . . and wouldn't you like to make your basement *really* dry, once and for all?

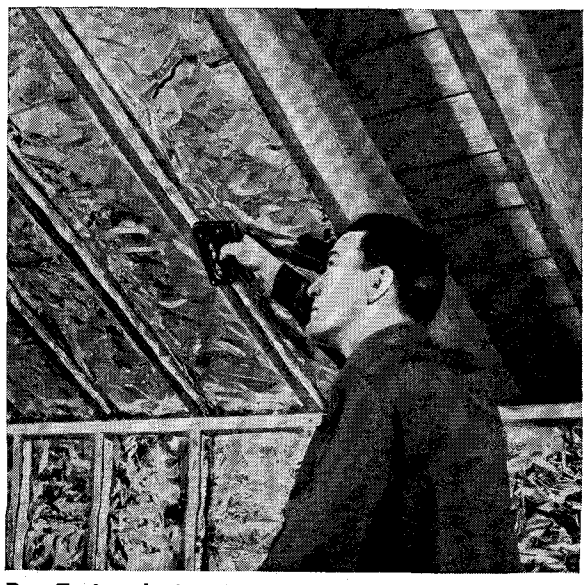
. . . or paint your kitchen with a bright, beautiful new enamel that dries in less than an hour?

Sure you would! And all these projects are far easier than you think—and more economical, too—when you use Gold Bond Building Products. That's because *they're made together to work together*. Jobs get done faster . . . and better.

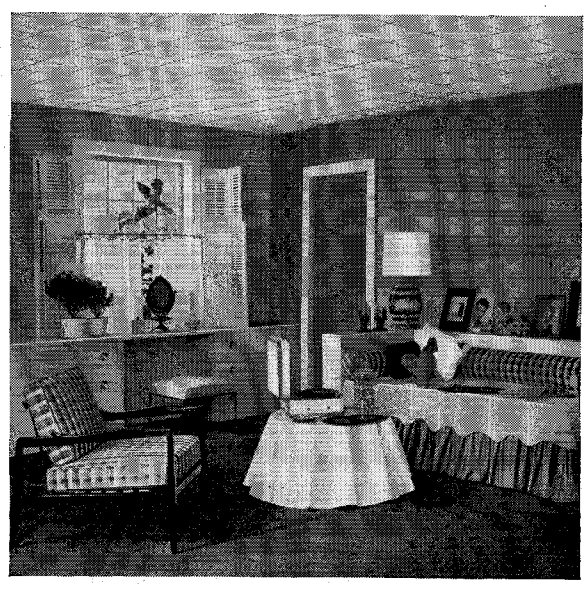
It's easy to get started. See the Gold Bond® Dealer in your area. He's ready and willing to give you helpful information, even lend a hand in working out an easy-payment plan.

To get free plans for the bedroom or basement room shown here, write to Dept. SP 957:

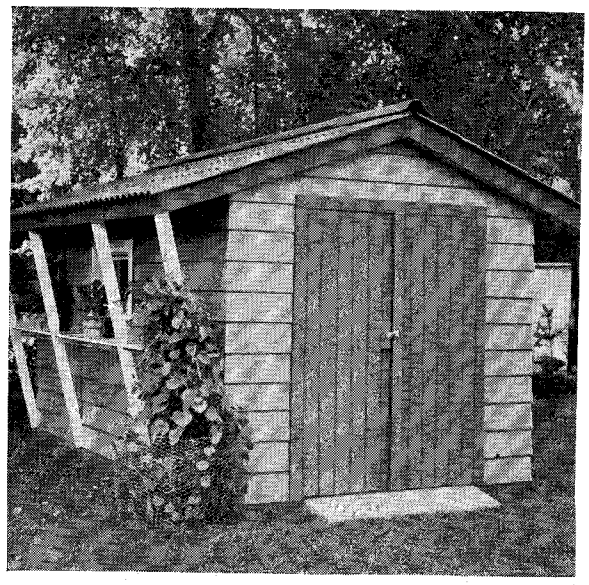
**National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 2, New York**



**Put Twinsulation in your attic**—save up to 30% on fuel bills. Twinsulation® keeps you warmer in winter, cooler in summer. It's two insulations in one: rock wool (to block heat) and aluminum (to reflect heat). Just staple blankets between rafters or studs, or lay between attic floor joists.



**Add a girl's room.** A porch, carport, or patio can be a big head start. With roof and floor in place, you need only to close in the area and apply sturdy, fireproof panels of Gypsum Wallboard directly to framing. Finish off easily with one coat of Gold Bond Velvet Latex Paint. Job's done!



**Make a handsome tool shed**—this easy way. Pu up a simple frame, cover it quickly, inexpensivel with attractive Gold Bond Asbestos-Cement Product —Siding (for walls), corrugated "Economy 250" (fo roof). Siding colors are "locked in"—stay bright an fresh-looking for years.

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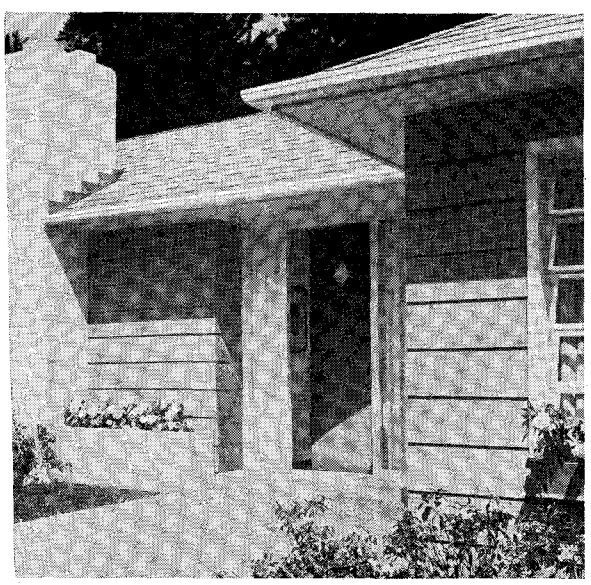
**Build a beautiful, paneled family room.** Gold Bond Gypsum Grainboard gives you the luxury look of fine wood paneling at a fraction of the cost! (You can do an 8-ft. x 16-ft. accent wall, for example, for only $14.08.*) Large panels go up quickly, easily. Saw them like wood, or score with a knife, and snap. Matching "Kolorpins" make nailing almost invisible. Panels come in Knotty Pine plus four beautiful new "Decorator" finishes. Just a damp cloth wipes them clean! *Approximate retail price for materials only. Price may vary in your locality.



**Give your home an enduring new look** with Gold Bond Asbestos Siding. It goes on over old siding -stays lovely, never needs painting for preservation. It's incombustible, too. Comes in a wide variety of handsome colors and textures. And now, all Gold Bond Asbestos Siding is "Permanized."

**Stop basement leaks**—once and for all. Amazing new Gold Bond Hydro-Check is a masonry paint *guaranteed* to stop basement leaks . . . or your money refunded. Latex binder forms a continuous film over basement walls. Brushes on quickly over new or painted walls. Use it to patch cracks, too.

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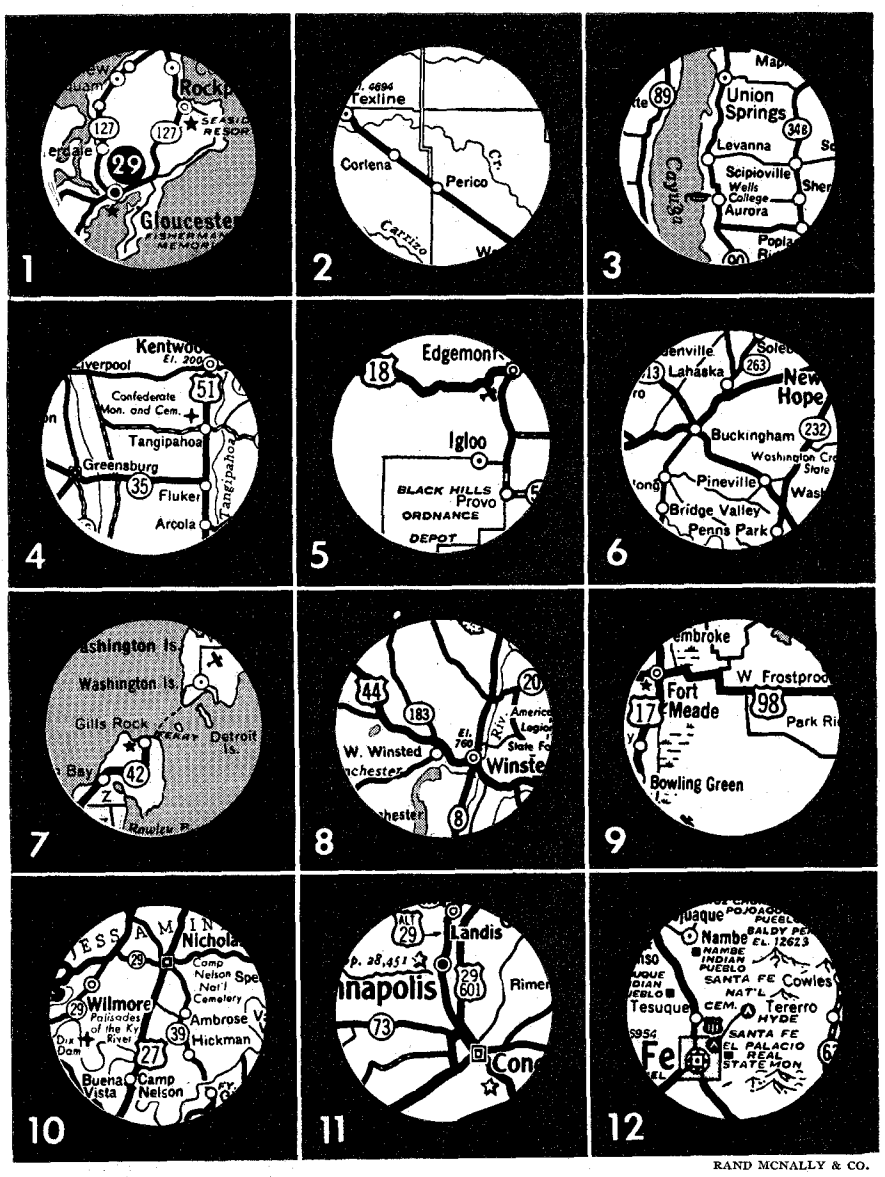
# India Faces the Facts of Life

(Continued from Page 45)

of my 1954 interviews that made it possible to believe that I was talking to the same men. One of them—an official who would rank high on anyone's list of the most influential men in India—had given me one of my most revealing interviews three years ago, an intense backgrounding in all the reasons why state socialism was essential to India's economic development. The key point he had made was not ideological, but practical—private enterprise, he maintained, simply could not get the job done fast enough. "Look at your own United States," he had argued. "You had everything in your favor and yet it took you almost two hundred years to reach where you are today. We don't have that much time. The pressure is too great. Our people are watching Red China."

Now, with the blunt honesty that I have found such a commendable characteristic of so many top men in the Indian Government, he said frankly, "We were wrong." Then, in an almost precisely word-for-word reversal of his 1954 argument, he added, "Government ownership is too slow, too cumbersome, too inefficient. With one or two exceptions, all our industrial undertakings are proving to be expensive failures. We know now that private enterprise is the only way to get the job done in a hurry."

Many other officials echoed substantially that same conviction, but there was not the complete turnabout all over New Delhi that my Bombay informers had led me to expect. Some maintained that there had been no change in attitude, that there had always been a place for private industry in the Indian scheme. Others were as rigidly anticapitalistic as ever. Regardless of varying attitude, I sensed in everyone an underlying feeling of bewilderment that things had come to this strange pass. Until last year, the Nehru brand of socialism had seemed beguilingly successful. The first Five Year Plan had been simple, direct, relatively easy to administer, and good results had been evident. Concentrated largely on agriculture, it had reached down to touch the mass of India's millions, giving them a first welcome taste of the fruits of their new independence. Even more important than material gain, perhaps, was the plan's unifying effect upon a nation emerging from the horrifying strife and carnage that had accompanied the partitioning of Pakistan into a separate nation. The plan provided a focal point for hope, a banner to carry, a flag to follow.

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## Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 96*)

As far as industry was concerned, the first plan did little more than reaffirm the Industrial Policy Resolution of 1948, dividing the economy into public and private sectors, establishing a policy of socialistic control and state ownership, Communist-slanted in its primary emphasis on heavy industry and its neglect of consumer-goods production. The theoretical economists, intrigued by this unique chance to create a national economy from scratch, neglected an evident opportunity to build development upon already established foundations. In the cotton-textile field, for example, India was the second largest producer in the world. Increasing exports would have strongly bolstered the national economy. Instead of encouraging textile makers, however, the government clamped down with a prohibition on the installation of vitally needed automatic looms. This was defended as being politically necessary to avoid displacing hand weavers, but the true reason was more accurately reflected by the economist who said, "If we make more cloth the people will just wear it out. What we need to do is to make things like steel. Then our production won't be wasted."

This is a fair sample of the thinking that came from the group of theorists to whom Nehru had entrusted the task of plotting India's economic development. This group was headed by Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis, a man who probably came closer to being the real power behind the Nehru throne than any other man in India. The professor's only official position is "Honorary Statistical Adviser to the Prime Minister," but practically all the basic work of India's Planning Commission is done in his behind-the-scenes office. When one of Nehru's close associates complained to me about Mahalanobis' too potent influence upon the Prime Minister, I asked about the source of the professor's power. He replied, "Whenever Jawaharlal runs into a puzzling problem, he calls up Mahalanobis and asks what the Communists did under similar circumstances. The professor can always tell him."

Unquestionably, Mahalanobis has been greatly influenced by the Communist world, an orientation that one associate defended by asking, "Where else can we turn for practical experience in the application of socialist methods?" Mahalanobis' top adviser during the preparation of the Second Five Year Plan was Oscar Lange, an economist who left a professorship at the University of Chicago in 1945, and renounced his American citizenship, in order to assume the first of a number of high posts in the Communist government of Poland.

In its original draft, the Second Five Year Plan was a dreamy document unconcerned with such capitalistic considerations as cost figures or sources of revenue. Although this defect was later camouflaged by the addition of what purported to be a budget, it was quickly revealed after the Second Plan was put into effect that not only were the cost estimates wildly unrealistic but also that there was no over-all co-ordination or phasing of the thousands of interrelated projects. Legislative approval touched off a gigantic spending spree. A foreign supplier recalls, "They were like men ordering rockets to the moon with no more of a purchase specification than a picture in a science-fiction magazine—except that the plan didn't even have illustrations."

A spokesman for the Finance Ministry told me that, incredible as it seems, his office did not even know that many orders had been placed until the treasury was suddenly overwhelmed with demands for payment. (*Continued on Page 96*)

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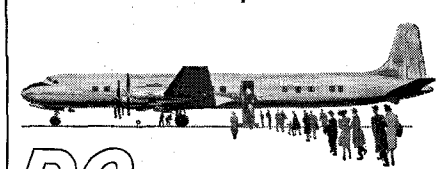

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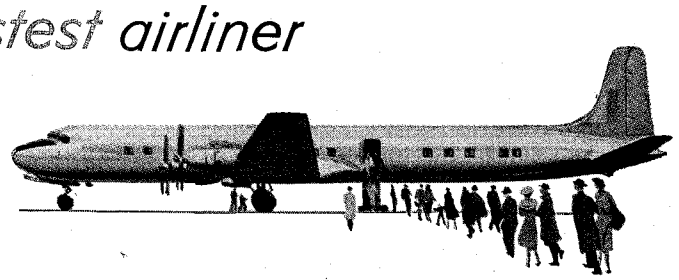

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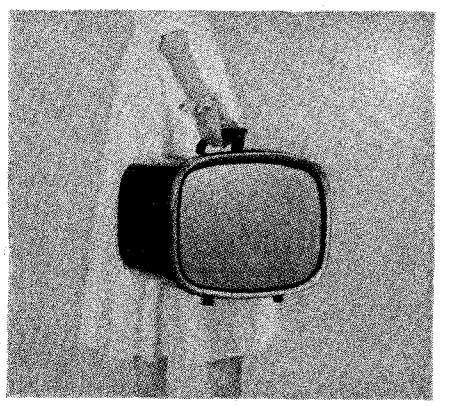
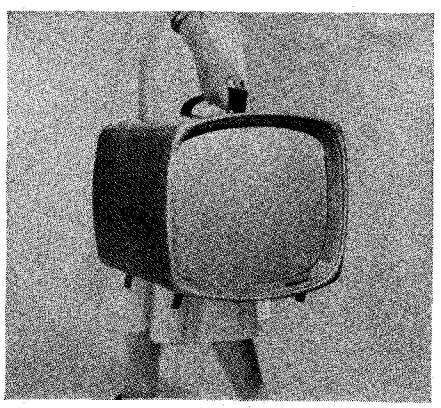
# RCA Victor a
# lean, clean ar

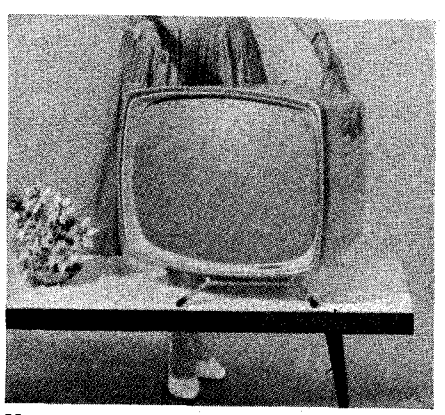
*Longport*, 262 sq. in.* picture. In mahogany grained finish (21T8425) $299.95. *Garvey*, 262 sq. in.* picture. In limed oak grained finish (21T8467) $289.95. *Also be sure to see Big*



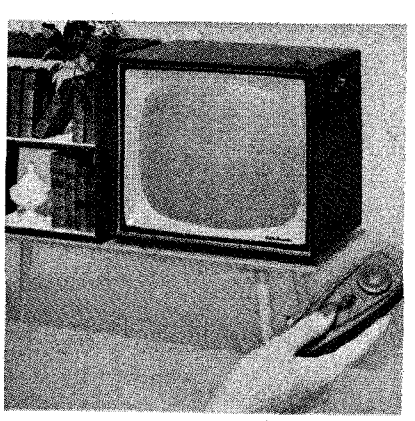
New 14-inch* "Flight-Line" portables—sleek, streamlined design, easy-to-carry. "Fingertip Balance" handle. *Nassau*, 108 sq. in.* picture. In ebony finish (14PT8022) $129.95.



New 17-inch* "Flight-Line" portables with sharp, family-size picture, High Efficiency chassis. *Graduate*, 156 sq. in.* picture. In bark gray finish (17PT8071) $169.95.



New 21-inch* portables and table TV (shown) that swivels. Biggest picture in portables. *Portland*, 262 sq. in.* picture. In limed oak grained finish (21T8247) $219.95.



New table TV with power tuning—attached mote control. Compact, makes any room "ro ier." *Clement*, 262 sq. in.* picture. In eb finish (21RT8202) $229.95.

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# l mirror-sharp! Saves space-gives sharpest picture

## in black-and-white television! 29 new models from $129.95

*from $495 at your RCA Victor dealer's.*

You are looking at a totally new idea in television—dramatic new *slender* TV by RCA Victor. It's completely redesigned *inside and out!*

See how lean and clean TV can be! Gone for good the bulky, oversized cabinet and the space-stealing bulge that stuck out in back.

*This is TV that really helps you decorate. Look:*

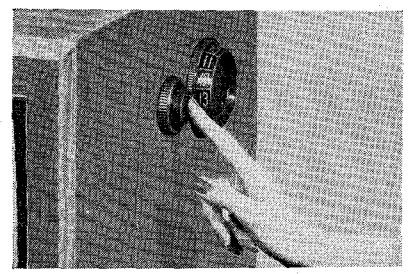
—new table models so trim they fit into nooks and shelves where other TV couldn't go at all.

—graceful consoles and lowboys that strike a new note in subtle elegance, fit close to wall, *save up to 36% floor space.* There are swivels, rollarounds, even a console that fits perfectly *in corners.*

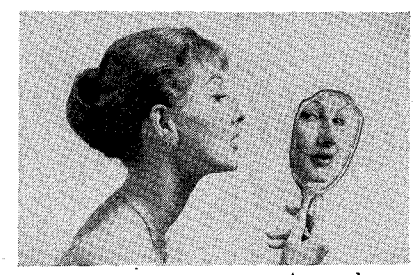
—and look at the powerful new "Flight-Line" portables. Compact, easy-to-carry, they go anywhere, fit anywhere. They come in every wanted size.

It's the greatest choice of TV styles ever offered. 29 models, *all-new!* No mere "face-lift," Lean and Clean TV has all the *big* advances in tuning, picture, sound. See them for yourself *soon.*

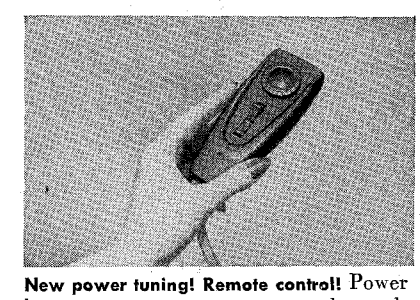
**CELEBRATE NATIONAL TV WEEK SEPTEMBER 8-14 WITH YOUR RCA VICTOR DEALER.**



**New "One-Touch" on-off control.** Touch it—and there's your station with volume *pre-set* as *you* like it! Improved Cascode Tuner—designed to eliminate fine tuning in normal signal areas.



**New "Mirror-Sharp" Picture.** A new boost in picture power plus new RCA *Silverama* aluminized picture tube gives extra brightness and contrast. "Channel Equalizer" strengthens weak signals.



**New power tuning! Remote control!** Power button motor-tunes to any channel. Attached remote unit controls on-off, volume, channels from 25 feet. On VHF Models 21RT820, 21RT842.

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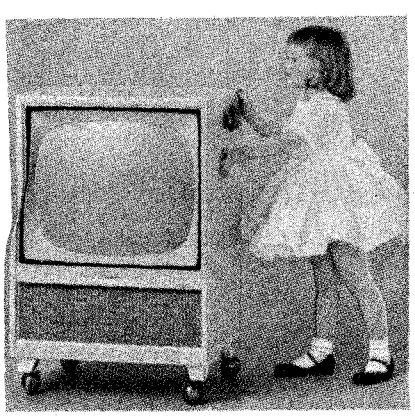
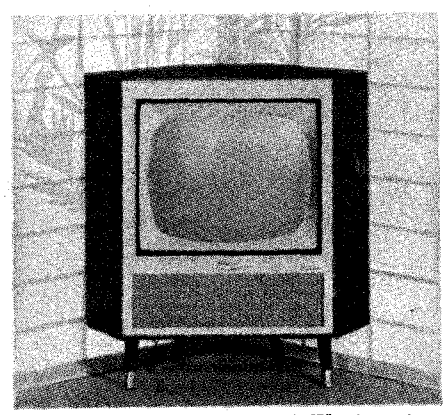
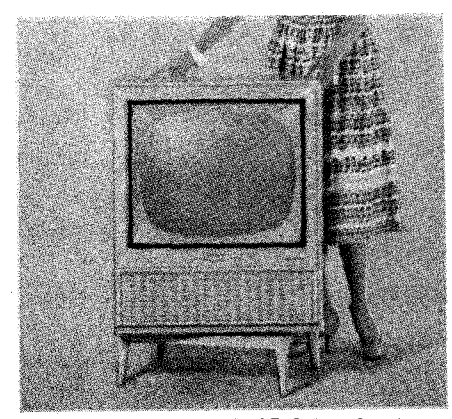
| Picture tube, overall diagonal (inches) | 14 | 17 | 21 | 24 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Square inches of viewable picture area | 108 | 156 | 262 | 332 |



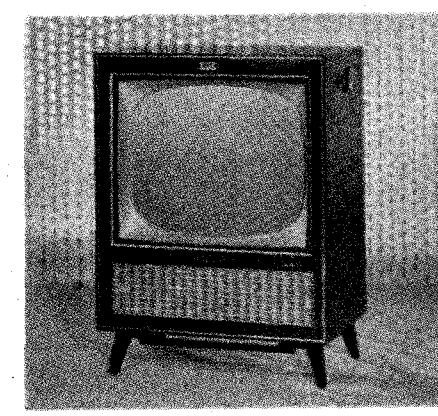
:w graceful "Glide-Along" rollaround comes d goes as *you* please, fits almost anywhere. *ngston,* 262 sq. in.* picture. In limed oak ined finish (21T8407) $269.95.



New slender "Custom-Corner" TV—ingenious new design for room-wide viewing. *Malvern,* 262 sq. in.* picture. In walnut grained finish with blond face (21T8477) $289.95.



New "Touch-Turn" swivel TV aims the picture for easy viewing from your easy chair. *Harding,* 262 sq. in.* picture. In limed oak grained finish (21T8487) $309.95. Other finishes $299.95.



New console fits close to wall. Lean, clean styling saves up to 9½" floor space. *Cunningham,* 332 sq. in.* picture. In mahogany grained finish (24D8655) $369.50.

so easy to apply!

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*Benefits all cars... a "must" for new cars...*

# The money it saves in engine wear... pays its cost!

Today's car engines are like costly watches—contain finely machined, precision parts. Even *one ounce* of metal worn off these parts by friction or corrosion can mean expensive repairs. New Mobiloil Special—the amazing *all-season* motor oil—reduces wear and repairs *so effectively* it actually pays for itself. New Mobiloil Special also—

- **Checks power-robbing deposits in *new* engines —helps eliminate deposits in *older* engines.**
- **Helps control engine knock, pre-ignition, spark plug fouling—makes gasoline do more work.**
- **Saves money by cutting oil consumption.**
- **Helps deliver top power and gas mileage — *when you change oil regularly.***

**Mobiloil**
**SPECIAL**
*Sold at Mobil Stations, Car Dealers, Garages*

Mobilgas Mobil

# Specially made to preserve new-car performance

*LEADER IN LUBRICATION FOR 91 YEARS* SOCONY MOBIL OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO., GENERAL PETROLEUM CORP.

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(*Continued from Page 97*) immodestly proclaims himself "the best dam man in the world," a title that he is always ready to prove, not only by exhibiting a citation to that effect given him by The Moles, a New York organization of construction men, but also by taking you on a tour of what he is quite willing to be quoted as calling "the toughest job that any man ever licked in all history."

"You think I'm bragging, don't you?" Slocum demanded with a belligerent chin thrust. "Well, I'm not. Follow me and I'll prove it." And the most amazing thing about Harvey Slocum is that he can do just that. Obeying instructions, I followed him for a day, winding up out of breath, but with the feeling that, if it were only possible, Harvey Slocum deserves even greater praise than he bestows upon himself.

Building a hydroelectric and irrigation dam at Bhakra Nangal is an old Indian dream, dating back to the turn of the century, when the British made a start on the job. For years it was an off-again, on-again proposition, finally reactivated after the war, when new plans were developed with American assistance. The Indian Government picked it as a stand-out project, a status justified not only by its spectacular character but also for the sound reason that, in addition to generating electricity, the acres it can irrigate will help to counterbalance India's loss of rich Punjab farm lands to Pakistan.

Slocum had earned a world-wide reputation with the building of Grand Coulee, the largest concrete dam in the world, and Indian representatives came to him for help after their own efforts bogged down. He finally agreed to look at the job, came to India, saw what was happening, pronounced it an impossibly fouled-up bungle and went back to the United States. The Indians kept after him—rumor has it because of Nehru's personal insistence that Bhakra Nangal had to be built, come what may. Slocum finally made the Indians a proposition embodying terms so stiff that he was certain they would reject it and stop bothering him. Instead, they accepted.

Arriving in India in late 1951, Slocum tore into the job in free-swinging style, ripped up all the old plans and redesigned the whole project, discarded trainloads of old machinery and replaced it with shiploads of new, tossed out bungling bureaucratic supervision and set up an entirely new organization. Slashing through red tape and shoving aside anyone who got in his way, he proceeded to make himself the godlike hero of a living legend by getting Bhakra Nangal built.

Important as the completed project will be to a modern India, I had the strong impression, after talking to many of the Indian engineers and supervisors who now staff the project, that Harvey Slocum's greatest contribution will be not the dam itself, but rather the hundreds of men in whom he has inculcated his own indomitable spirit, his disdain of white-collar theorizing and his insistence on the merit of horny-handed hard work. One young engineer said in simple but eloquent praise, "If I ever get a chance to build my own dam—and I will!—India will have to thank the old man for teaching me how to do it."

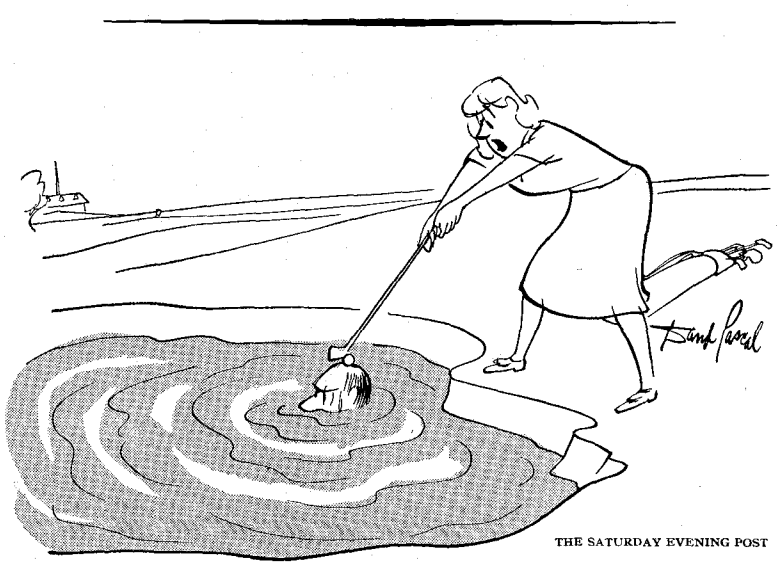
A thousand miles from Bhakra Nangal, in the back country of Bihar, there is another Yankee-flavored legend in the making. Anywhere in India, whenever I identified myself as an American, someone has been almost certain to remind me that I am not only a fellow citizen of Harvey Slocum but also of another legendworthy personality called "Kaiserengineering," a single-worded Indian contraction of the corporate name of the Kaiser Engineers Overseas Corporation, a division of the Henry J. Kaiser Company, of Oakland, California, currently engaged in India's biggest private industrial expansion, a doubling of the capacity of the Tata Iron and Steel mills.

There was, I knew, far more behind this story than American participation and I flew to Jamshedpur to get a first-hand look at what is happening. Within a 150-mile radius, centered at Jamshedpur, there is the ocean port of Calcutta, an unlimited supply of low-cost labor, coal and flux in abundant quantities, and the world's largest deposit of high-grade iron ore. The ore is as rich as the best that came from our Mesabi Range, assaying well over 60 per cent pure iron, and occurring in open deposits without even an overburden of earth to be cleared away. Experts agree that, because of India's extraordinarily favorable situation, steel can be made here far more cheaply than anywhere else in the world.

Jamshedpur was named to honor Jamshedji Tata, India's greatest pioneer industrialist. Starting in 1869, he had built up, by the turn of the century, a great combine of textile mills, an accomplishment all the more remarkable because it was done against the resistance of the British, who were still following the policies of Lord Lawrence, who, anticipating the socialists by almost a century, had said, "I know what private enterprise means—it means robbing the government!"

As early as 1882, Tata had become interested in the possibility of Indian iron-making, but, restrained by the British, he could not make a start until 1902. In that year he toured the United States, meeting many of that day's great industrialists, and drawing inspiration from example. Before returning to India, he engaged a firm of American engineers to design his projected steel plant. The British tried to thwart him by refusing to finance his venture. Tata turned to local financing, something that no one had ever attempted before. To everyone's surprise, 8000 Indians stepped forward to subscribe small sums that added up to £1,630,000, enough to start the Tata Iron and Steel Company. By the end of the first World War, Jamshedpur was the biggest steelmaking center in the British Empire. The House of Tata grew into India's largest industrial empire, spreading from textiles and steel into many other fields. Jamshedji Tata had proved that free enterprise would work in India.

Of all the institutions against which the socialists turned when they came into power, the House of Tata gave them the least justification. Jamshedji Tata had been an extraordinarily enlightened man and his inheritors had carried on in that tradition. The heavy majority of all the corporation's earnings are devoted to charity, education, scientific research and




"Oh, stop crabbing. I'll pick up and take a penalty stroke."


# "And while you're here, let's look at the brakes"

## Make Sure You Get the P-L-S* Brake Inspection Grey-Rock Dealers Give —It Just Takes a Few Minutes

Whenever you have other service work done, play it safe! Have your brakes P-L-S inspected. The Grey-Rock dealer will *P*ull a wheel, *L*ook at your brakes, *S*how you the condition of your linings. And if you need new linings, he'll recommend genuine Grey-Rock Balanced Braksets.

Why Grey-Rock? Because the faster, heavier cars on the road today need Grey-Rock's *balanced* brake action. To give that good pedal feel, quick, safe stops even on the longest hills, Grey-Rock combines many different types of linings—including woven and molded—into sets specially balanced for each make and model of car and truck. You'll find this advantage in Grey-Rock alone—never in inferior linings.

Make it a point to have *your* brakes P-L-S inspected every 5000 miles. And when it's time for a reline, get Grey-Rock!

*Grey-Rock's nationwide plan for the protection of life and safety

Every piece of Grey-Rock lining—bonded or riveted—is branded for your protection

Only **Grey-Rock** makes

**BALANCED BRAKSET LININGS**

BALANCED BRAKSETS • TRUCKSETS • BRAKE BLOCKS • VEE-LOK® CLUTCH FACINGS

GREY-ROCK DIVISION of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., MANHEIM, PA.

RAYBESTOS-MANHATTAN, INC., Brake Linings • Brake Blocks • Clutch Facings • Mechanical Packings • Asbestos Textiles • Industrial Rubber • Sintered Metal Products • Engineered Plastics • Rubber Covered Equipment • Abrasive and Diamond Wheels • Laundry Pads and Covers Bowling Balls • Industrial Adhesives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Have a new

# Beauty figure for Fall

*The slim figure of fashion...*

*The trim figure of health!*

**McKesson offers a new Beauty Plan ... The Kessamin Plan ... to help you lose pounds, pleasantly, safely!**

Look younger, prettier in the new autumn fashions. Shed the overweight that makes you and your figure look older. Here is a plan to help you reduce, easily, safely, pleasantly—and what's more, to keep your figure attractive and slender. It is called the Kessamin Plan.

The Kessamin Plan was compiled by a leading nutritional expert. It allows you the same delicious foods everyone else enjoys. Yet you lose weight while you supplement enjoyable menus with Kessamin Tablets. These little tablets contain a neutral food additive. They help give you a satisfied feeling in your stomach. They make it easier for you to have "will-power" while you lose weight.

Kessamin Tablets also contain vitamins and iron to keep you feeling well and fully nourished on moderate amounts of food. Kessamin brings gratifying results—helps you lose pounds over-all, in a steady, healthful way.

So safe, you'll feel really alive! So effective your figure will look slimmer and younger. So pleasant, you need never be fat again.

It's guaranteed. Either you are pleased and happy with what the Kessamin Plan and Kessamin Tablets do for you—either you win a new beauty figure, lose weight and feel better—or your money back. Ask your doctor about reducing. Consult your druggist about Kessamin. It is one more example of how McKesson "makes it better . . . so it's better for you."

KESSAMIN

BETTER...by McKESSON

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the general uplift of India as a nation. Jamshedpur is a model city with wide, tree-lined avenues and flower-gardened parks, probably the cleanest and most attractive steelmaking city anywhere, providing living and working conditions to which even the most rabid anticapitalist could not object. Furthermore, there was at Jamshedpur a large corps of trained steelmen and experienced production executives, providing a base upon which a greatly expanded Indian steel industry could easily be built. Instead, the socialists turned to Moscow and contracted for a new steel mill. Walking the neutralist line, they made a deal with a West German group for another plant and, subsequently, ordered a third from a British syndicate. Henceforth, they decreed, all new production facilities for steelmaking were to be state-owned.

There was every reason for J. R. D. Tata, the present head of the house, to expect the ultimate worst. Following up his enthusiasm for aviation—he held Indian Private Pilot License No. 1—Tata personally built up India's whole airline system, both domestic and international. The socialists blithely expropriated it. Later, in another body blow at the Tata empire, they nationalized the corporation's big insurance company. A lesser man would have thrown in the sponge. Instead, patriotically following his conviction that "whatever helps India most, in the end, helps all of us," he stayed on as chairman of Air-India International, giving it the same intense personal attention as when it had been a Tata business, keeping its operations pitched to an efficiency that characterizes no other government-owned Indian enterprise.

Even more surprisingly, J. R. D. Tata stubbornly clung to his conviction that private industry would ultimately win out in the steel business. Events have justified his foresight. The state steel mills are fumbling along toward the same fate as the other socialist industrial undertakings. The Russian mill, for which ground was broken with a big Red propaganda fanfare, is months behind schedule, a deficiency lamely excused with the unsocialistic explanation that the Russian manager had died. The Germans, after a dose of firsthand experience with New Delhi direction, withdrew their financial participation. Meanwhile, J. R. D. Tata kept courageously moving ahead. Securing the support of the conservative wing, he obtained a World Bank loan of $75,000,000, which he says, with quietly intense pride, is "the largest ever made to a private enterprise." Then he moved ahead with a speed that left socialist India blinking, burned up the international cables, flew to New York, and in less time than it would have taken New Delhi to prepare proposals, signed a contract with Kaiser Engineers to take over the construction phases of a major expansion of the Tata steel mills.

Nothing has so encouraged the defenders of private enterprise all over India as the dramatic way that Kaiser has driven ahead on the Tata expansion. The president of a big Calcutta corporation said to me a few days ago, "The contrast between what Kaiser is doing for Tata at Jamshedpur and the way the Russians are stumbling around at Bhilai is doing more to discredit the Communists than all the propaganda campaigns in the world." He is unquestionably right in his gauging of public reaction; I've heard it expressed all the way from the Punjab to the Malabar Coast.

After seeing what is being accomplished as a result of American managerial talent exercised by men like Zampolino at Hindustan Aircraft, Slocum at Bhakra Nangal, and Art Fischer, who is the man on top of the Kaiser project, there is a temptation to believe that an infusion of Yankee blood is necessary for any Indian success. That is by no means the case. Dramatic proof to the contrary—and no less exciting proof that free enterprise works as well here as in the United States—is wrapped up in a company that I have just been exploring here in Calcutta, Jay Engineering, a corporation built by a group of men under the wing of Sir Shri Ram, a twinkling-eyed patriarch with a taste for free enterprising and an inclination toward gambling on keen young men.

Jay Engineering's headquarters is no showplace. On the way, twisting and turning down narrow slum-district streets, my Sikh driver kept protesting that the address I had given him must be wrong, an insistence that came to a sharp climax when we finally turned into a dead-end alley between (*Continued on Page 104*)

"White Eagle Distillers. Cheers!"

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Now—fall gabardines
you can wash and wear

# THEY DRY NEAT AND STAY NEAT!

"Dacron"* does the trick—gives these handsome fall gabardine slacks wash 'n' wear convenience plus the ability to hold their press and shape wearing after wearing. A skillful blend of "Dacron" polyester fiber and rayon, they're machine-washable and they drip dry ready to wear with ironing optional. These dry-neat, stay-neat advantages won't wash out when your wash-and-wear gabardines contain 55% or more "Dacron" with rayon. Select a pair for dress or casual wear this fall.

**DACRON**
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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A FIBER CONTENT
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED
BY **DU PONT**

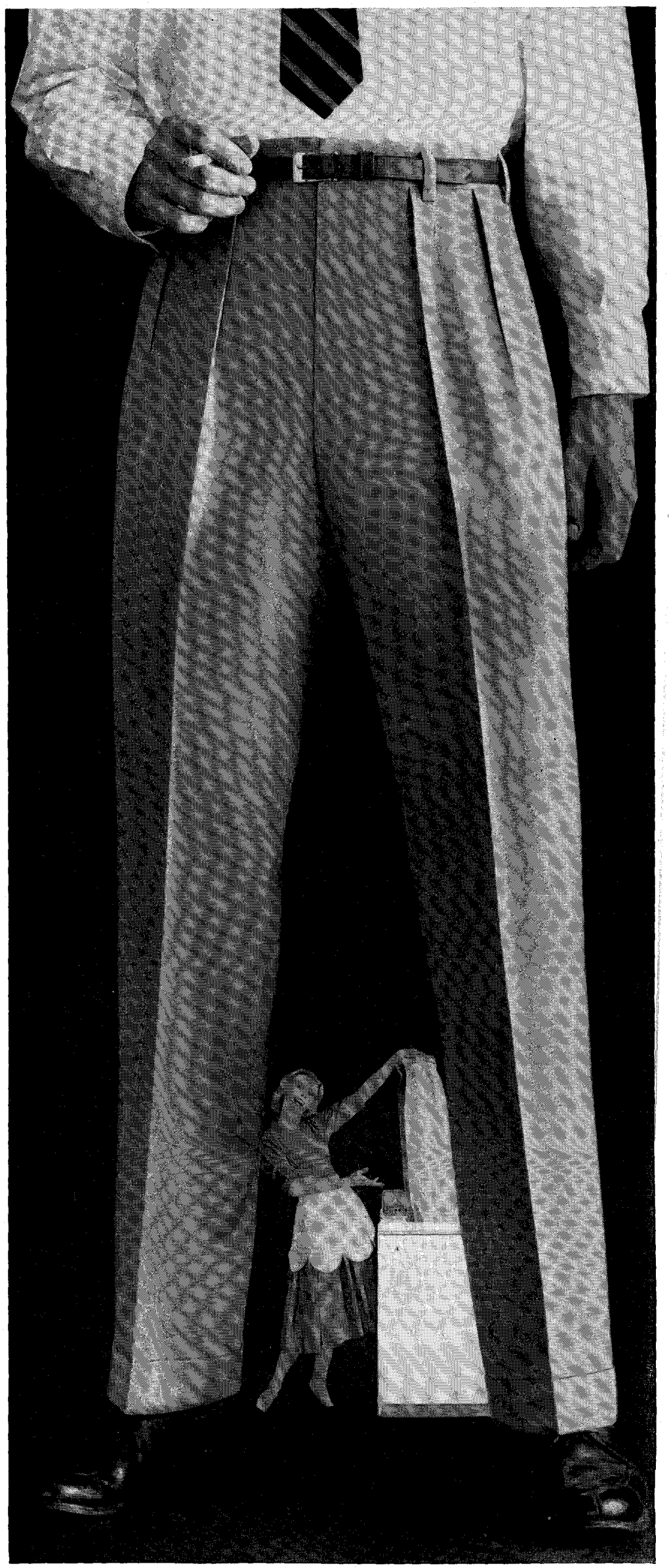
**This fabric contains 55% or MORE DACRON* with RAYON**

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber

***Look for this guide to lasting neatness***

This tag featured on slacks indicates that the fabric contains sufficient "Dacron" to provide the extra benefits that have made "Dacron" a popular favorite.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or slacks shown.



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(*Continued from Page 102*) shedlike buildings. There were no red-belted *pataawallas*, no lounging *peons*, none of the collection of flunkies that so typically cluster around the headquarters of an Indian executive. Tentatively, I opened a door marked OFFICE. An inner door opened, an inquiring head emerged and I was offered the hospitable smile of a man in a rumpled shirt smudged with grease. Could he help me? I apologized for being lost, saying that I was trying to find the office of T. R. Gupta, the general manager.

"Come in," he said. "I'm Gupta."

An informal shout brought some of his associates from neighboring cubbyhole offices, a group of young men who, having conquered initial reticence and modesty, told me their story with all the bright-eyed excitement of a college-fraternity gang replaying the big game of their lives. Before World War II, Jay Engineering had been a small general-manufacturing plant, owned by Sir Shri Ram, attempting to make sewing machines, typewriters, electrical appliances and a whole miscellany of other products. Production was so limited on any one item that sound engineering and quality control could not be afforded and, unable to compete with imported products, the plant was a money-losing white elephant. After the war, Gupta, a young engineer in one of Shri Ram's sugar mills, was given the job of seeing what could be done.

He studied the situation, came up with the suggestion that they concentrate on only two things—sewing machines and ceiling fans. It was his plan to make only soundly engineered products of high quality, and gear up for big-volume production. But where would the volume come from? He was reminded that India had an average per-capita income of only fifty dollars a year, the lowest in the world. Gupta acknowledged that there were millions of Indians still too impoverished to buy sewing machines, but argued that there were hundreds of thousands who had an income at least as high as the average in many European countries—a point, incidentally, that many a trained economist has overlooked. Gupta felt that if they could make a good enough sewing machine at a low enough price, there would be a market for all they could produce. Sir Shri Ram gave Gupta and his men the go-ahead.

"Come along and see what we've done with the chance we were given," Gupta said. Through a swirl of black smoke, we plunged into a foundry jam-packed with workmen, ducking low beams as we threaded our way through the narrow passageways that connected neighboring buildings linked together into a make-shift factory, an incredible beehive of activity, 4000 men and hundreds of machines crowded together in a scene that would make a fine nightmare for any production-methods engineer. The machinery was a wild scramble of new and old, rebuilt and remodeled—ingenious improvisations that, as one engineer said, "keeps our scrap heap empty." Crowding was so bad that in some places we had to climb over tote boxes of parts in order to move ahead. But the work was getting out. The faces of the workers told you why. I felt everywhere the same excitement, the same sense of personal participation in accomplishment, that had been so evident in the manager's office. I could not help but contrast what I saw and felt here with the depressed lackadaisical spirit that had been so evident in the government telephone factory.

Jay Engineering is turning out 600 sewing machines and 1000 ceiling fans a day and cannot begin to keep up with the

## September Grasses

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

This is the month we are
aware of grasses
Swaying in wind.
Blossoms are fewer as the
season passes;
Gardens are thinned;
But grasses delicately come
to flower
Like a spread mist
Of muted rose or gold, or a
flung shower
Of amethyst.
Some spikes are sturdy,
thrusting up the meadow
To shoulder high;
Some blur the ground as
dimly as a shadow
Of clouds floating by.
This is a world of wonder
for the taking,
By no hand sown;
The lightest touch in all of
Nature's making
And the least known.

# Have you tried a professional laundry...lately?

If you haven't, you're missing out on the convenience of one of the most helpful services of modern times! For, professional laundries and diaper services offer you more for your money today than ever before!

This is made possible by new automatic equipment, more scientific techniques, trained supervision. And by special laundering products like Wyandotte HALOX®, the greatest development yet in safety bleaching—*made especially for professional laundries.*

In addition, only the professional laundry completely eliminates "washday" from the home . . . frees you for other more important family duties—or for fun.

So send your shirts, sheets, pillowcases, towels—*all* your family wash—to the laundry. You'll get prompt, courteous service and the nicest wash in town. Try the professional laundry today!

Wyandotte CHEMICALS
J. B. FORD DIVISION
Wyandotte, Michigan • Los Nietos, California

**Note to Businessmen: Every day, linen suppliers furnish business and industry with thousands of tons of crisp, clean linens that are pleasing and inviting. You'll find their service both efficient and economical. So, whatever your linen needs, it will pay you to investigate linen-supply service...now!**


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demand. In the pre-Gupta era they were making twelve sewing machines a day and could not get rid of them. The difference is accountable not only to mass-producing a quality product that can be sold at a very low price—roughly half that of comparable imports—but also to plenty of free-wheeling enterprise on the merchandising side. Jay is one of India's biggest national advertisers, has built up a network of 800 sales points, 500 service centers and 200 sewing schools.

"We're selling four times as many machines as the government planners estimated the total Indian market to be," a sales executive told me, with a grin that had a lot more meaning than pride of accomplishment. "People just don't realize India's potentialities. There could be hundreds of businesses like this in India—thousands of them—if someone would just give other men the chance that Sir Shri Ram gave us."

How freely a similar opportunity will be offered depends largely upon New Delhi. Despite the recent swing to the right, there is still a persistent conviction that free enterprise must not be allowed too much freedom. An all-knowing government is still regarded as a better judge of what should be manufactured than the people, who, by their unreasonable demand for new products, upset the neat pattern of state planning. There is little appreciation of the truth, so vividly demonstrated in the United States, that national prosperity arises no more from sound basic industries than from a whole multiplicity of secondary industries that, even if the products they make are not considered "essential" by the sobersided economists, nevertheless provide jobs and purchasing power. Jay Engineering pays its workers the highest wages I found anywhere in India. A network of similar plants would set up a round-robin creation of purchasing power that would go a long way toward breaking the hold of poverty in India—and hundreds of them could have been started with the money the socialists have wasted on unproductive showplaces.

Some of the socialist resistance to private industry stems from an antipathy toward any private entrepreneur accumulating the wealth that comes with commercial success. There is more than ideology involved. That was vividly brought home to me, three years ago, in an informal interview with an Indian cabinet minister.

We were sitting on the lawn of his home in New Delhi, talking about an Indian industrialist who I felt had done a great deal for the nation. I thought there was full agreement until suddenly, as if an uncontainable pressure had broken through, the minister pivoted in his chair and confronted me with an upraised hand. "But why should someone like that profit from India's independence?" he demanded. "We are the ones who fought the British and went to jail."

The Indian Government is still full of old men who, in their youth, renounced material gain for themselves and dedicated their lives to the cause of a free and independent nation. Indian anticapitalism is partly rooted in their misguided but understandable revulsion against allowing anyone to use their idealistically conceived nation as a place to make a grossly materialistic profit.

In the fight against the British, colonialism was equated with capitalism—and capitalism, in turn, was largely exemplified by the managing agencies, organizations originally created by the British to provide on-the-spot management for their Indian investments. As they developed, the managing agencies evolved into institutions more or less peculiar to India, quite unlike anything found in the United States. The typical managing agency ferrets out industrial opportunities and floats stock issues to finance new companies, making a profit on the underwriting and, often as not, on building the plant. Then, with the company operating, it continues to collect an annual management fee, usually increasing its take by acting not only as a buying agency for the company's raw materials but also as a selling agency for its finished products. The vast majority of the nation's private business today is controlled by these managing (*Continued on Page 108*)

"The one with the seat belt on is George's."


I don't want to be a King

...I just want to feel like one!

You can, with KINGS MEN After Shave Lotion. KINGS MEN is far more soothing . . . cooler, more refreshing. Makes you feel great. Since a bottle lasts so long, why put up with less than the best? Get KINGS MEN right away. *Known everywhere as the world's finest!*

KINGS MEN® AFTER SHAVE LOTION *only* $1

Plus Federal Tax

Alligator...
your kind of coat!

In flare, in drape, in fabric luxury, Alligator is the coat you'll live in. Choose from all-weather outercoats to feather-light rainwear, from $9.50 to $53.75. Shown: Authentically styled trench coats, from $19.75. All Dacron* 100% waterproof, sponges clean with soap and water, $14.75.

Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS

*DuPont Polyester Fiber

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*The 27th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future*

# Should your child go into Food Retailing?

**The retail food business is the biggest, fastest growing industry in America. In less than three decades the number of its employees has doubled and sales volume has quadrupled. Such growth has created enormous opportunities for new people to rise in food retailing.**

## by L. V. EBERHARD

President, Eberhard Foods, Inc., Grand Rapids, Michigan

( As told to DONALD ROBINSON )

SOME YEARS AGO, a friend of mine got a job as a helper in a Florida food store. Those were rough days in the food business, and his pay was only fifteen dollars a week. But not for long. My friend was a bright young fellow and he was quickly promoted to be manager at thirty-five dollars a week. A year later, he was getting forty-five dollars, plus a percentage of all the sales. Then he made an important decision. An ambitious chap, he decided to go into business for himself.

Scraping together his pennies, my friend opened a small food store in Tampa. He worked very hard and soon he had two stores. After a time, he sold them and built a super market. Today, he has thirty-five super markets. Their sales exceed $66,000,000 a year.

Horatio Alger stories of this sort are not unusual among the top men in food retailing. I know of few fields in which so many persons have begun with nothing and gone on to real success in their own stores or by working up to the top in established companies.

The retail food business is the biggest, fastest-growing industry in America. In 1929, it had 723,407 employees and an annual sales volume of $10,837,400,000. It now has nearly 2,000,000 employees and a sales volume of over $48,000,000,000.

All available evidence indicates that this phenomenal rate of growth will go on at the same pace in the future. We are likely to have 30,000,000 more people to feed in the United States by 1975, and their needs will add up to a heap of eggs, milk, steak and other edibles, especially when you realize that the American people are devoting more and more of their income to food. From 1935 to 1939, they spent twenty-three percent of their disposable income on foods. In 1956, it was twenty-five percent.

This means that there is, and will continue to be, a vast demand for new people in the retail food industry. And that there are, and will continue to be, enormous opportunities for new people to rise in the food industry.

Figure it out for yourself. Over 2,500 chain and independent super markets will be opened this year alone. Tens of thousands more stores will come into being in the next few years. These stores will have to be staffed.

Personally, I cannot think of a more rewarding, opportunity-laden industry for an ambitious boy to enter. It is, to begin with, a truly important industry. After all, what can be more essential than helping people to eat better for less money?

The retail food industry has literally dedicated itself to this end and it has been accomplishing wonders at it. In 1933, the cost of warehousing, transporting and vending food took 24.5 cents out of every sales dollar. By concentrating on a principle of large volume, low profit margin and rapid turnover, we have succeeded in cutting this to 18 cents—a 25 percent reduction.

That the people of the continental United States have such a high standard of living—eating better than any

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other nation on earth—can be attributed, in large part, to the miracles that have been performed here in lowering the cost of food distribution.

This is being increasingly recognized around the world. Recently, for example, the Government of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico became seriously concerned about the prices of food.

What did it do?

It promptly invited several American food market operators to come down and demonstrate their modern methods of "selling lots for little." As a result, numbers of American-type markets are springing up in Puerto Rico, and the people there are eating far more for far less.

Food retailing has its other satisfactions. It has done much, for instance, to ease distress among farmers. When serious surpluses occur in various farm commodities, food retailers join hands in nationwide campaigns to dispose of the overproduction.

Inside their own communities, food store men enjoy an unexcelled opportunity to render service. And not just as a business proposition.

On hundreds of occasions, food stores have distributed supplies free among flood and disaster victims. I know of a store which put its only truck at the service of a nearby flood-ravaged town for days, moving the personal property and furniture of the flood victims to safety. I can cite countless cases in which food store men have materially assisted local charity drives, community betterment measures, and "Get Out the Vote" moves. One store I know goes so far as to sponsor a highway safety program for young bicycle riders. Another gives away a porterhouse steak to each blood bank donor.

Understandably, food retailers stand high with their neighbors. It is no coincidence that so many of them have been elected mayors of their towns.

The work itself is fascinating. I say that from experience. Food retailing is a lively business where you are in contact with all types of people. It is a very interesting business, too. Every day wonderful new products arrive. You have the fun of introducing them to your customers. Think of frozen foods. A few years ago, they were virtually unknown to the general public. Now they are household bywords.

Even eggs are being modernized. We'll soon be selling them without shells. A machine has been invented which can actually crack the shells and neatly drop the contents into one dozen cup-like compartments in a plastic box.

As a friend of mine said, "You never know what's coming next in the food business."

The fact is that there is a revolution underway in food retailing. Nowhere is it more apparent than in the stores themselves. A store thirty feet wide and sixty feet deep used to be regarded as unique. People called it "a big store." Now, stores cover as much as 50,000 square feet.

No more do they have to be musty and crowded. The vast majority of new ones are spotless, air conditioned, brilliantly lighted, with wide aisles, gaily colored walls, glittering display fixtures and music in the background.

Once an inventory of 1,000 items was extensive. Now many stores stock 7,500 different items. And not only food. Many carry gifts, housewares, toys, magazines and clothing.

The industry offers newcomers an assortment of 249 different positions. They range from moving stock to managing stores, from warehousing to advertising. Usually, new men are trained on the job. In larger stores they may start as stock men or clerks and learn how to handle, display and order merchandise. Later, they may be put in the produce department to get acquainted with fruit and vegetable problems. After that, they may go into the meat department.

If a newcomer shows aptitude, he is likely to be promoted in short order to department head, to assistant store manager, to store manager and on up in the firm. The industry is expanding so rapidly that promotions come quickly.

In my company, I have seen a young man, with no previous experience, get to be a store manager in charge of a $1,000,000 business in less than twelve months.

Most food store operators make it a practice to fill top positions, wherever feasible, from within their own organizations. Just recently, a survey was made to see how effective this policy has been. It was learned that seven out of every ten food-chain executives came up through the ranks.

From the bottom up, the pay is excellent. In many food stores, a college graduate can—in most parts of the country—expect a beginning salary of $4,200 a year and possibly as high as $5,500. After five years, he should be earning a minimum of $6,000 and perhaps as much as $11,000. After ten years, if he keeps progressing, his salary should range from $10,000 to $18,000. Beyond this, as owner, partner or member of top management, a man has virtually unlimited opportunities.

Owning your own business is possible with surprisingly little money. When I started my first store, all I had for capital was twenty-five dollars and a sack of sugar. That tiny store has since grown into ten super markets with a $17,000,000-a-year volume.

Before branching out on his own, however, a young man will want to weigh carefully the relative advantages of working for an established organization or of owning his own business. The would-be proprietor should be sure he is qualified, in temperament and experience, to assume the wide variety of responsibilities confronting the owner of a food store in today's dynamic food distribution industry. Many high school and college graduates today find they prefer the greater opportunities for specialization, the wide variety of insurance and pension benefits, and the regular hours offered by employment in established companies.

Of one thing I am sure, the opportunities and rewards are great for ambitious, capable young people who decide to make food distribution their career—whether as employee or proprietor.

It is true that the capital requirements for an average volume super market may run from $220,000 to $300,000 today. However, with the cooperation of a friendly wholesaler, a knowledgeable young man can start a neighborhood food store at an outlay of a few thousand dollars. If he picks the right location and is a smart businessman, his trade will grow and he'll soon be burgeoning into the super market class.

As you can see, I'm very fond of food retailing. I cannot deny, though, that it has some bad points. For one thing, the hours tend to be a bit longer than in other fields. Although most store employees are on a forty-hour week, executives, as in other industries, may put in ten, twelve and more hours a day. They may work a few nights a week, and some Saturdays.

And because competition is intense, you are continuously under pressure from your customers, from your superiors and from your subordinates.

To make a successful career of food retailing, a boy should: 1—Be good at figures. 2—Be neat and well organized. 3—Be interested in food. 4—Be a friendly lad who likes to rub shoulders with people. He may have thousands of different persons going through his store each week and he has to make them feel at home. 5—Be willing to accept responsibility. 6—Have imagination. It is vital to food merchandising. 7—Be able to work under pressure. And, 8—Revel in competition.

A boy can enter food retailing after two years of high school and, if he is persevering, do well. As a rule, a high school diploma is a prerequisite today and a college degree desirable.

The broader his education, the more equipped a boy will be to learn the business, and the higher will be his starting wage. Most preferable would be for a young man to take a regular college course in food retailing. Michigan State University gives one, leading to a bachelor's degree, and other universities have or are contemplating similar programs. Scholarships can be had at Michigan State. Many companies also award scholarships, good at any college, to promising school boys who have worked in their stores.

I would certainly urge any boy considering food retailing for his career to get a part-time or a summer job in a food store. This is the best way to find out whether he's suited for it.

It's a great life, food retailing. My sons are in it, and I hope their sons will be in it, too.

**L. V. Eberhard, author of this article, discusses with his store managers how a new package design, together with effective store display, can increase sales of a product. Meetings like this of the managers of Mr. Eberhard's various stores are a regular weekly procedure.**

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## HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

*Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his* opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

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*This article on Food Retailing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on* Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces *and* Engineering. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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(*Continued from Page 105*) agencies, most of which are now Indian-owned.

No one will deny that the managing-agency system has been subjected to abuses. Managers have too often enriched themselves at the expense of both the public and their stockholders. Sometimes they have hidden behind another peculiar Indian institution, the Hindu joint family, through which legal responsibility could be dissipated over an endless number of distant relatives.

Legislative control over the managing agency was as clearly needed in India as are, for example, antitrust laws in the United States. Last year, however, the Indian Government went far beyond sensible regulation and put on the statute books a bludgeoning Companies Act which, if unmodified and rigidly enforced, will seriously weaken the whole Indian economy. Prodded by the violent anticapitalists, the legislators struck out blindly, failing to appreciate that the managing agency, properly controlled, is by all odds the best instrument that India has through which to implement industrial development. As one example, the Jay Engineering Company was started by Sir Shri Ram, a managing agent. The agency he heads not only supplied Jay's initial capital but also constant over-all guidance. Hundreds of other Indian companies trace to the same origin. Managing agencies are almost essential to financing any new Indian business. The banking system provides little or no risk capital. A half century of experience has taught the investing public to buy only those security issues endorsed by successful managing agencies. Even such a big-time lender as the World Bank would probably not have lent $75,000,000 to Tata Iron and Steel if it had not been for the established reputation of Tata Industries, Ltd., the managing agency that controls it.

One fact of life that is now being acknowledged in New Delhi is that foreign private investors, so eagerly welcomed now that the national treasury has been drained, will rarely come into India except under the sheltering wing of managing agencies headed by men who know their way around the labyrinthine corridors of New Delhi, and who can exert the lobbying pressures necessary in any national capital, but peculiarly so in India, where laws and regulations are openly interpreted with considerable latitude. If an industrialist, foreign or native, appears with a proposal to manufacture something that the government administrators deem to be particularly desirable, special deals are often made to circumvent many of the undesirable aspects of law and regulation. These concessions are, from everything I could learn, assiduously lived up to. The head of a foreign company, with operations all over the world, told me, "In our experience, the Indian Government is—at least at its top levels—one of the most reliably honorable that we deal with anywhere."

That reputation, coupled with whispers on the international grapevine that there's money to be made in India, now that the government has taken a turn to the right, is attracting many potential investors. There was not an empty room in the Hotel Imperial in New Delhi while I was there, despite the fact that the Suez trouble had made this a bad tourist season. The hotel was full of earnest foreigners, *anxious to stake out a profitable claim* in the world's most populous market.

Many of these newcomers are undeterred by India's plan-controlled economy. One of them told me, "You know, this setup doesn't look too bad. Once you get in, you've practically got a monopoly. These socialists don't believe in competition, so they clip the wings of anyone that tries to start up against you. If imports bother you, they slap on a high tariff. I'm beginning to think that a socialist state, if you work it right, can be a capitalist's paradise." There are plenty of Indian businessmen who have reason to agree. Profits can be high and, with a little legally acceptable juggling to capital-gain earnings, a lot of money can be made. Tax lawyers are as busy in India as they are in the United States.

What does concern some potential foreign investors—and, more and more, Indian leaders as well—is that the present government is beginning to exhibit serious political weakness. Up to now, India's greatest asset has been its governmental stability. In significant contrast to all its Southeast Asian neighbors, there have been no upheavals of authority, no falling cabinets, no upsetting struggles between powerful leaders. Nehru has been the unchallenged head of state ever since independence was achieved in 1947, and his Congress Party has remained safely dominant.

In the recent elections, however, there was nation-shocking evidence that the Congress Party, following the typical pattern of all political groups too long in power, has grown old, soft, complacent, graft-ridden and faction-torn. The state of Kerala elected a Communist government, the first time anywhere that the Reds have ever come into power in truly free balloting. I was in Kerala when the election results first became known, even before the new state government was formed. The Communists were as groggily surprised as everyone else. T. C. N. Menon, newly elected to the national parliament, told me with the nodded approval of the other Communist leaders, "The people weren't voting for us; they were voting against the Congress Party."

That judgment was fully substantiated when I talked to a cross-section of the electorate. Kerala is a depressed and impoverished area with serious unemployment, particularly among the educated, who are more numerous here than anywhere else in India. The people voted for the Communists because there seemed no other alternative to a political party that had failed to live up to the glowing promises of the Five Year Plans.

In India as a whole, Nehru's party came through with a safe parliamentary majority, but there were highly significant local defections. The Communists registered substantial gains, not only in the cities—they later won the municipal elections in Bombay—but also in rural areas, where the program that generated so much unifying enthusiasm for the first Five Year Plan has, in too many instances, been allowed to lapse.

Paradoxically, the way is being opened to further Communist gains by some of the same industrial leaders who are the most resolute enemies of the present socialist regime. The Communists are quietly building strength through their labor unions, employing tactics as clever as I have seen them use anywhere.

The Congress Party has always been closely identified with labor, having derived much of its original strength from that source back in the pre-independence days when unions could be used to harass the British mill owners. There has continued to be a strong alliance, so strong that the required compulsory arbitration of all labor disputes gives an Indian employer no more chance of winning than an American industrialist had when he appeared before the NLRB back in the New Deal days. But the Indian workers, even though they always gain something in the end, are dissatisfied because arbitration cases drag on for many months, sometimes for years.

That is the situation upon which the Communists are capitalizing. They go to an employer who has been having labor trouble and tell him that, if he will accept a Communist-led union, they will promise an end to his difficulties, no more work stoppages, no more long morale-wrecking delays until a case can be settled by arbitration, full co-operation in getting out maximum production. He can have all this, they tell him, and still save money. If, for example, the workers are demanding a two-rupee raise, eventually the biased arbitration board will give it to them. The Communists will settle for one rupee right now, get the workers back on the job and do all they can to help the employer keep his men in line.

What sells the employers is that the Communists are building a reputation for living up to their promises. They win over the workers by telling them that one rupee today is better than two rupees sometime in the indefinite future, quickly securing agreement from men whose big worry is filling tomorrow's rice bowls. Once in, the Communists follow up with the on-the-spot leadership of keen young men who stay on the job, an effective contrast to the absentee leaders of the Congress unions, who usually get their positions as political plums.

All the Communist labor leaders I met were college graduates, many of them engineers, all actively interested in production problems. I saw an assembly line that had been laid out by the leader of a Communist union, and it was a top-notch job. In another plant, a company official called over the Communist union head to give me the technical details on a new process. Afterward he commented, "I don't know what we'd do without that man; he's invaluable."

Industrialists admit there may be some danger in allowing the Reds inside their factories, but they discount its seriousness, claiming that they can toss out the union any time they want to, but right now that's the last thing they want to do.

"I'd hate to go back to what we had before," one company president told me. Another said, "Frankly, our good earnings in the last two years are largely due to the kind of co-operation we've had from the Communists."

The odd spectacle of Communists helping capitalists to profit, and joining hands with them against a socialistic government, is one of the many incongruities that still leave question marks on any estimate of India's future.

Nehru is now attempting to revitalize and clean up the Congress Party. His success will probably be limited. His brand of socialism has lost much of its luster. The prospects seem better for the gradual evolution of a political party that will more nearly reflect the growing conservatism so evident not only in New Delhi but also in most of the state capitals. The opposition will come from the Communists, encouraged by their recent victories, paradoxically sheltered by industry, gaining ground through the default of the Congress Party.

The danger, of course, is that India, in a time of crisis, may be tempted by the Communists to believe that vitally needed economic development can be achieved only through adopting the police-state methods of Communist China. On balance, I am strongly inclined to discount that possibility. Whatever criticism may be cited against Nehru, and no matter how impractical history may judge his socialistic schemes to have been, he has undeniably built a nation whose people are intensely conscious of personal liberty and the importance of self-determination. The Republic of India is as rigidly democratic as any country in the world today.

Last week, the president of a big international oil company told me, "We are about to make a very large new investment here because we're convinced that if these people can keep their feet on the ground for the next few years, India will go on to develop into one of the great industrial nations of the world and a market of enormous proportions. We think it's a good gamble."

I agree. THE END

"What happened to your lumbago?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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- Kelling Nut Company
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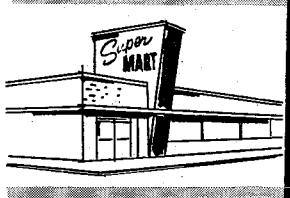


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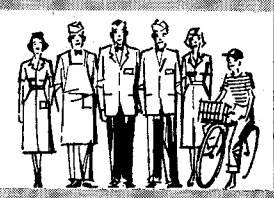

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# Bitter Vengeance (Continued from Page 41)

"None finer in all the territory," agreed the preacher . . . "Isn't that right, boy?"

"Never a time I cut her grass but she came with a cool drink and somethin' to eat." Benjamin breathed the words, eyes wide. "And one time when I wuz sick with fever, she nursed me, like as if—like as if I wuz white!"

The words hung in the air, waiting for someone to add to them. Nobody said anything and they drifted away into the silence.

"*Oh, Miz Clayton, she's adyin'!*" Benjamin chanted; his soft voice cut through with low sounds almost like sobs. "*Oh, Miz Clayton, she lay down! Everybody love Miz Clayton, everybody in dis town!*"

"Stop that noise, boy!" Winters ordered roughly. "You'll kill her with your confounded mournful rhymes."

"About her boys," the preacher said. "Do they know she's dying?"

"They know she's bad off." Winters glanced at the door. "That's why they moved in out of New Mexico. They've been seen skulkin' around up on the Cimarron. The black boy here saw them. He seems to have carried messages now and then from their mother to them."

"In times of death, life must call an occasional truce, marshal."

"There won't be no truce, preacher."

"You're a bitter man, marshal, consumed with desire for vengeance," the preacher accused gently. "Whom would you be hurting when you shoot them down, the sons or their father?"

"I'm sworn in as marshal, preacher. And if the Clayton boys show up in my territory, I'm duty-bound, just as you Mennonite men are duty-bound to plow the land and not carry a gun." He smiled his contempt openly now.

"You saw them, did you, Benjamin?" The Reverend Mr. Anson turned to Benjamin.

"They were aridin' four black horses." Benjamin closed his eyes and leaned his head against the house. His singsong voice was barely audible over the fluttering of the shining cottonwood leaves. "Away over yonder where the river bends. Yonder where the quicksand wash has left them caves. Us young'uns allus call 'em the Clayton caves." Benjamin got to his feet, tapped his harmonica against his hand and yawned easily.

"Sit down, boy," said the marshal. "You're not goin' anywhere. Just sit down."

"'To every thing there is a season,'" quoted the preacher, "'and a time to every purpose under the heaven.'"

"Sit down, black boy," the marshal said.

"'A time to be born and a time to die,'" the preacher went on.

"Black boy"—the marshal rose slowly, his hand touching his holster; just touching it, but no more—"I told you to sit down."

Benjamin sat down.

"'A time to keep silence, and a time to speak,'" said the Reverend Mr. Anson. His voice was quiet, not at all ruffled by the harshness of the marshal's words.

"This is my time to speak," said the marshal, "and I've waited a long time for it."

Sarah Riley appeared in the doorway, taking a moment from her watch inside the house. She was nearing sixty and she was wearing a gray apron over her blue calico dress. Benjamin thought she looked mighty tired.

"Ever since you were a young man, haven't you, Alec?" Sarah's voice was low, too, but it carried to those on the porch. "Ever since Tom Clayton beat you out and won her hand, you've been waiting for this time. Now it's come, hasn't it? You ought to be proud and glad, sitting there, waiting to shoot her boys down like dogs when they come to tell her good-by. Maybe Tom Clayton wasn't much, but I reckon he wouldn't have done that."

"Tom Clayton! A tinhorn gambler, raisin' a passel of badmen to terrorize the whole country! Comin' in here like a sneakin' Comanche to steal her from me, when I'd already spoken for her!" Alec Winters' fingers clenched the arms of the rocker tensely. "She already had her weddin' dress bought, Sarah, a white thing with beads and lace and all. That's how close we were to marryin' when he come."

"He loved her and she loved him, Alec. Tom's been dead ten years now. And it's all over but her burying."

"They'll be buried with her," Alec Winters muttered.

"A tinhorn gambler!" Benjamin leaned forward, eyes wide with horror. "Miz Clayton married a gamblin' man! A low-down, good-for-nuthin' gamblin' man!"

Sarah came out onto the porch then, closing the screen door behind her. She almost flinched against the sunlight, that long had she been caring for Miz Clayton without minding the outer world.

"The yard looks nice, Benjamin," she said. "My, Miz Clayton would be proud of it."

"I weeded it specially nice this time." Benjamin smiled happily; then his eyes found a sprig of grass in the zinnia bed beside the porch and he snatched at it angrily. "Get out of there, you weed! Don' want no weed agrowin' in Miz Clayton's flower bed."

"Not today, anyhow." Sarah nodded. . . . "Well, good evening, Miz Anson. I didn't aim to ignore you. I was a little riled, I reckon."

"I thought perhaps I could help you get things ready," the preacher's wife said.

"I'd be mightily obliged." Sarah seemed pleased. "Though I don't know what to do about her ring. The oldest boy, Blue, he's wearing her wedding ring. She gave it to him for good luck." She sighed and glanced at the marshal. "Sakes, they'll need luck, if they're hoping to see her before she goes."

Benjamin closed his eyes and wagged his head mournfully. "*Oh, Miz Clayton, she's adyin'! Oh, Miz Clayton, she lay down! Everybody love Miz Clayton, everybody in dis town!*" he crooned, sorting out the words into chanting lines. "*Once she married a tinhorn gambler! Once she married a gamblin' man! Raised four boys and they all badmen; raised four boys who robbed the land!*"

"Not too loud, Benjamin," warned Sarah, holding a finger to her mouth.

"*She feed the hungry, she feed the poor!*" wept Benjamin, his voice raising itself into a minor wail. "*She turn nobody from her door!*"

"I wish she had her wedding band back." Sarah sighed. "She won't rest easy, I know." She glanced at Benjamin.

He put his harmonica to his mouth. For a little while he played Beautiful Dreamer, softly, gently. Everybody listened. Nobody moved. The cottonwood leaves fluttered in a sudden burst of breeze from the south. Leather creaked. Benjamin rose to his feet one more time and yawned.

"Sit down, black boy," ordered the marshal. "Just sit right down."

Again Benjamin sat down. He leaned loosely against the house. "*Raised four boys, and they all badmen!*" he took up


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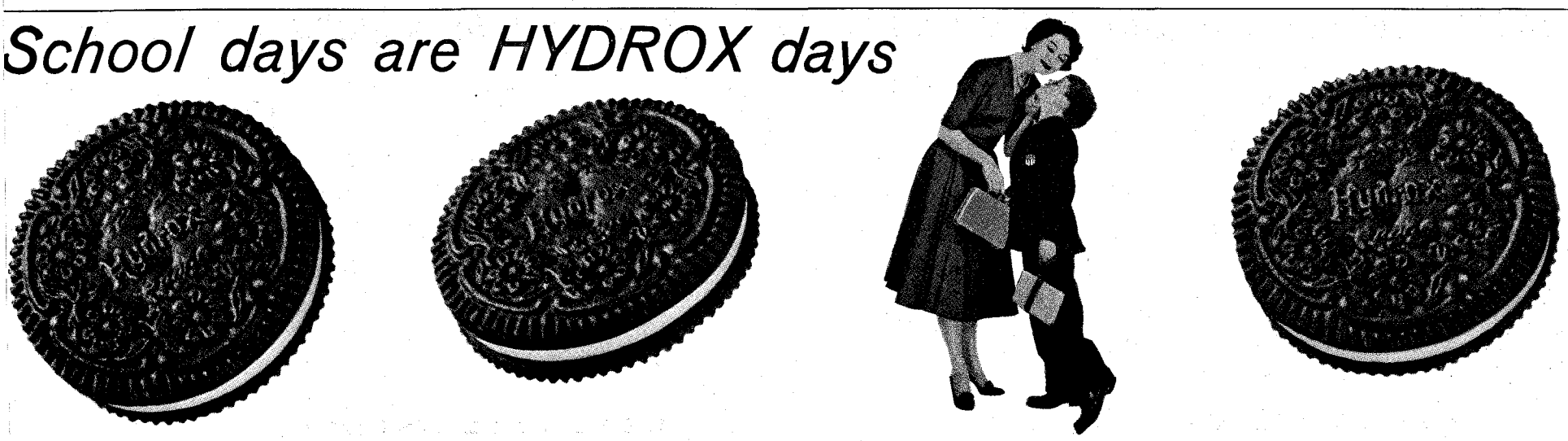

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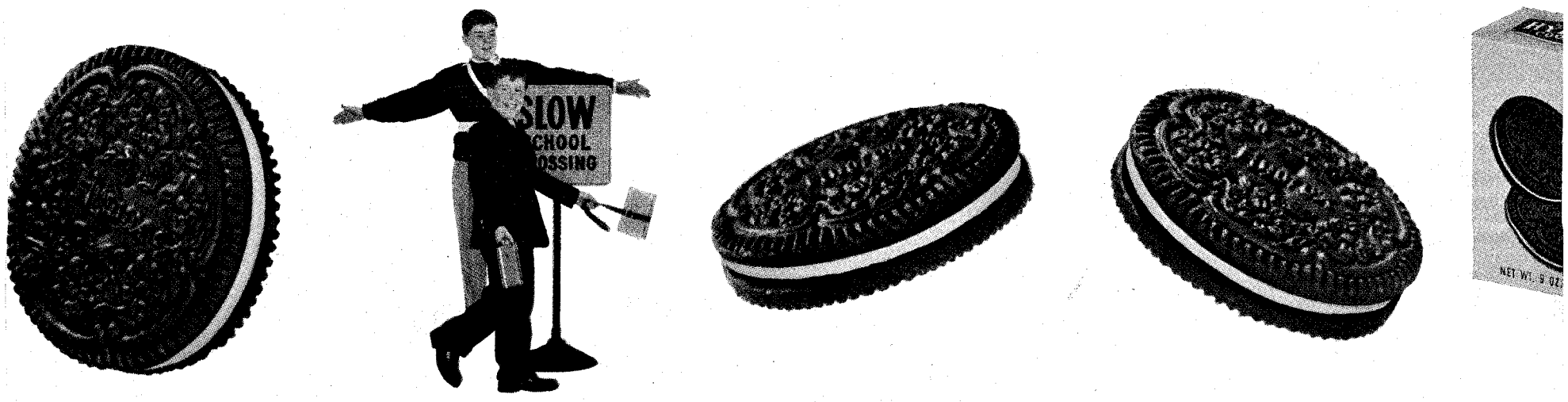


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his soft dirge. "*Raised four boys who robbed the land! Now dey hidin' on the river, where ol' Cimarron makes a bend! One of 'em's wearin' a golden weddin' ring! She gotta have it on her hand!*" He tested the words in his mind as his voice dwindled away to a soft, desperate moan, "*She gotta have it on her hand!*"

The preacher flecked a bit of dust from his sleeve. He was an immaculate man, Benjamin noticed, most clean and grand-looking in his dark suit.

"If Blue Clayton and his brothers show up here"—Alec Winters turned doggedly and returned Sarah's accusing stare—"he's gonna have more on his hands than a weddin' ring, believe me, Sarah."

"*I can jus' hear dem big black horses!*" Benjamin crooned. He slapped the side of his leg with a staccato beat. "*I can jus' hear dem black guns sing!*" He slid his hand up and down the side of his trousers like the dull thud of heavy holsters. "*I can jus' see the boys aridin', totin' a shinin' weddin' ring!*"

Marshal Winters' face reddened angrily and he looked away, out toward the distance where the Cimarron threaded like a golden seam across the sleeping land. Beyond that lay the wheat fields of the Mennonites who had come to the territory carrying plowshares, and not a gun among them.

"Well, come in, Miz Anson," Sarah said then. "You might rummage through the closet and press a dress out for her laying away, though she hasn't been one much for fine things since Tom Clayton died."

"I'll press one out pretty," said the preacher's young wife obediently.

"*Oh, press her dress and make it ready!*" groaned Benjamin. "*Close her eyes and pray and sing sad, sad songs! But all she's askin', 'Who will fetch my weddin' ring?'*"

"Shut up, boy!" ordered the marshal one more time. "You make more noise than a passel of goats."

"What'd you give her for her weddin', Alec?" Sarah leaned toward the marshal with a touch of malice. "Hate and bitterness, and now vengeance. That's what you gave the woman you claimed to love. You won't even let her go to her grave in peace."

"What'd you want me to give her? A weddin' ring? Another man gave her that."

Sarah snorted her disdain and went on inside, and Hilda Anson followed her. The preacher stood for a bit listening to Benjamin as he played Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair. Then he, too, went inside and for a long while those on the porch could hear his voice, low and droning, reading the Scripture.

Benjamin played and listened to the preacher; then one more time he moaned his grieving, "*Oh, Miz Clayton she's adyin'. Oh, Miz Clayton, she lay down. Everybody love Miz Clayton, everybody in dis town.*" His words had a singsong rhythm, like the beating of the river against its shifting quicksand banks. "*Press her dress and make it ready. Place the Good Book in her hand. But all that pore Miz Clayton's askin', 'Who will fetch my weddin' band?'*" ·

There was a silence now from the inner room where the woman lay. Then the preacher came slowly to the door. He looked at Marshal Alec Winters, but the marshal did not move. He just sat in the rocking chair, his boots planted firmly before him, holsters creaking a little.

The Reverend Mr. Anson opened the door and came out onto the porch.

"Where are you goin', preacher?" The marshal got to his feet, his hand on his gun.

The preacher extended his right hand. "I'm going to fetch her wedding ring," he said quietly. "Give me your gun, marshal."

"Have you gone crazy, man?" The marshal stared at the Mennonite. "You're no gun-toter. You couldn't kill if your life depended on it."

"'To every thing there is a season,'" quoted the preacher softly, "'and a time to every purpose under the heaven.'"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

## Unobserved

This thing called success
Consists, I have found,
In making mistakes
When no one's around.

By Stephen Schlitzer

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"You've never pulled a trigger in your life." The marshal smiled a little, contempt still there.

"'A time to be born, and a time to die. . . . A time to kill, and a time to heal.'"

"Stay where you are, preacher," ordered the marshal, drawing his gun now. "They'd shoot you down like a dog when they saw you come over the slope, though that would be small grievance to me."

"'A time to keep silence, and a time to speak,'" went on the preacher. He took a firm step toward the marshal. "Give me your gun, sir."

"I'm doin' the talkin', preacher," snapped the marshal.

The door opened and Hilda Anson came out. She was carrying a white dress. She moved her gaze quietly from her husband to the marshal, and her face whitened almost as pale as the dress she carried.

"I found a dress in the closet," she said in her gentle, humble way, ignoring the gun. "I'll press it out and get it ready, if you think it will do for her laying away."

Benjamin stretched out one hand and touched the white dress with reverence. "My, such a pretty dress," he whispered, awed, "with beads and lace and all."

"It's a pretty dress," said Mrs. Anson, her eyes still upon the marshal. "I wonder if she ever wore it, it's that new."

Alec Winters touched the fabric with his finger tips. Then he turned away.

"No"—he shook his head—"she never wore it."

He stood for a few moments, apart from them. Then he thrust his gun back into its holster slowly and turned to Benjamin.

"I never gave her a weddin' present," he muttered. "Go fetch her boys home, Benjamin. Go and fetch—her weddin' band."

He walked down the steps and onto the sidewalk, never once looking back.

The sun hung low in the western sky, round and golden as a wedding ring. The town lay quiet, and not even the leaves on the cottonwood tree were moving now. There was only the sound of Benjamin's bare feet running, and then the dull thud of his hand slapping against the side of his leg, and the joyous chant of his voice, humming and gliding over the words as he sang:

"*Go fetch her boys home now! Go fetch her weddin' band! Oh, lay Miz Clayton down now with her ring upon her hand! And the preacher's name is Anson! And his wife's it is the same! And the marshal's name is Winters! And my name is Benjamin!*"

THE END



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COOKIES
For school lunch, for your bunch, nothing's in a class with
HYDROX the original cream-filled chocolate cookie . . . Finest ever made!
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Carefully tested during the aging process for true natural cheese perfection. Nippy sharp-aged, mellow medium-aged, delicate mild, plus new Super Sharp. Sliced, wedges, freshly shredded, or cubes.
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sugar-cured like the finest ham!
The luncheon meat with the sweet, mellow flavor that goes with sugar-curing—brings out the taste of the choice ham and shoulder meat. Makes sandwiches taste better.


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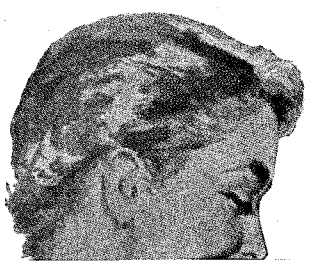

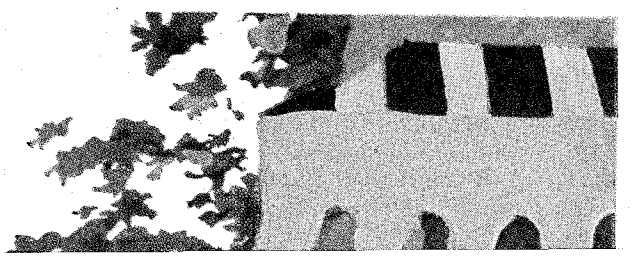



## Queen of the Seas (Continued from Page 48)

gangplank, one of eleven piercing the massive side of the liner. As he reached the top he was recognized for the first time.

"Good morning, sir," said one of his officers.

[illegible] the working order of fire equipment, lifeboats and life preservers. He checked on the 1044-man crew and on the seaworthiness of the liner. He heard from the purser's department: most of the 1750 passengers—650 First Class, 552 Cabin Class, 548 Tourist Class [illegible] were on board

Banks, then curves away across the ocean for 1780 miles to Bishop's Rock. Land's End, the southernmost tip of England, lies only thirty-one miles farther on.

Anderson will deviate from course only to avoid bad weather or to help another vessel. "We stay glued to those routes," he says, "just like an express train without rails."

As Anderson and Ely went over the

in Hanover. Between them, they had twenty-seven cents.

By 11:30 A.M. Anderson and his officers were at their stations on the bridge. The complicated job of undocking the giant liner was about to begin, and it would take half an hour. The United States sent her great voice out across Manhattan, a deep, rich baritone bellow.

From this vantage point on the star-




# BIRDS EYE HARVEST OF TIME-SAVERS

## FOR THIS WEEKEND

Favorites from General Foods . . . pioneer of frozen foods

*Save time* ***this weekend*** *with these delicious* ***time-saving*** *Birds Eye foods!*

**MONEY SAVERS TOO**

Here's an invitation to save money on Birds Eye time-savers. Send coupon to Birds Eye Money Savers, P.O. Box 1222,* Kankakee, Ill., for 4 coupons (1 set to a family) each worth 5¢ off on the purchase of one package of any Birds Eye product.

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*In Canada: P.O. Box 2170, Toronto. Offer good in continental U.S., Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Alaska.

FOR SPECTACULAR VALUES


(*Continued from Page 117*) purser, silver-thatched Henry Moreno. Moreno's department handles virtually everything from the running of bingo games to the allocation of staterooms.

"Everybody seems happy except one man," he told the commodore. "He didn't like the stateroom he'd booked, so we moved him into U145. He was there a few hours and decided he didn't like that room. So-o-o"—Moreno, a debonair Cuban-American, shrugged his shoulders expressively—"we changed him again—this time to U161. He liked that—until this morning. Now we have him in M110. A few minutes ago he informed us that he didn't like that room either. Then, commodore," Moreno continued, "Miss Yorkshire Terrier is on board again. We had to put the dog in the kennels. How cruel! To have to do that when she loves him so much."

That afternoon Anderson telephoned both problem passengers. The man in M110 was so surprised by the call that he assured the commodore he had never been more comfortable. Then the commodore, in turn, assured the terrier's owner that her dog was in safe hands. "But I do understand your problem, ma'am," he added consolingly.

In early evening of the second day out, as dusk moved in on the United States, Commodore Anderson conducted the burial service for Chief Engineer Kaiser's brother. With the small flag-draped urn on a table before him, and surrounded by his senior officers, Anderson began quietly, "It is fitting that this ceremony should take place on the flagship of the company he served and on the sea he knew so well ——" And he ended with the well-remembered words, ". . . unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed and we commit his remains to the deep."

That evening the commodore went to bed early, but at two A.M. his phone rang. "Good morning, sir," said Second Officer Thum. "Fog has set in."

"I'll be right up," said Anderson.

Throwing a heavy coat over his pajamas, he went to the bridge. During the next four hours the radar picked up sixteen ships. A little before seven A.M., the morning sun burned the fog away and Anderson went down to bed. The first of his passengers were just then going to breakfast.

This kind of life, with a few hours' sleep snatched between vigils on the bridge, seems quite normal to the commodore, who has held his master's ticket for thirty-six years. Born in Jersey City, on St. Valentine's Day in 1899, Anderson early set his sights on a maritime career. When he was fourteen, his parents entered him in the New York State Maritime College, then known as the New York Nautical School. Two years later he graduated as a quartermaster. After five years on a variety of ships, he earned a master's ticket and in 1921 got his first command, a cargo boat with a top speed of twelve knots.

In May, 1926, his ship, the American steamer Eastern Moon, lost a propeller in a Pacific squall. For six fearful, storm-ridden days she drifted in aimless circles over 330 miles of ocean. The vessel was finally rescued by an Australian freighter. Safe at last in port, Anderson fended off entreaties to tell his story, stating only that the behavior of his crew was "splendid." He has stuck to this kind of laconic understatement ever since.

His wartime service as a convoy captain aboard the 16,500-ton troopship SS John Ericsson was filled with dramatic episodes, yet Anderson finds little to say about this period of his life. The fact that he sailed the Ericsson 200,000 miles and ferried 300,000 troops without mishap he describes as "just luck."

To his men, Anderson is the perfect skipper. When he was made commodore of the U. S. Lines' fleet of fifty-five ships, the crew of the Big U presented him not with the usual ship's barometer, but with an automobile. He is vulnerable to children. Recently a seven-year-old English boy wrote to the United States asking that his kitten, Montagu, be given a job on the liner. The child's mother, already housekeeping for five cats, two turtles and eighteen newts, had decided that Montagu had to go. Without his mother's knowledge, the boy traveled 250 miles across England to Southampton, and poured out his heart to the commodore. Reluctantly, Anderson had to explain that the kitten could not be signed on. He took the seven-year-old on a tour of the Big U, fed him ice cream and cookies and found Montagu a new home ashore. "We need a lot more of that boy's determination and courage in the world today," Anderson says gruffly.

In the forty-two years he has been at sea, Anderson has run the gamut of a seaman's experiences, including the fearful kind of weather for which the North Atlantic is notorious. In the area through which the Big U now passed—more than 2000 miles from New York—Anderson had fought his worst storm. In 1948, in command of the America, he ran into a hurricane so violent that he was forced to reduce speed to seven knots—headway and no more. Mountainlike waves crashed down on the bow, crushing ventilators like matchwood. One great wall of water roared over the bridge wheelhouse, seventy-five feet above the water line, smashed three windows and swept the helmsman off his feet. With the exception of the helmsman, no one was hurt.

Now, as the Big U sliced through the same area at full speed, there was almost no wind and the weather was clear.

During his absence from the ship's social activities, society's most famous quarrel had cooled off. "I've reached the conclusion," said Elsa Maxwell to some friends one day at lunch, "that a so-called feud between two ladies who should know better than to make headlines must be stopped."

She sent a note to the Duchess of Windsor. Back came the message, "All is quiet at the front." That evening in the Windsors' lavish suite Elsa and the Duchess were reconciled. The following day, in the column she cabled to her paper, Miss Maxwell wrote ". . . she was charming. . . . The Duke is always charming. . . ."

The fog had lifted all around. For the first time since leaving New York, First Officer Ely was able to shoot the stars to verify the liner's calculated position. Wind and currents, he found, had moved the Big U a little more than a mile off course.

The United States was almost a full day from Bishop's Rock when the commodore heard about Mr. and Mrs. Alois Teuber. Tourist Class Purser Hark Ketels had found the elderly couple sitting in the lounge, close to tears. They had bought passage under the impression that the liner was going to stop at Bremerhaven. Now they had discovered that the closest port of call would be Le Havre. To reach Germany they would need transportation across France and Belgium, and money for expenses. Red-faced, Teuber showed Ketels all he had, twenty-seven cents.

On the Big U, 10 per cent of the winnings on games such as bingo go into a welfare fund. But there is a limit on how much can be drawn. Nevertheless, that evening Ketels provided the Teubers with

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two rail tickets to Hanover and twenty dollars for expenses. He had raised close to sixty-five dollars, some from other passengers in Tourist Class, the rest from the welfare fund. Alois Teuber looked a long time into Ketels' face and shook his hand firmly.

As the Big U neared the approaches to Europe, Anderson climbed once more to the bridge to begin the vigil that would end only when the liner tied up at Southampton the following afternoon. That evening the United States slid past Bishop's Rock, exactly on course.

There was still a good way to go—up the English Channel to Le Havre, on the French coast, across the Channel to Southampton. Anderson stood as usual at the central bridge window. Passing on all sides was a continuous parade of liners, cargo ships and fishing smacks, all heading toward the sea from ports on both sides of the Channel.

At three o'clock the following morning the Big U came even with the flashing Le Havre lightship and took the harbor pilot aboard. She crept down the channel leading toward the harbor entrance, following in the darkness a glittering path made by buoy lights. Anderson watched anxiously as his gigantic vessel lined up opposite the quay. Then, with the help of four tugs and by maneuvering the engines, the pilot placed the United States gently against the quayside, directly in line with the waiting gangplanks.

"Georges," Anderson said to the pilot, "I noticed that the docking light was out. What did you line her up with?"

Georges pointed to the word "Cunard" painted in foot-high letters on the terminal building opposite the liner's bridge. "*Mon capitaine*," he said, "the C-U in Cunard."

But the voyage was not yet over, and there was a much more difficult docking ahead at Southampton.

Later that day, at the entrance to Southampton Water—the long narrow waterway above the Isle of Wight which leads up to Southampton docks—the liner stopped to pick up Capt. Herbert Strowger, the ruddy-faced British harbor pilot. "Half ahead, all engines," Strowger ordered.

Majestically the United States sailed up the river. Soon she was surrounded by yachts, pleasure boats and other small craft, their crews waving and calling up to the big ship. About midway up to her berth the liner was joined by six chunky little tugs. As the convoy passed, other liners at their piers hooted briefly, saluting the Atlantic Blue Riband holder. Some of them carried the warning flag "TE" which means "dead slow"—a warning to Anderson that if he traveled too fast his propellers might wash them against their moorings.

There was silence on the bridge as the channel grew narrower and the Big U approached her berth. Before she could dock, the liner had to be swung around, her bow pointing downriver. Slowly she came abreast of the dockhead. "Dead slow, all engines," Strowger ordered.

Gliding past the docks and keeping to the middle of the river, the Big U moved up to the swinging basin. As she neared the area the engines were stopped and she glided forward on her own momentum. Anderson checked the wind. With her huge superstructure, each side of the Big U presents to the wind a surface area equivalent to three and a half acres. If a strong wind should hit this enormous "sail" at the moment of swinging, the 990-foot liner might smash against the side of the swinging basin.

Anderson watched tensely now as the liner reached the exact center of the basin—a point 600 feet from either side. Now the delicate turning operation began. With tugs at her bow and stern, her engines just turning over, the Big U swung slowly in a gigantic cartwheel. Smoothly she pivoted around, her bow and stern sliding by the quaysides with only 200 feet to spare.

Now, facing downriver, ready to head out on the voyage home two days later, the Big U moved into position opposite her berth. Lines snaked out to waiting longshoremen, hawsers were made tight and then, with snub-nosed tugs pushing, the United States moved gently into her berth. Her engines stopped. Her 213th Atlantic crossing had ended.

Anderson turned to the pilot. "Thank you, Bert," he said. He nodded to his officers, "And you, too, gentlemen."

The crossing had taken four days, ten hours and twenty-seven minutes. He had not got much sleep. Already waiting for him was the airmail letter that his wife, Mary, always writes. He opened it and began to read. There was a knock on the door and in came the U. S. Lines' British representatives.

"We have sixteen hundred passengers going back, commodore," one of them said.

Anderson smiled. He had just come to a line in his wife's letter which read: "On his trumpet, Charles can now play Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

"Fine," said John Anderson. "Fine."

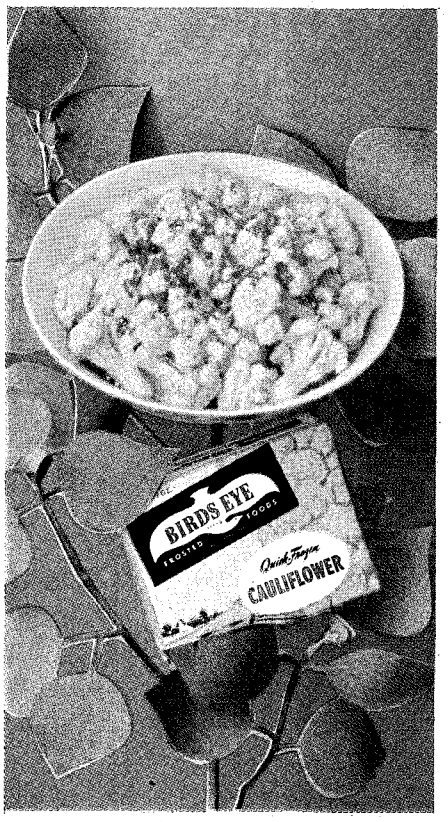
THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"O.K., what cruel blow has fate dealt you this time?"


BIRDS EYE HARVEST OF TIME-SAVERS

FOR THIS WEEKEND



*Save time* ***this weekend*** *with these delicious* ***time-saving*** *Birds Eye foods!*

More people buy Birds Eye than any other frozen food. Watch your grocer's ads for Birds Eye's better buys—today! Favorites from General Foods . . . pioneer of frozen foods

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FOR SPECTACULAR VALUES


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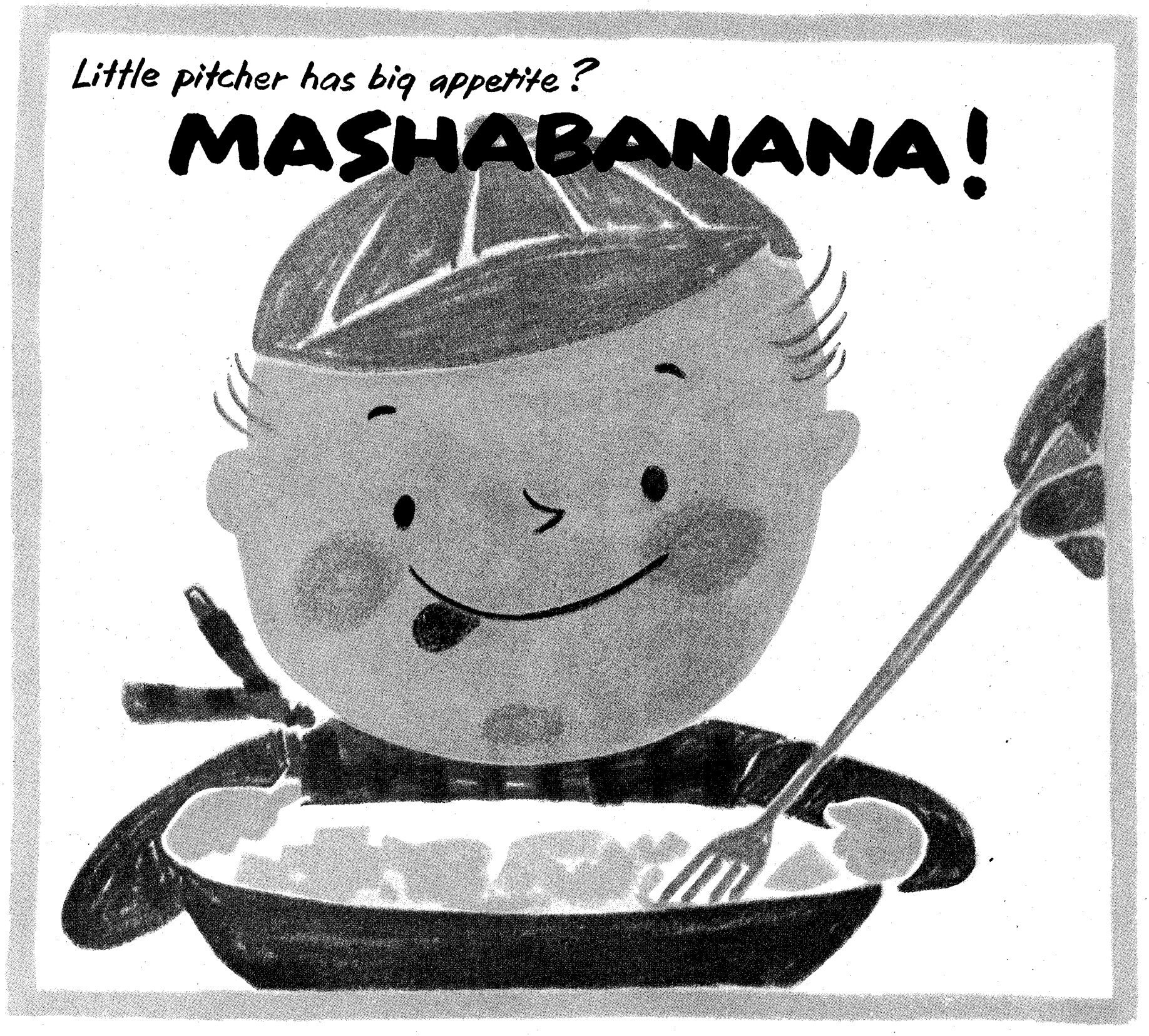
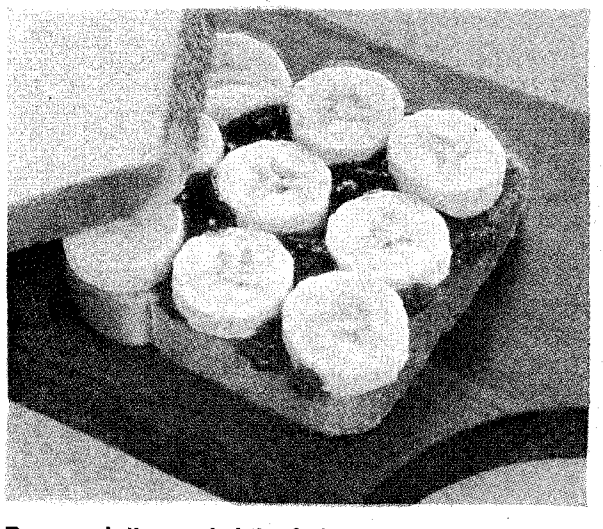
*Little pitcher has big appetite?*

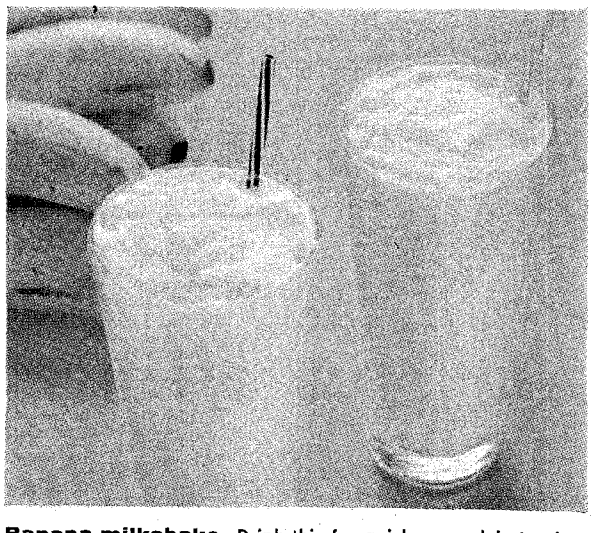
# MASHABANANA!



## Bananas . . . wholesome—and then some!



**Banana-jelly sandwich.** Such an easy way to make a youngster happy! Use apple jelly, or currant, or grape. Add the nourishing goodness of sliced banana for a simply super sandwich.



**Banana milkshake.** Drink this for quick energy! Just put a cut-up banana in your blender with a glass of cold milk. Or mash the banana with a fork and shake with cold milk. M-m-m!

I'm Chiquita Banana and I've come to say
That babies love bananas in a special way.
Mashed bananas are delicious
And they're sure to satisfy — aye!
Mothers everywhere have blessed 'em —
It's so easy to digest 'em!
Babies never have to bite 'em an'
You'll find they're full of vitamin
An' min'rals.
They're good for growing little leaguers
And presidents and gin'rals!

*To be sung to the tune of Chiquita Banana*

FOR SPECTACULAR VALUES

**UNITED FRUIT COMPANY**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# *Energy gets a brand new taste!*

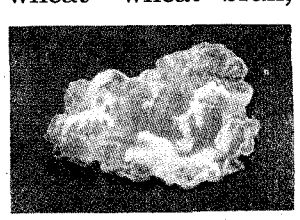
*New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties.* Yes! Now there's an exciting *new* "Breakfast of Champions"—with a tantalizing new *naturally* sweet whole wheat goodness!

### *Same famous Wheaties food power*

The power that made Wheaties a world-famous energy food. You get all the grown-in nutrition value that only *complete* whole wheat—wheat bran, wheat germ, wheat energy—can deliver!

### *Stays crisp to the bottom of the bowl*

Crackling, crunchy, *lasting* crispness! The photograph at right shows a new Radiant-Crisp Wheaties flake after soaking in milk. Still temptingly crisp and curly! Notice, too, the raised "flavor buds"—crisp promises of pure whole wheat goodness.



NEW "Breakfast of Champions"

General Mills

See the famous Pendleton, Oregon, *Rodeo Spectacular* on CBS-TV, September 14th

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# Air-Force Wife (Continued from Page 51)

"You can't?"

"I simply have to go out to Willamette Country Club, Matt. Today's the finals of the Women's Western Amateur. I have to do some spadework for the column, and there's a cocktail thing after. You know how those things last."

"Yeah," he said. "Sure. I thought——"

"Why don't you meet me out there, Matt? I'd go out with you, but Jimmy Belmont's going out, and——"

"Oh. Jimmy Belmont." Matt tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice, but he didn't quite make it. "The brilliant young publisher of the Morning Willamette. I had almost, but not quite, forgotten about him."

"Please, Matt. Jimmy's been very nice. And I didn't know you were coming."

"I'll bet he has." There didn't seem to be much point in going into how nice Jimmy Belmont had been. The man was not one of the best conversational subjects. *I suppose you're jealous, Cassidy,* Matt told himself. *So you're jealous. Not that you have any right to be, but it's there, just the same, so you might as well drop the subject with as dull a thud as possible.* "But I didn't come here to talk about him, Sally. I'll hop a cab and see you out there."

"I'll wait for you in the clubhouse, Matt."

"Right."

Matt hung up the phone, went back to the table, paid for his drink and left. *Well, Cassidy,* he thought, as he waited for a cruising cab, *there's your homecoming. There are seven months of yearning, of lying on your bunk and staring at the ceiling and remembering all the things you said, the things you might have said, and the things you wish you hadn't said. So what did you expect? Frankly, you didn't expect Jimmy Belmont, but there it is. Or did you, deep within your mind, know that it was Belmont who had really caused the trouble, and not the Air Force?*

Was it only seven months ago? It seemed like seven years. It was the seventh of February. He'd never forget the date. It was her birthday—her twenty-fifth birthday—and he hadn't forgotten. He never forgot such things. Birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas, Easter, Valentine's Day, were all momentous occasions to Sally. She made a big thing of them. Matt always marveled at her childlike enjoyment of a present—any present—as long as it was wrapped with fancy paper and plenty of ribbon. He could see her eyes shining now as she'd say, "Oh-h! You shouldn't have!" Then Matt would stand, grinning fatuously, as she tore into the package, and he'd wait for her cry of delight when the gift was laid bare.

It was that way until the seventh of February this year. He had come home with some perfume. In a burst of wild extravagance, he had bought her eight ounces of the stuff, and reflected, as he paid for it, that he'd have to forgo the weekly poker sessions for a while. But it would be worth it, he knew, to see the look on her face when she opened the package.

He parked in front of the little white house on a row of little white houses and got out of his car. The ubiquitous wind swirled around his ankles, picked up dust and moved it here and there. Matt held on to his cap and walked toward the house. He tried not to dwell on the fact that Sally had been raised in an immense home on Columbia Heights, where the nearest neighbors were half a block away. The place was built of fieldstone, and sat high above the city.

But this was all they could find at a rent they could afford, and even so, his quarters allowance didn't begin to cover it.

Matt pushed open his front door and yelled, "Sally!"

"In here," she said quietly.

Matt walked into the bedroom. She was stretched out on the bed, staring at the ceiling. "Hi, honey," he said. "You all right?"

"I'm all right."

He went to the bed and sat on the edge of it, bent over for a coming-home kiss. She dutifully turned her face toward his, but there was no response to his kiss. He felt her lips and that was all.

Matt frowned. "Darling, what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong."

"Then why lie in here?"

"I feel like it, Matt. I just feel like it."

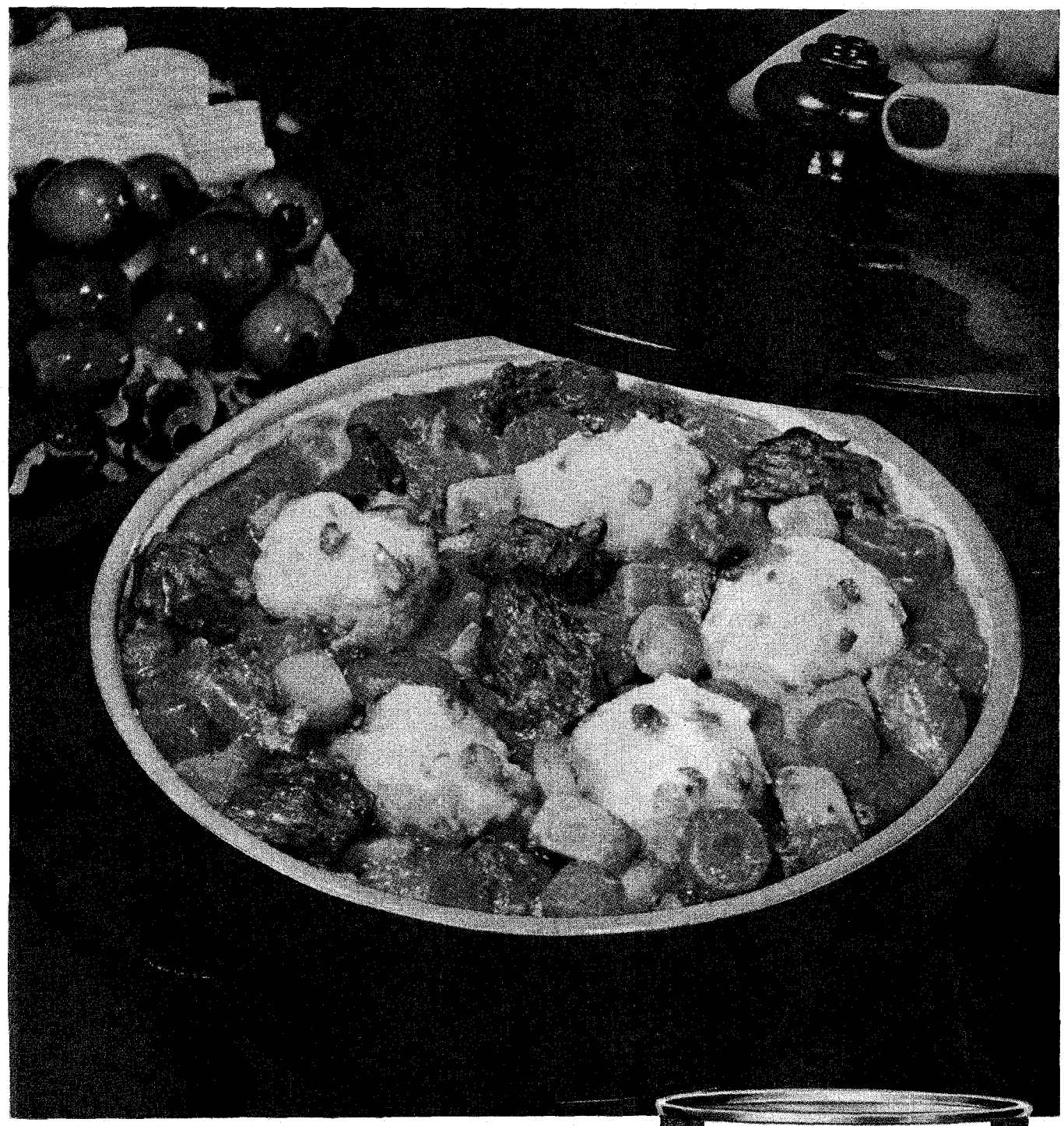
"I thought maybe you'd have played golf. It's Thursday—ladies' day."

"I didn't feel like playing golf. That infernal wind just never stops blowing, even for a second. It blows dust in your face, in your hair. Open your mouth and you taste it. It just isn't worth fighting."

Matt stood up. He tossed his cap on the dresser (Continued on Page 126)

Uncle Sam seems to be in the peculiar position of having more allies than friends.

DAVID O. FLYNN



New! Mushroom Dumplings on

Dinty Moore
BEEF STEW

Quick can opener-and-mix trick turns out impressive eating! The lean beef, firm white potatoes, tender carrots, rich gravy of Dinty Moore Beef Stew . . . get a luscious topper of Mushroom Dumplings: *Blend together* 1 cup biscuit mix, 1 tbsp. soft butter, ½ cup condensed canned mushroom soup (add ½ tsp. water if dough seems stiff). Drop on hot Dinty Moore Beef Stew. Cook over low heat *uncovered* 10 min., covered 10 min.

*EVEN BETTER NOW—in the new "picture" can!*
*1½ lb. family size.*
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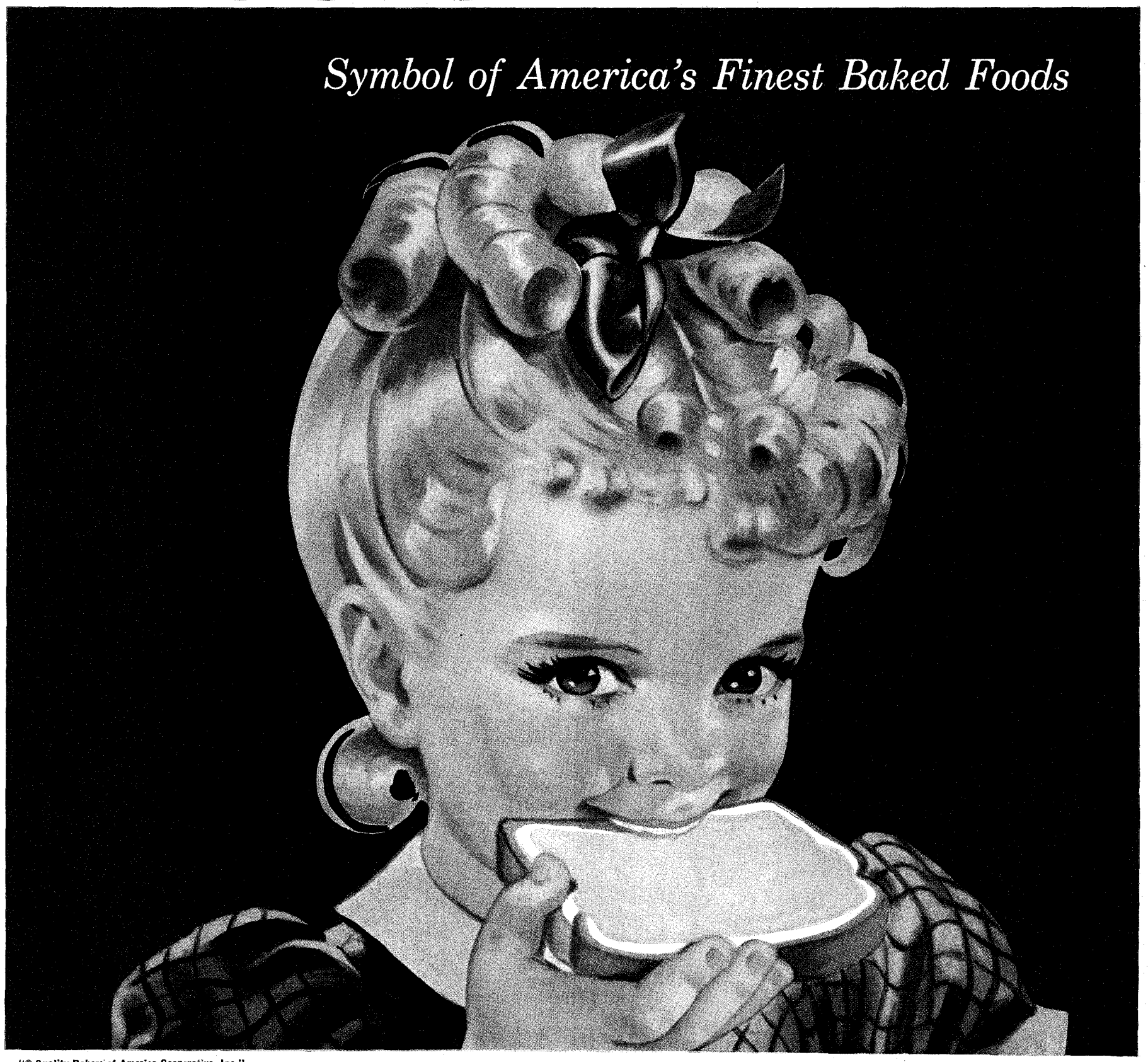

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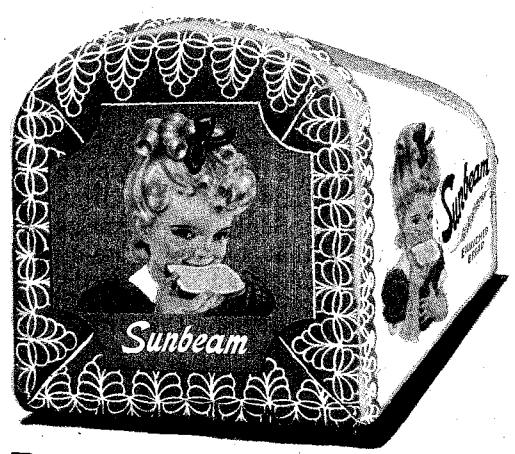
Miracle meals start with Sunbeam Bread. Serve it as part of a meal, or as a good companion to one. When you're shopping . . . look for Miss Sunbeam. To thousands of American families, she's as familiar and dear as the little girl next door.

Miss Sunbeam's picture on every loaf of Sunbeam Bread, every package of Sunbeam Rolls, is your best guarantee of freshness and quality. Look for her . . . when you plan your miracle meals, and take plenty of Sunbeam home to your family.




*Reach For* **Sunbeam** *Bread, Rolls and Buns*

FOR SPECTACULAR VALUES

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(*Continued from Page 124*) and got out of his blouse. "Yeah, I see what you mean." Then he smiled at her. "Well, how does it feel to be an old gal of twenty-five? It hardly shows, no kidding. Oh, a few deep wrinkles and things like that, but you aren't coming unglued all at once."

She managed a tight smile. "I look awful, Matt. I'll get up and take a shower. Maybe that'll help."

"Awful?" Matt said. "Sally, you look like a flat-out, cotton-pickin' sweetheart. You couldn't look awful if you had the measles."

She swung her feet around and sat on the edge of the bed. She ran her fingers through his hair. "Thank you, Matt, for those kind words. I needed them."

Matt went to the front room, got the perfume which he had left on the desk, carried it back into the bedroom, his hands behind him. "Which hand?"

She lifted her eyes, intrigued in spite of herself. She pointed with her arm straight out, like a little girl. "That one."

Matt brought the package around and handed it to her. She tore into it saying, "Now, what could this ——" Then it was open, and she saw the bottle of perfume. "Oh, Matt!"

"It's nothing," he said. "Anyone with impeccable taste, a flair for knowing what dames want, and unlimited funds, could do the same thing."

She bent her head and held the perfume in her lap, and then suddenly she started to cry. For a few moments Matt just stood there, waiting for her to get over it. Sometimes, when he did nice things for her, she cried a little, then laughed because she cried, and it was all right. But this time she didn't just shed a few tears. She started sobbing, then turned and stretched out, face down, on the bed. Her shoulders shook.

Matt picked up the perfume, put it on the dresser and then bent over her, his arm across her shoulders. It tore him apart when she sobbed like this. She had done this only once before. That was when Joe Ramirez had a flame-out on take-off. He was too low to eject. They brought Edith and Joe's two children over for Sally to take care of for a while. She had cried her heart out after she put the two children to bed.

Matt sat and rubbed her back. Finally she stopped, turned over and said, "Handkerchief." Matt gave her his.

"Sally ——" he began.

"I'm sorry, Matt. I'm all right. It was just—just everything. I love the perfume." She dabbed at her eyes. "Oh, I look a mess, and don't say I don't." She got off the bed and went into the bathroom.

Matt paced the floor until she came out. She had repaired the damage, wore fresh lipstick, had fixed her hair and used some eye drops. She sat down.

"I'm all right now, Matt. But I want to talk to you."

"O.K."

"Matt, I've had it. I can't stand it any more."

Matt frowned. "Can't stand what any more?"

"Everything. This house, jammed up against all the other houses. This wind, that never seems to stop. This feeling of having no identity, of not really knowing anyone, of never seeing an old friend, and inside me, constantly, like a lump of lead, is the fear and the waiting. When I say good-by to you I never know whether you'll stop out in front later on, or whether it'll be Phil, or Harry, or Buzz, with that same look that I saw when they came to see Edith Ramirez. And I'm not going to be chin-up and noble about it. I'm liable to be hysterical, and I don't care."

"Sally, I ——" Matt began.

"The hell with it all," she said. "With the Air Force and the flag waving and the proud TAC squadrons, and the wild blue yonder, and GCI, and stopping the Bison, and men dedicated to putting a finger in the dike."

"Somebody has to watch the store."

"Well, let somebody else do it for a while. You fought your war. You had your hundred missions up around the Yalu. You got your seven MIG's and a chestful of fruit salad long before you met me. Doesn't your wife mean anything to you?"

Matt frowned. "You know you do, Sally, without asking."

"Then why don't you do something about her?"

"Like what?"

"Like getting out. Like living a normal life—a go-to-work-at-nine-home-at-five sort of life. We might even raise a family, like other people."

"Sally, we could ——"

"Oh, no, we couldn't," Sally said. She mimicked a child's voice, "Where's daddy? Oh, your daddy just had a mid-air collision or he took off out over the Pacific, and Search and Rescue says ——"

"Sally, stop that!" Matt said.

"Oh, I told you I'd be feminine and maybe hysterical, and so what? It's real, isn't it? It can happen, can't it?"

"Not likely," Matt said quietly. "I'm an old pro, and I intend to get older."

"Oh, Matt, let's get out of this rat race. Let's live like people."

"All right," Matt said, "so what would you suggest that I do to make a living? Right now, as you know, I get over eight hundred bucks a month for driving an airplane. Know anyone who'd start me at that?"

"Dad says ——"

"We went all through that, Sally. Merely because your father shuffles vice presidents like playing cards doesn't mean ——"

"But he wants you, Matt," she cried. She stood up, went to the desk and picked out a letter. "I got this today. Right here he says, 'If Matt decides to leave the Air Force, I'd be happy and proud to have him in my organization.' See?"

"Doing what?" Matt said. "Licking stamps? What do I know about timber, and sawmills, and plywood manufacturing? I've been a fighter pilot since I was twenty-one years old, Sally. Before that I had three years of college. I'm a professional fighter pilot, and that's all I know. What is your father going to do—start a private air force? I'd be good at that, but I'd be excess baggage at anything else."

"All right, then. Leave dad out of it. You could find something that would pay you four hundred a month. And Jimmy Belmont told me I could write my column again. That'd be at least four hundred—maybe more. So ——"

"When did you hear from that character?"

"Several days ago. I've been thinking about it. He (*Continued on Page 128*)


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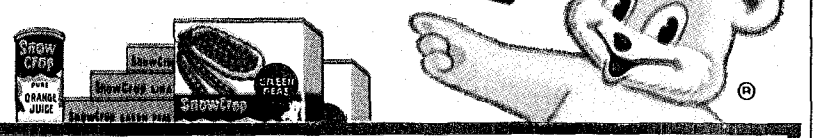

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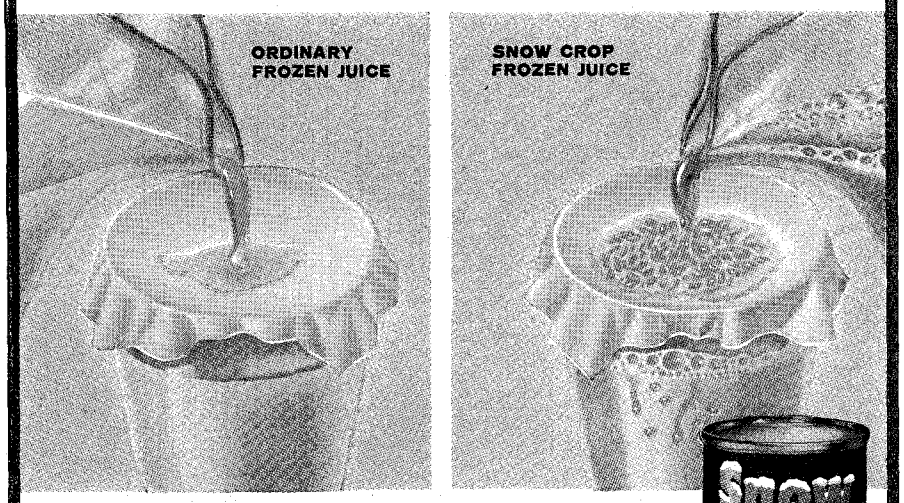


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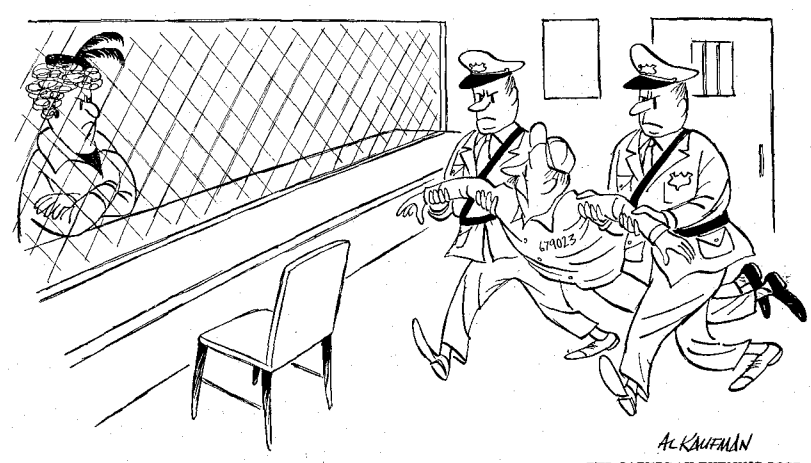


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(*Continued from Page 126*) always said I could write my column again, any time I wanted."

"Oh, I'll buy that, all right. You didn't, by any chance, suggest to that lightweight that you'd want your column back?"

"I merely wrote him a business letter, asking whether he'd consider it," Sally said. "Matt, he doesn't have anything to do with us. Not you and me. But it's a job, and it'd give us a chance to get out."

"I don't want to get out, and I'm not being noble either."

"Well, I do."

"Go ahead," Matt said. "The door isn't locked and never has been." He knew he shouldn't have said that, but Jimmy Belmont was not a name which brought out the best in Matt.

The quarrel lasted a long and bitter hour. Both of them said things which they did not mean, and which they wished they weren't saying at the time they said them. Finally, Sally went into the bedroom and slammed the door behind her. Matt didn't follow her. He sat down and smoked five cigarettes while he cooled off, but he still didn't go into that bedroom. He wanted to. He wanted to put his arms around his wife and give her some measure of comfort, but he knew that no matter what was said, what inducements were handed out to him, he would not leave the Air Force to work at some job about which he knew less than nothing. He knew in his heart that it would not work, that it had never in the past worked for anyone, and that even if his heart cracked, he would see Sally go rather than compromise with what he called his integrity.

He slept, that night, in the spare bedroom, and in the morning when he left the house, Sally had not yet appeared. He had breakfast on the base, flew an intercept mission on a B-52 which was attempting to clobber a nearby atomic project. Matt and his wingman clobbered the B-52 instead in a mock attack, and it was not until he was on the ground and having coffee that he thought about the quarrel. Flying did that for him, always. It wasn't a big thing. It was just that he loved to fly, was always intent on the business at hand. He supposed that this singleness of purpose and concentration was one of the reasons why he was old instead of bold.

As he sipped coffee, the night before seemed unreal to him. It was not a thing that had happened to him and to Sally. Maybe it was the wind, maybe it was bum cottage cheese that she had eaten for lunch, maybe it was the spots on the sun, or maybe it was being twenty-five. He'd take her a present—call it a second birthday gift or a "making-up" gift. It would be all right. She'd open the present, throw her arms around him, cry a little, and the nightmare would end.

His wingman, Eddie Schultz, said, "Man, I can hear the wheels turning. What gives?"

Matt grinned. "Trying to think of a present for Sally."

"Thought you gave her perfume."

"That was for her birthday. This is just because."

"Expensive, isn't it—being married?"

"Listen to junior," Matt said. "You get shook by every blonde you see, and it costs you a month's pay before you find out she's engaged to some happy civilian."

Eddie scratched his head. "You just aren't kidding, Matt. O.K., buy her a hat. Women love hats."

Matt peered over his coffee cup. "You know something, Eddie? I think I will buy her a hat."

He did, too, and he didn't even feel silly about it, even though it cost him thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. He had the lady wrap it in about nine yards of ribbon, carried it out, put it in his car and drove home.

He knew, the instant he was inside the house, that she was gone. The place had that uninhabited stillness, the absence of life, of any empty house. He put the hatbox on a chair and said tentatively, "Sally?" There was no answer. He wandered into the kitchen, back into the front room, then into their bedroom. The letter was propped up on the dresser. On the outside of the envelope, in Sally's strong, Dominican Convent script, she had written, "My darling."

Matt tore open the envelope and sat on the edge of the bed to read the letter. "Dearest," he read, "last night we reached what could charitably be called an impasse, I guess. I lay awake most of the night, trying to work out some solution, and came smack up against the fact, every time, that you cannot work out anything logically when your emotions are involved. I have lost my perspective and the ability to do anything except loathe everything about our setup. I know that I'm being feminine and unreasonable, but there doesn't seem to be much that I can do about it. My love for you is as strong as it ever was, maybe stronger, and that is why I am writing this letter. I wouldn't want our love to turn into damp ashes because of continued disagreement over such a prosaic thing as the way you are earning a living. So I'm going home for a while—to look at us through the other end of the telescope. I'm being cowardly to leave and not say good-by with a kiss, but if I did, I'd never have the strength to go ——"

It was a long letter, and she told him that the cleaner came on Monday, that there was a roast in the refrigerator, that she hoped he'd write to her regularly, that to tell people that the dust was bringing back some asthma or something. "Come see me when you can, Matt. I'll die of loneliness. And tell Sergeant Abbott to please, please, take good care of that airplane."

Matt reread the letter and then put it in his dresser drawer along with his clean shirts.

He wrote her three times a week, telling her the news, if any; telling her of his constant yearning and love. But he didn't ask her to return. That, he felt, would have to come from her, and each night when he went home, he wondered whether she'd be there. She never was. The Air Force got its money's worth out of Maj. Matthew J. Cassidy in the months that followed. He was on the base early in the morning, stayed late at night. He lost thirteen pounds, and then Pete Ramspeck chased him out of there.

> When a man and wife say they always see eye to eye, they are probably the same height.
>
> MARY ALKUS

Now, he saw the cruising cab coming up the street. He flagged it down. It took them twenty minutes to get to Willamette Heights Country Club, and he found that the clubhouse was closed to everyone except members and contestants. He gave his name to a frozen-faced man in a uniform and waited, more or less patiently.

Then, suddenly, she was at the door. Matt went inside, his heart doing Figure Eights, had just enough time to say, "Sally ——" when her arms were around his neck and she was clinging to him as if she had started down for the third time. She was laughing and crying, and when she kissed him, her lips were salty.

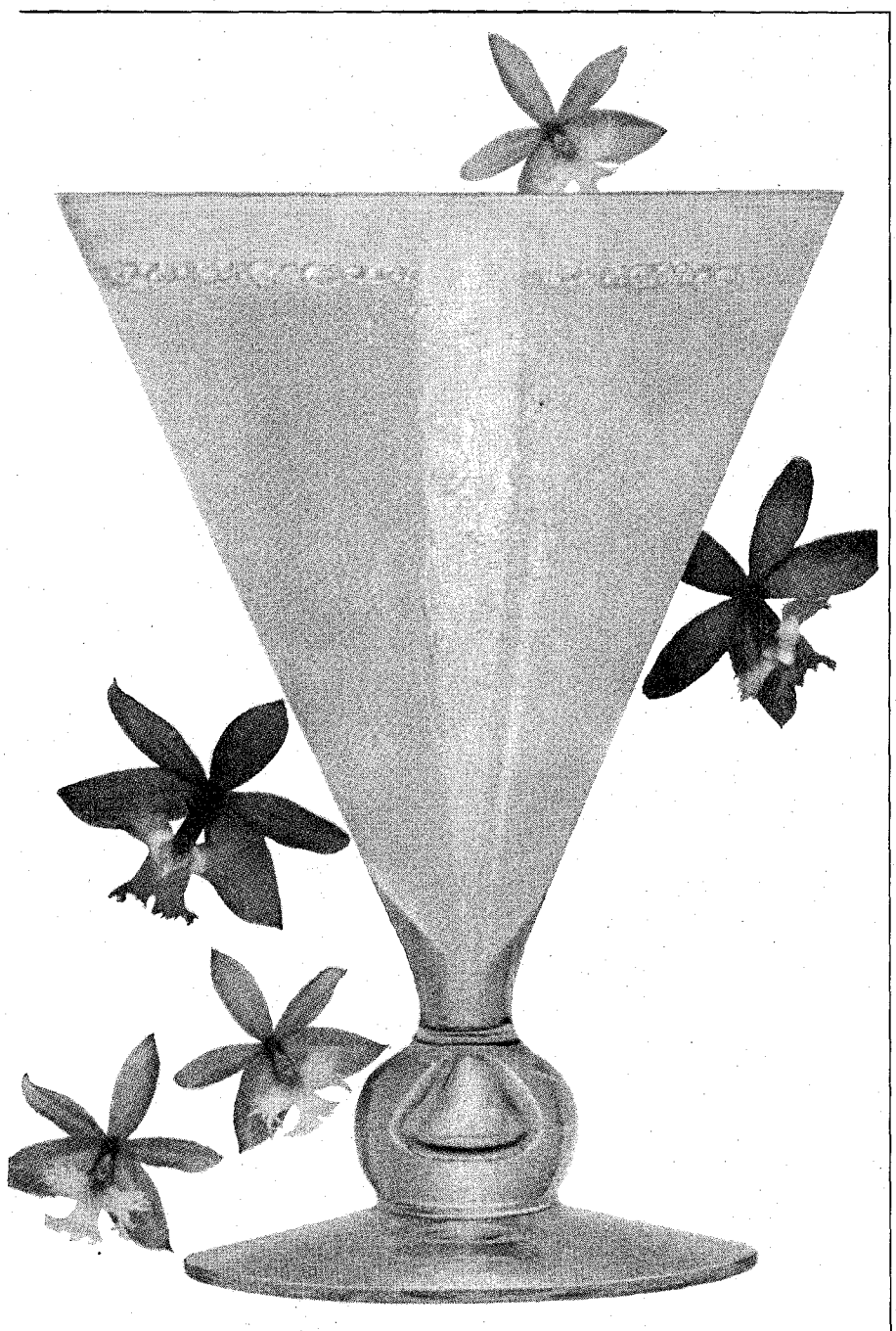
Finally, she let loose of him. "Oh, Matt, let me look at you. You're thinner. I know—you've been living on coffee, or something."

Matt shook his head, and saw that she was doing her hair differently. She had been out in the sun a great deal, and there were fascinating streaks all through her hair. Her skin was gently but thoroughly tanned, and she was wearing a gay, off-the-shoulder cotton. She made the other women in the clubhouse look burned and rumpled.

"I've just been working hard, Sally."

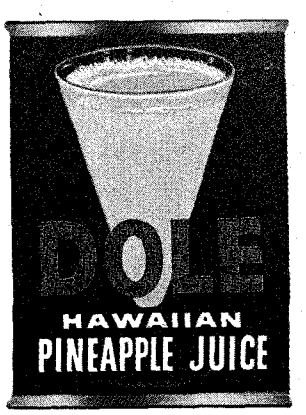
Then behind Sally appeared Jimmy Belmont, who was wearing his Ivy League uniform. Gray flannels, soft shirt, striped tie, cashmere jacket. Jimmy was a dark, handsome, gray-eyed man of thirty-one, with the self-assurance that several million inherited dollars could give.

"Well, Matt!" he said, cordially enough. "Nice to (*Continued on Page 130*)



refreshing, delicious

Morning noon and night

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(*Continued from Page 128*) see you. How is the wild blue yonder?"

"It's all right, I guess."

"You fellows are doing a great job, Matt—a great job."

"We are?"

"Absolutely first rate. I don't know what keeps you at it. Matt, I know you won't mind if Sally circulates a bit for a while. She has to dig up some stuff for Monday's column, and the tournament ended today. This is her last chance for spadework."

"That's all right," Matt said.

"I won't be too long, Matt," Sally said. "You understand?"

"Sure."

Jimmy patted Sally on the shoulder. "She's doing a great job, Matt—absolutely first rate. We even have a syndicate looking at her column."

"Fine," Matt said. "Great."

"The bar's right through there," Jimmy said, pointing. "They won't take money. Just sign for what you want."

He then led Sally away. *It would seem, Cassidy,* Matt told himself, *that the Cassidy family is doing a great job—absolutely first rate.* Matt failed to derive much comfort from Jimmy's profound observation. *In addition, if a syndicate is looking at her column, it would seem to indicate that she is going to continue writing it, and is not planning any exodus back to what Jimmy Belmont calls "the wila blue yonder." Well, Cassidy, I guess that about does it.* They could not go on forever, living two lives. Sally would not share his, and he certainly had no intention of tagging along after her. And how much did Jimmy Belmont have to do with all this? Matt did not choose to dwell on that, knowing that a slow burn could easily develop into an explosion which would get him nothing except tossed out of the clubhouse on his ear.

He went into the bar, found a spot in the corner and brooded over a drink, meanwhile half listening to a few voices which rose above the constant buzzing of the crowd.

The brittle yakety-yak went on around him about the two iron that Kay Kimberley hit on twelve, and, "Darling, what a beautiful dress," and, "Well, I just told David, the poor boy, that before he bought that car he'd better remember that I haven't been off the porch for months," and "I don't see how a girl can belt that ball the way she does," and then a high voice saying, "Because she's already married, darling, that's why. . . . Oh, to some jet pilot. . . . I don't know, I've never seen him. . . . I don't know, maybe she feels sorry for him, or something, but it's just a matter of time. . . . Uh-huh—imagine latching onto all that nice Belmont loot. . . . Certainly we'll eat, if Fred ever gets out of that locker room; I think he's playing cards down there."

Matt very quietly and carefully put his glass on the bar, then stood quite still, because the slow burn was coming, and if he stood still and let it burn slowly, maybe nothing would happen. Then the burn went away, and in its place came a deep melancholy out of the realization that Sally was already lost to him. He had known it, of course, all the time. The woman's voice had only put into words what he knew was true—that Sally was never coming back, that when she had left, it was only to get a new perspective, a look out of the other end of the telescope, as she said. But seven months was a long look.

He knew what had happened. When she got back home and was settled down in her parents' big place, their own, by the air base, must have seemed like a shack. Her girlhood friends were here, including the omnipresent Jimmy Belmont, and she obviously enjoyed her newspaper work. But beyond that was probably the release from the tension of waiting for Matt to come home each night—wondering whether he'd come at all. Love, Matt realized, could not transcend all things. It was perfectly possible to be in love with someone, and yet never see him again. And it was also possible, Matt morosely surmised, to marry someone because of convenience, propinquity or the fact that he had several million dollars.

Then she was suddenly beside him. "Matt, I'm sorry about leaving you alone, but ——"

"That's all right," Matt said. "Got time for a drink?"

She shook her head. "I'm trying to find Kay Kimberley. I want to get an interview. She won, you know."

"No, I didn't know." *Or care,* Matt thought.

"Guess what happened? Jimmy just gave me a fifty-dollar raise."

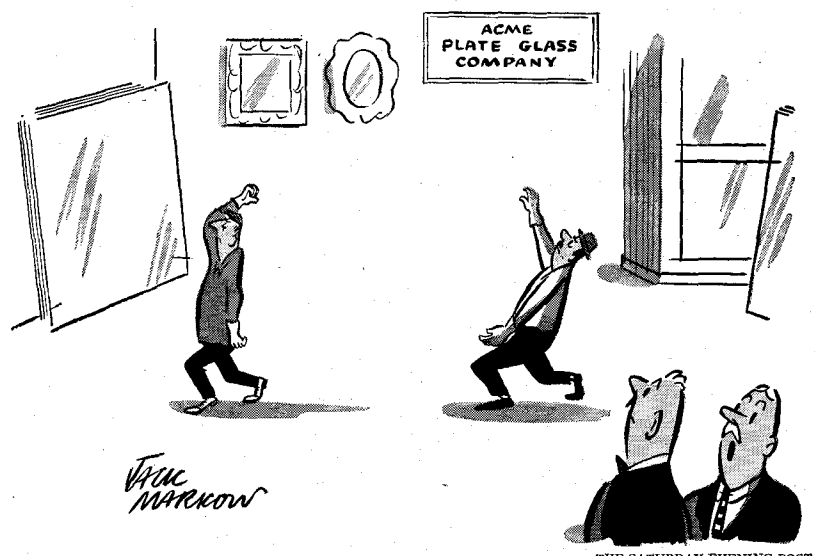
"I guess he can afford it."

"He wants me to go to San Francisco the first of the week to a conference of American newspaperwomen."

"I see."

"Remember San Francisco, Matt?"

"Yeah, I remember." *Try forgetting, Cassidy. Just try forgetting. You were stationed at March Field, and you and Sally had a glorious, singing, three-day honeymoon* (*Continued on Page 132*)




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Keep an eye on Hadley and Brown,
I don't think they're carrying anything."

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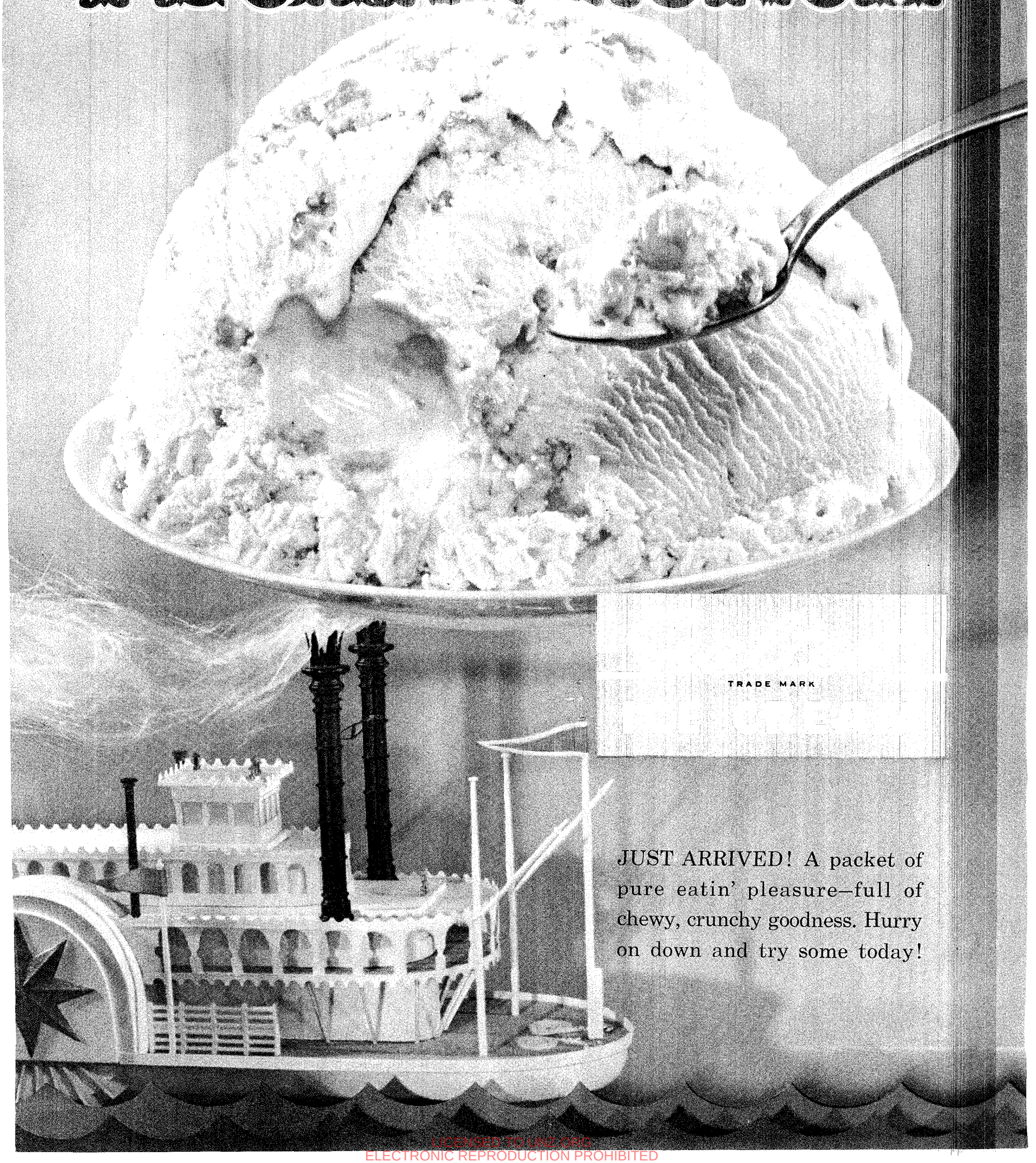
# PECAN CRUNCH



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JUST ARRIVED! A packet of pure eatin' pleasure—full of chewy, crunchy goodness. Hurry on down and try some today!

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(*Continued from Page 130*) *in San Francisco. Remember San Francisco? Well, now* ——

"I suppose I ought to go," Sally said.

"I suppose so," Matt said. "It's part of your job."

"Yes, part of my job." She looked at Matt for a few moments, waiting and chewing at her lower lip, and then said, "Speaking of my job, I guess I'd better get with it."

"Look, Sally," Matt said. "I think I'll run along. This clambake will go on forever. You going home after? I could call you."

"Do that," Sally said. "Call me." She walked away.

Matt walked out into the soft summer evening, sick inside, wanting to be alone and lick his invisible wounds. It was obvious to him why Jimmy Belmont had given her the fifty-dollar raise, and why he wanted her to go to San Francisco. It was merely a matter of tactics, which Matt could understand. But Sally had said, "I suppose I ought to go." That was telling him that his ten-day leave didn't mean a thing, and that she didn't intend to come back. *You're a knucklehead, Cassidy. You expected to show up, have Sally throw her arms around you and say, "Take me back, Matt. Take me back." Dream on, Cassidy.*

He heard a voice behind him say, "Captain Cassidy."

Matt turned around. A Chinese, carrying a press-type camera, a gadget bag slung over his shoulder, came toward him. "Hi. It's Major Cassidy now."

"It figures. I guess you don't remember me. I'm Harry Lee. I took your picture beside a Sabrejet over in Korea when you landed after your fifth victory."

"No kidding!"

"No kidding. I was an Air Force photographer then. I'm on the Tribune now—evening paper. What are you doing around here?" Then Harry Lee snapped his fingers. "Sally Cassidy, on the Morning Willamette. Any relation?"

"She's my wife."

Harry Lee blinked at him and looked out over the river. "I see. I didn't know she was married. She did a swell series for her paper. Called it 'Air-Force Wife.' All about the wives of the guys out at the Air Force base. She even chiseled a ride in a jet to get the feel of things."

> Time flies, all right, but during working hours it often seems to be bucking head winds.
>
> LUKE NEELY

"She what?" Matt yelped.

"Had this guy take her up in a T-Thirty-three. Said she expected to get the hell scared out of her, but after she got in the air she loved it. Now I hear she's taking flying lessons."

Matt stared at the man, speechless.

"That series was a dilly. I still remember the way she ended it. Let's see if I can quote it." Harry Lee frowned and looked at the sky for a few moments, and then said, "'The fear is always there, deep within them, but above and beyond that is the knowledge that their men are not like other men, and so they are proud. No one says anything about heroics or dedication or sacrifice. They have a phrase which is the supreme understatement. They say, "Somebody has to watch the store."'"

"You sure she said that?"

"Yeah. I remember, because I felt a little guilty—being a civilian, I mean."

A great weight lifted off Matt's shoulders. The lump of lead in his stomach dissolved. "Thanks, Harry—thanks a million. Someday I'll buy you nine dollars' worth of drinks. Right now ——" He turned and went to the clubhouse. It didn't take him long to find Sally. She was standing with a group which included Jimmy Belmont.

Matt took hold of her arm gently enough, and said, "All through with your work?"

"Why, I suppose so, Matt. I thought ——"

"Let's go," Matt said. He led her out of the clubhouse and waved to a cab.

"I'm not some airman, third class, you know. You can't pull rank on me."

"Never mind," Matt said. They got into the cab and took off.

"Matt, will you please explain what ——"

"Later," Matt said.

Sally sulked in one corner of the cab until they were in Matt's hotel room. Then he went to his closet and brought out the hatbox. He handed it to her. "Here," he said; "I bought this the day you left. You'll need it in San Francisco."

She hadn't changed. She was still intrigued by a present. She tore the box open and took out the hat, looked at it for a few moments, couldn't resist trying it on, looked at herself in the mirror and then started bawling her head off.

"Hey!" Matt said. "It isn't that bad."

Sally continued with the waterworks. Matt handed her his handkerchief and sweated it out. Presently Sally threw her arms around him. "Oh, Matt, it's a lovely hat."

"It's so lovely you're bawling?"

"I always bawl! And I have more reason to bawl than ever. You, standing around stiff-necked, so jealous of Jimmy Belmont that you nearly turned green. So proud and ——"

"Some dame was sounding off," Matt said, "about you and Jimmy, so ——"

"Oh, so now you're an old woman, listening to gossip. Well, let me tell you something, Matt Cassidy. Jimmy is my boss, and nothing but my boss, and if you, with your narrow little mind, thought anything else, then ——"

She went on and on. It was a glorious dressing down. Clinically, Matt had to admit that he had never heard better, even from Colonel Ramspeck.

"And what's the idea of saying that you suppose I'd better go to San Francisco?"

"I thought ——" Matt began.

"You thought! When did you start to think? Did you ever, in the entire seven months, ask me to come back? Did you at any time today even hint? I'm a woman, you big baboon, and a woman wants to be wanted. I was ready to come back a month after I left. All I had was a little case of nerves, and I realized that I was proud of you and your job, but a woman wants to be asked. And when she knows she's been foolish, she's not going to admit it until her man tells her she hasn't been foolish."

Matt frowned, tried to follow the logic, and then gave up. "Look, darling, I don't dig that feminine double talk. All I know is that I love you like crazy, I want us to go to San Francisco together, and then I want you to come home."

"Well," she said judiciously, "that's a little better, for a start. But you'll have to do much better in San Francisco. And then, of course, I'll go home with you, darling. After all, somebody has to watch the store." THE END


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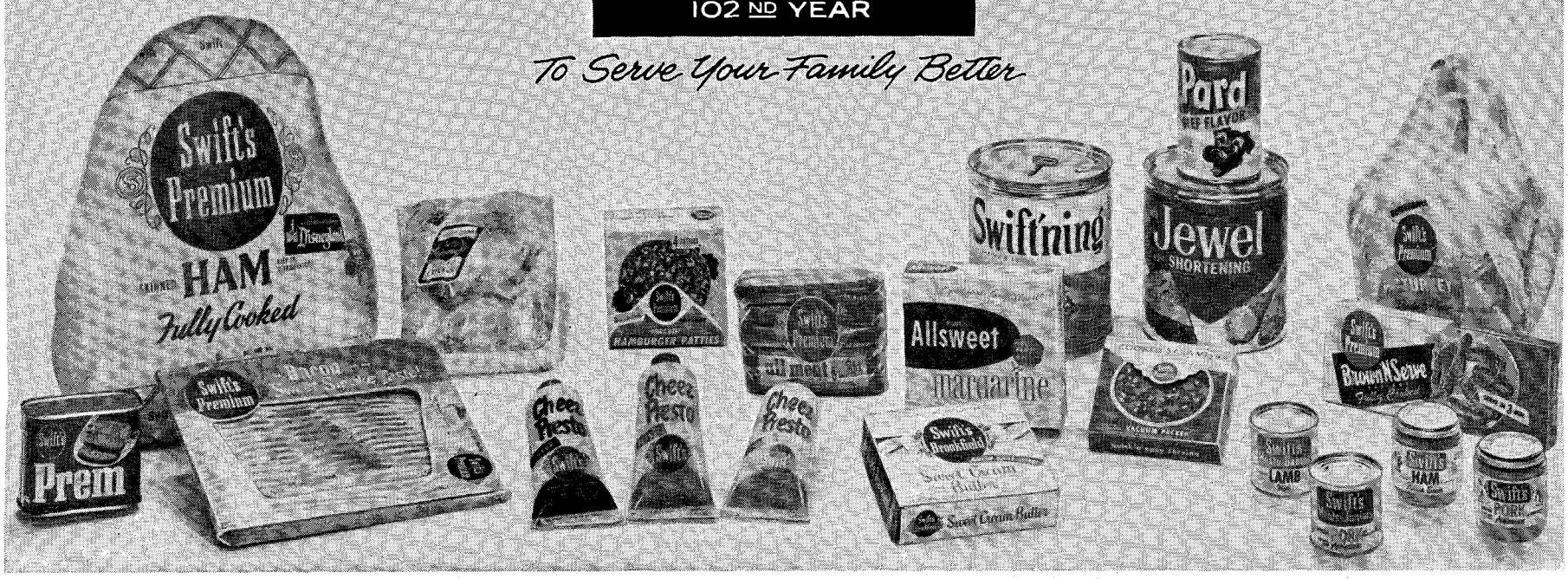


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# The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 59)

"I did the only thing that could be done. The blood that outlined the print of Stephanie's shoe had dried. At first I thought of trying to scrub it up, but I was afraid there would still be traces they could find and I was afraid of being caught in there with the murdered man. I knew I had to work fast. I put my own foot in the puddle of blood and pressed down enough to get blood all over the sole of my shoe, and particularly on my heel. The blood was thick and sticky by that time. I pressed my own bloodstained shoe directly over the print that had been made.

"I decided to take the heat off Stephanie in every way I could. I left several clues that would point to me. I wanted to be a red herring. Then I left the state, intending to keep out of the way of the police here, so they couldn't question me. However, after this other matter came up, Junior was destroying your work. I felt I had to see him personally and tell him to sit tight. I thought I had eluded the detectives who were shadowing me in Las Vegas. Evidently, I played right into their hands. They waited until my chartered plane landed, and then they picked me up and brought me here for questioning. I refused to make any statement until you were present, and that's the story to date."

"All right," Mason said, "let's go back and face the situation. You follow my lead. I'll do most of the talking. Don't tell them anything unless I give you an O.K. You're going to have to take the newspaper publicity. That's the weapon they're holding over you to make you talk. Under the circumstances, you can't avoid it. Come on. Let's go."

Mason opened the closet door, turned out the light, led the way across the secretarial office and back to Hamilton Burger's office.

"Well?" Hamilton Burger asked.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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By Lee Golden

Her great invisible wings
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Flatly on her head
With militant precision.
Her doleful face reveals
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With herself;
And a concentrated obliviousness
To the revealing slip-slap
Of cold clay feet,
As she marches up
The golden stairs.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"What do you want to know?" Mason asked.

Burger said, "Mason, I'm calling your attention to a photograph. You've seen a reproduction of this photograph in the press. I want you to study a glossy print of the original photograph. You can see some things on there you can't see in the newspaper reproduction."

Burger handed Mason the glossy eight-by-ten print showing the pool of blood on the floor and, quite plainly, the print of a foot.

"Go ahead," Mason said. "What do you want to know?"

"Now this information," Burger said, "we would like to have come from your client rather than from you, Mr. Mason. . . . We want to know if that is the print of your shoe, Garvin?"

Garvin looked at Mason. Mason smiled and shook his head.

"Now wait a minute," Hamilton Burger said, his face coloring. "We're in this thing in good faith. Garvin at least intimated that he would tell us his story straight from the shoulder if we gave him an opportunity to get in touch with his attorney. Either you folks talk or you don't talk!"

"And suppose we don't talk?" Mason asked.

"Then you'd both be sorry." Burger turned to Garvin. "I'm going to ask you, Garvin, if you went to a shoeshop at Nine-eighteen Mowbray Street and had a pair of rubber heels put on a pair of new shoes about three weeks ago?"

"Answer that," Mason said.

"I did," Garvin admitted.

"I'm going to show you a pair of shoes and ask you if those are the shoes on which you had those rubber heels installed?"

Burger opened a drawer in his desk, took out a pair of shoes and handed them to Garvin.

"Where did you get those?" Garvin asked with some surprise.

"Never mind," Burger said. "Are those yours?"

Garvin looked them over. There were several peculiar bluish stains on the sole of one of the shoes.

"Yes," he said.

"For your information," Burger went on, "those shoes have been given a benzidine test for blood. Those purplish stains you see are where there was a reaction indicating the presence of blood on that left shoe. Now, in view of that, do you want to make any statement as to how that blood got on that shoe?"

"I don't think I care to make any statement on that at this time," Garvin said.

"All right," Hamilton Burger said with ponderous patience, "I'm now going to show you a colored photograph," and handed it to Mason.

"Look that over carefully, Mason," he said. "Tell me what you see."

Mason said, "I see a footprint."

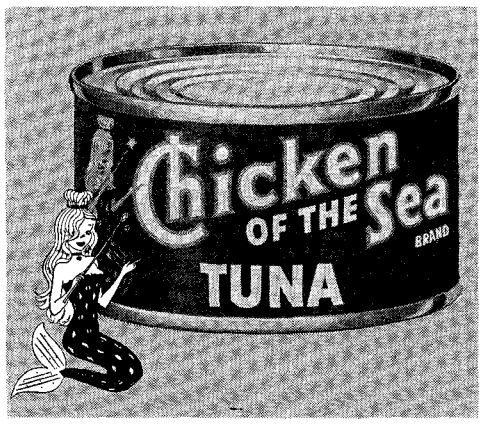
"Look it over carefully."

Mason studied the photograph.

Hamilton Burger said, "If you study that photograph carefully, you will see something quite plainly which you could only barely detect on the black-and-white photograph, but which nevertheless is shown here. It's another footprint—the print of a woman's shoe directly under the print of Homer Garvin's shoe. You can see the imprint of the heel plate on the very tip of the heel. . . . Now then, Garvin, I'm asking you if you didn't go out to George Casselman's apartment after he had been killed, knowing he had been killed, for the purpose of leaving evidence there that would confuse the issues. I am asking if you didn't deliberately step in the puddle of blood and then place your own footprint over this woman's footprint with the deliberate intention of obliterating and concealing that footprint."

"Just a moment," Mason said. "As I understand it, that would be a crime."

"Permit me to congratulate you upon your knowledge of the law," Burger said sarcastically.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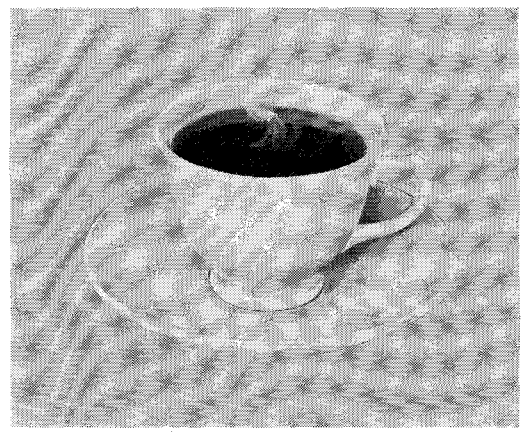

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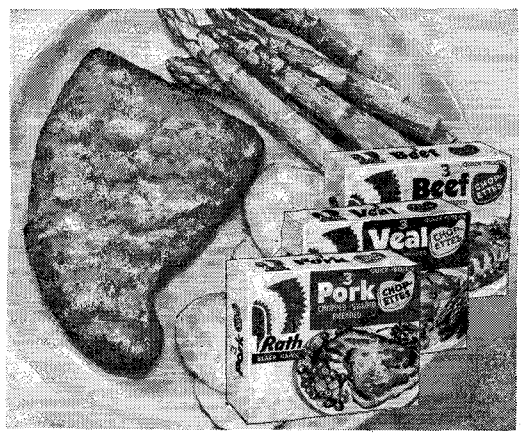


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"Under those circumstances, I advise my client to refuse to answer the question," Mason said.

Burger took a deep breath. "Garvin, I am going to show you a fingerprint which was recovered from the knob of the back door. I may further state that someone had quite evidently wiped the knob of that back door clean of fingerprints. There was only one fingerprint on it, and that was a very plain, legible fingerprint of the ball of a thumb which had quite evidently been deliberately placed in the exact center of the knob after the surface had been wiped clean of any other fingerprints. That thumbprint is yours, Garvin. There can be no mistake about it. I am going to ask you the circumstances under which you made that print on the doorknob."

"Just a minute," Mason said. "If your contention is correct, and if Garvin was the one who wiped off the doorknob and then left his fingerprint on it, he would be guilty of a crime?"

"He would be guilty of a crime," Hamilton Burger said.

"Then I advise him not to answer," Mason said.

Hamilton Burger turned to Mason. "You yourself made an elaborate switch so you could juggle the murder weapons around in this case, Mason. I'm going to give you one chance to come clean. I want you to tell how that murder weapon came into your possession."

"And if I tell you the truth, you won't prosecute me?"

Hamilton Burger thought that over and looked at Mason with suppressed hatred in his eyes. "I'm trying to be fair about this thing, Mason. I'm not going to come out and make a lot of specific promises, but what you say now will greatly affect the attitude of the district attorney's office."

Mason said, "I went out to Homer Garvin, Junior's, place. I asked him if he had a gun. He gave me a gun. I discharged the gun so that the bullet plowed a furrow in Garvin's desk. I took Garvin, Junior, to Stephanie Falkner's apartment. He gave her the gun. Now I've told you the truth. What are you going to do?"

"I know that you switched guns out there, and that because of that switch young Garvin acted as your cat's-paw and took the murder weapon up to Stephanie Falkner."

Mason turned to his client. "There you are, Homer," he said. "That's a pretty good indication of what his promises are worth. If you tell him something that doesn't conform to his cockeyed theory of the case, he says it can't be the truth. He'll only believe the things he wants to hear."

Burger pushed back his chair, started to get to his feet, thought better of it, settled back again in the chair.

Tragg said, "May I ask a question, Mr. District Attorney?"

"Sure, go ahead. Ask all you want," Burger said.

Tragg said, "Mason, do I have your personal assurance, man to man, that you did not substitute any gun out there at young Garvin's place?"

"You have that assurance," Mason told him.

Tragg turned back to Hamilton Burger. "I tell you, Burger, there's something about this whole thing that is a lot deeper than we think at the present time. I personally can't conceive of any reason why Mason would have substituted weapons. I personally want to carry on this investigation on the theory that a weapon wasn't substituted, and that the gun Garvin, Junior, took out of his desk was the murder weapon."

"It couldn't have been," Hamilton Burger said flatly.

Lieutenant Tragg snapped, "Don't be silly!" then corrected himself quickly. "There are certain things about this case which don't fit together. Mason would have had no possible incentive for ——"

"That'll do!" Burger snapped. "Watch yourself, lieutenant. We're here to get information, not to give it. And I prefer to carry on our own arguments in privacy, not where Mr. Perry Mason can drink everything in with the idea that he can capitalize on the things we don't know."

Mason arose. "I take it, then, the interview is at an end?" he said. "My client has refused to answer any more questions. I have answered your questions fully and frankly. I have given you every bit of information I could without violating my professional duty to safeguard the confidences of a client."

Hamilton Burger jerked a contemptuous thumb. "There's the door," he said.

"How about Garvin?"

Burger jerked his thumb upward. "Your client," he said, "is going to spend quite a little time in a hotel at the expense of the taxpayers."

"Gentlemen," Mason said, "I wish you a very good evening. . . . Garvin, my instructions to you are to make no statement of any sort."

Hamilton Burger picked up the telephone and said to someone at the other end of the line, "O.K.; send in the newspaper reporters."

Mason took the elevator down to the curb and then caught a cab back to his office.

Della Street, waiting apprehensively, said, "How did it go, chief?"

Mason shook his head. "There's something in this case I don't understand as yet."

"How about the police?"

"There's a lot in the case they don't understand."

"And what about Homer Garvin?"

"Garvin," Mason said, "is going to be charged with being an accessory after the fact, and I'm afraid they've got the goods on him."

"And what else?"

"And Stephanie Falkner is being charged with murder—first-degree murder."

"And you?"

Mason grinned. "Garvin and I are being put on ice. The D. A. will get his murder firmly established and then he'll claim we're accessories."

"And how are you going to combat a situation of that sort?"

Mason said, "We're going to have to trust to a faith in human nature, a lot of mental agility and considerable ingenuity. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, the district attorney will have the grand jury indict Stephanie Falkner for the murder of George Casselman by noon tomorrow. He'll then hold Homer Garvin, Senior, as an accessory, and probably won't make any serious objection to letting him out on bail. He'll hold that charge over him as a club, hoping that sooner or later the pressure will build up to such an extent that Garvin will cave in and help him."

"And in the meantime?" Della asked.

Mason grinned. "In the meantime, Della, we have those steaks and the baked potatoes. It may be the last good meal we'll thoroughly enjoy together."

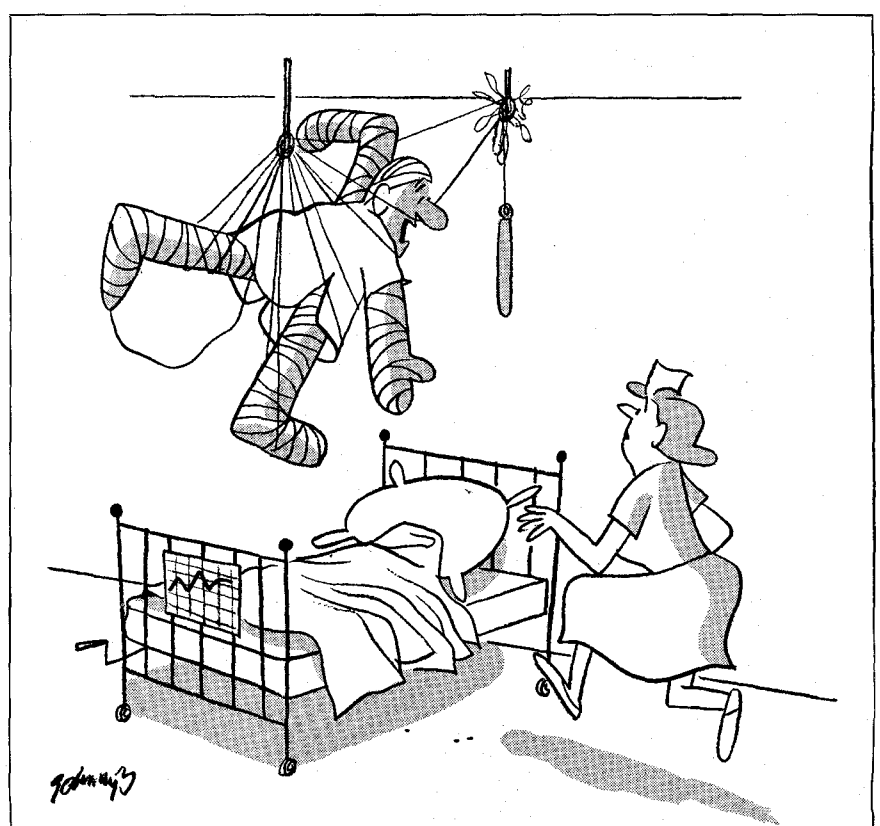
"You mean they'll arrest you?" she asked.

"I doubt it," Mason said, "but somehow I have a feeling this may be the last meal we'll really enjoy for quite some time. Let's go!"

Paul Drake slid into his favorite position, sitting crosswise in the big, overstuffed leather chair, the small of his back propped against one big, rounded arm, his knees propped over the other, the legs dangling.

"Well, you've got a bear by the tail in one hand, and a tiger by the tail in the other, Perry," he said. "Homer Garvin, Senior, was indicted for being an accessory in the murder of George Casselman. His bail was set at a hundred thousand dollars. He made bail almost immediately and will be out within an hour or two. Stephanie Falkner is held for first-degree murder without bail. The grand jury indicted her about an hour ago. There's an open trial date on the calendar and the district attorney is yelling for an immediate trial, pointing out that defense attorneys are always trying for delay, delay, delay, and he's making a great grandstand in the press."

"What have you found out about Dawn Joyce?" Mason asked.



"I sneezed."

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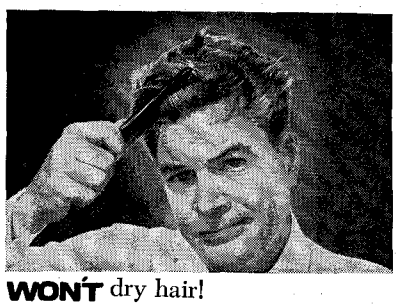

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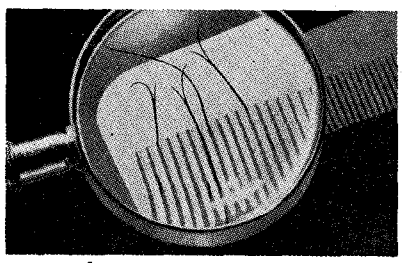

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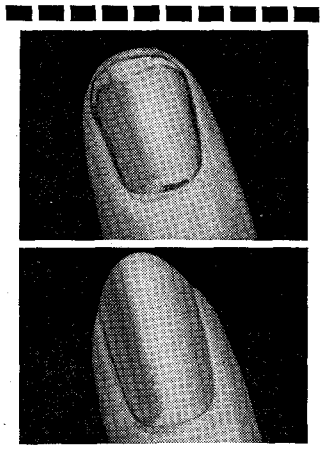

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FOR SPECTACULAR VALUES


"It's a little difficult to get a line on a girl like that," Drake said, "particularly after she's just married someone of family and means. You know how it is with any show girl or model. The fact that a girl is photographed in bathing suits or does kicks in front of an audience causes lots of people to get funny ideas. Over in Las Vegas you can pick up gossip on Dawn Joyce. She lived in an apartment by herself. She worked part of the time as a show girl in a chorus. She worked part of the time as scenery, one of the girls who puts on a tight-fitting bathing suit and drapes herself around the pools in the various hotels. Then she'd act as a shill on the side, dolling herself out in low-cut, strapless dresses, circulating around the gambling tables, being easy to get acquainted with, and helping the suckers who wanted to gamble to make a little bigger bets and stay with the wheel a little longer than would otherwise be the case."

"Commission?" Mason asked.

"Apparently not," Drake said. "She was on a salary, and all this was part of the job. Now, she knew this fellow Casselman. There's no doubt about that. She went out with him on several occasions as a private date. She seemed to like him or else they had some kind of a business deal hooked up. No one knows. Casselman was a blackmailer, but I can't prove that on him. No one knows just how he lived. He was a sharpshooter. He hung around the Strip in Las Vegas, and he managed to make a pretty good living doing nothing. He made it in cash. He didn't use bank accounts and he didn't make income-tax returns. He just drifted along on a hand-to-mouth basis. He had about fifteen hundred dollars in his wallet when he was shot. As far as anybody can tell, that's every cent he had in the world, and yet you know damn well it wasn't. He's got money stashed away somewhere, either in a safe-deposit box under another name or buried or hidden somewhere. In any event, he could have gone and put his hand on cash when he needed it. There were times when he paid out as much as ten or fifteen thousand dollars for options on property for a quick deal, and he's produced the cash every time, a nice assortment of hundred-dollar bills."

"And the income-tax people have never looked him up?" Mason asked.

"Never made a pass at him, as far as I can find out. The guy was a smooth operator. He kept in the background, and he had never made the mistake of making that first income-tax return. As far as the records were concerned, no one knew he was alive. There's plenty of tie-in between Dawn Joyce, who is now Homer Garvin, Junior's, wife, and George Casselman, who is now a corpse. For some reason, Mrs. Garvin, Junior, nee Dawn Joyce, would like very, very much indeed to have the entire matter hushed up. Whatever her connections with Casselman and his Nevada activities were, she doesn't care about having them aired in the daily press, particularly in view of the fact that she'd like to be received into the upper crust as the wife of Junior Garvin."

"How does he rate?" Mason asked.

"That depends on the class of person you ask. He's a plunger and wild. But he may steady down, and his old man is well thought of, although the old man never goes in for any of the social stuff. The kid went into this used-car dealing and, believe me, he works it fast. He believes in quantity turnover and he'll take small profits if he can't make big profits. But he wants turnover and he gets turnover. He has evidently made quite a bit of money out of the car business, and he's plunging in real estate, taking options on various bits of property, and there again he makes quick turnovers. He managed to find out where some property was going to be condemned by the state. No one knows exactly how he found it out, but he showed up with a string of options, and naturally the state was anxious to do business with one man who had control of a big percentage of the property, and who was willing to make a fast buck and let it go at that."

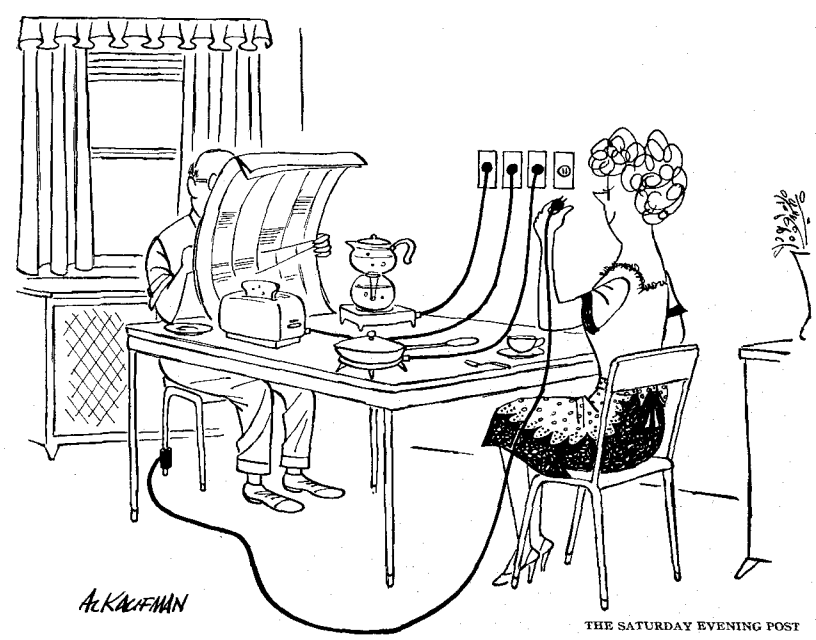
"What did you find out about the Acme Electrical and Plumbing Repair Company?"

"Both the Acme outfit and the Eureka Associated Renovators received mail at Thirteen-ninety-seven Chatham Street, a rooming house. Some man rented a room there and received all the mail. He seldom slept there, but kept his rent paid and dropped in from time to time."

"Description?" Mason asked.

"General," Drake said. "Fits almost anyone. Because he kept the rent paid in advance, no one paid much attention to him. I can give you one tip on this murder trial, Perry. Hamilton Burger is going to leave Dawn Joyce out of it just as much as he can. His idea is that you made a switch in murder weapons, and he thinks he can prove it. He thinks he's got the goods on Stephanie Falkner.

"Of course, you can try to bring in the idea that Dawn Joyce could have been the killer by introducing evidence about that gun, but the minute you do that, Burger is (*Continued on Page 138*)

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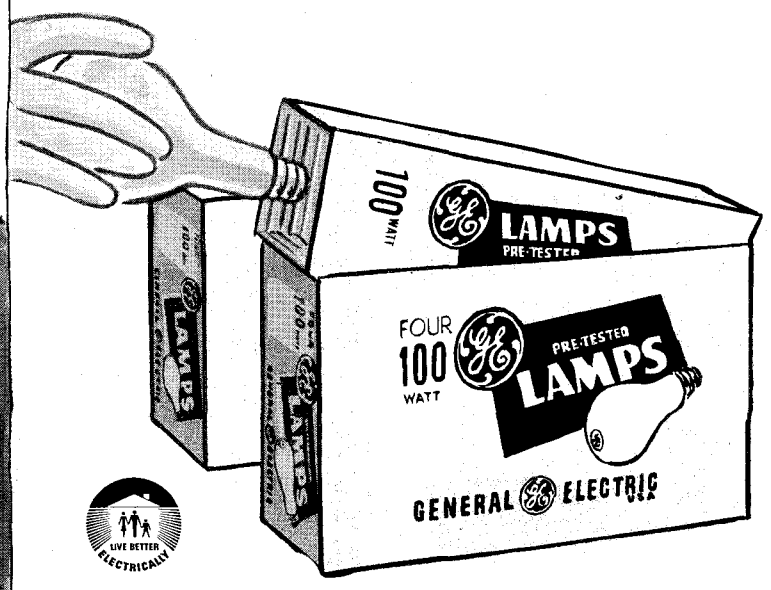


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one good-tasting Lavoris rinse

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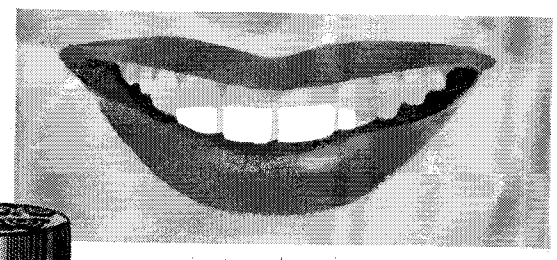

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Lavoris Clean!

*That important deep-down cleansing* of mouth and throat is yours only with Lavoris mouthwash. The unique coagulant action of Lavoris completely removes germ-laden film and food particles. And Lavoris tastes so good your whole family will want to use it.

EXTRA TIPS ON FAMILY MOUTH CARE

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**DENTURES**—Regular use of Lavoris helps keep mouth tissues clean and comfortable . . . the breath pure and fresh.

LAVORIS®

the **SPARKLING RED** mouthwash that tastes good . . . does good!

FOR SPECTACULAR VALUES

(*Continued from Page 136*) going to go all out with the contention that you went down there with the murder gun, that you pulled a fake accident in order to divert attention, and switched guns simply to drag in Dawn Joyce as a red herring."

"Well," Mason said, "I guess we'll give him all the chance he wants to make that claim. He can't prove I switched guns."

"Apparently he can't prove it," Drake said, "and that's burning him up. He can surmise and that's about all. . . . You're representing Stephanie Falkner?"

"I'm going to represent her."

"Look, Perry, just off the record, what does she say? What happened?"

"There," Mason said, "is the thing that bothers me. She won't say a word, except to assure me that she didn't shoot Casselman. She says she's innocent of any crime. She won't amplify that statement. She says that there is something she would have to disclose if I started cross-examining her that no one knows, and she doesn't intend ever to let it come out."

"Something in her past?" Drake asked.

"I assume so," Mason said. "She'll break down her reserve and tell me her story eventually, but right at the moment she's sitting tight. She says they are going to have to prove her guilty before they can convict her, and she says they simply can't do anything more than direct suspicion her way with some very inconsequential circumstantial evidence. And she may be right, at that."

"Well," Drake said, "I wish you luck."

"There's just a chance I could need it," Mason told him, grinning. "What about the place where those billheads were printed? Can you get any line on that?"

"Not so far. We're telephoning like mad, and we're covering all the more likely job-printing establishments with personal investigators. So far, no luck."

"Keep after it," Mason said.

Drake lurched up out of the chair. "We'll sure do that, Perry, and we'll let you know anything that turns up."

Hamilton Burger arose to make his opening address to the jury.

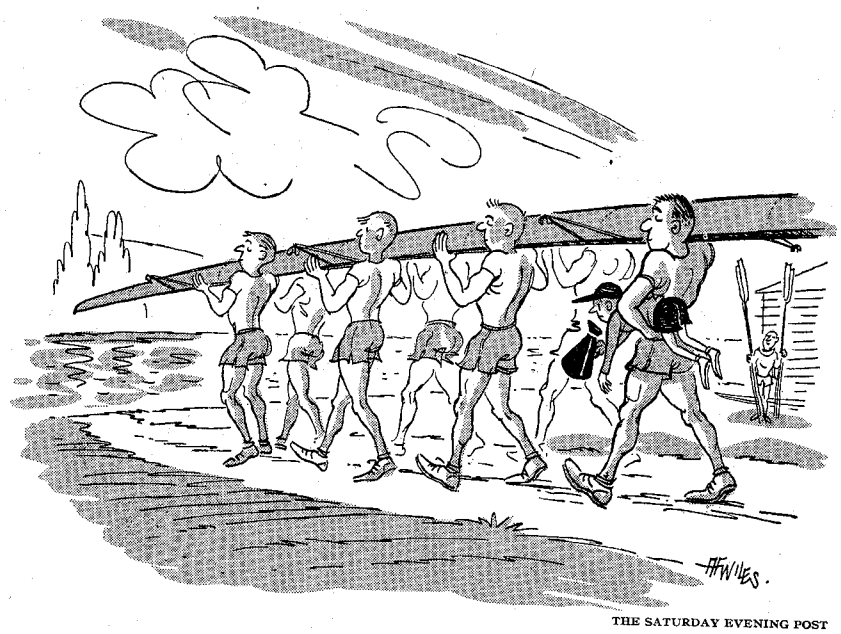
"In this case," he said, "I am going to be brief and factual. It is the intention of the prosecution to avoid all dramatics and to present the case with such mathematical certainty that there can be but one inescapable conclusion. On the ninth day of October of this year, George Casselman met his death. Medical evidence will show you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that a revolver was placed against Casselman's body just below the heart and slightly to the left of the median line. The trigger was pulled. The shot was what is known as a contact wound. That is, the muzzle of the revolver was firmly held directly against the body of the victim. In this way, the gases from the exploding shell as well as the bullet went into the victim's body. Under those circumstances, the sound of the report would have been greatly muffled.

"The prosecution intends to show that the defendant, Stephanie Falkner, had an appointment with George Casselman. She went to keep that appointment by entering the front door of Casselman's apartment. Some time later she was seen surreptitiously leaving the apartment by way of the back door. We expect to show you that she stepped in the blood of her victim, that she went to the bathroom and tried to wash the blood from her shoe. She left a footprint etched in blood on the floor, and she left towels in the bathroom that bore traces of human blood and bits of material which came from her shoe. Her friend, Homer Garvin, tried to cover up the traces of her crime and did obliterate much of the evidence. For that he will in due time be tried, but enough evidence remains to convict this defendant.

"We expect to prove with mathematical certainty that the gun with which the murder was committed was in the possession of the defendant. An ingenious device was used by her attorney, Perry Mason, to confuse the issues on that point, but bear well in mind that the fatal weapon was found in her possession. Let her explain how that came about if she can.

"Mr. Perry Mason, the attorney who is representing both this defendant and Homer Garvin, has not been indicted as an accessory or an accomplice at this time. However, he has not been granted any immunity. We will ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to weigh the evidence and bring in a verdict of first-degree murder against this defendant. After that verdict is in, you may leave it to us to take such additional steps as will deal with the persons responsible for juggling evidence and obstructing the administration of justice. You are not to concern yourselves with that aspect of the case, except as it shows certain things which explain the physical facts. Your sole concern is as to whether this defendant murdered George Casselman. We shall expect a just verdict and a fair verdict at your hands."

Hamilton Burger turned with dignity and walked (*Continued on Page 140*)

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(*Continued from Page 138*) back to his seat at the counsel table.

Judge Hilton Decker looked at Perry Mason. "Does the defense wish to make an opening statement now or wait until later?"

"We will wait," Mason said.

"Call your first witness, Mr. Prosecutor," Judge Decker said.

Hamilton Burger's chief trial assistant, Guy Hendrie, took charge and called as the prosecution's first witness one of the radio police officers who had entered the Casselman apartment and who described briefly the body on the floor, the pool of blood and the fact that the Homicide Squad had been promptly notified. There was no cross-examination.

The prosecution's next witness was Sergeant Holcomb, who took the stand with an air of importance, testified to his connection with the Homicide Squad, the fact that he had arrived at the scene, had been in charge, had directed the taking of photographs and eventually the removal of the body, and that thereafter fingerprint men had been instructed to try to develop latent fingerprints. Again there was no cross-examination.

The photographer who had taken the pictures was sworn and the various pictures were introduced in evidence, including a colored picture of the bloodied footprint on the floor. Again there was no cross-examination.

Judge Decker glanced sharply at Mason, started to say something, then changed his mind.

The autopsy surgeon testified to the nature of the wound and the course of the bullet. The wound, he explained, was what was known as a contact wound. He stated that the one shot had been almost instantly fatal, although there had been a brief period of unconsciousness during which there had been a very large internal and external hemorrhage. He identified the fatal bullet which had been recovered from the body of the decedent.

He fixed the time of death as being probably between seven o'clock in the evening of the ninth of October and midnight. He had performed an autopsy at noon of the tenth and he fixed the probable time of death as between twelve and seventeen hours prior to the autopsy, although he was inclined to consider fifteen to sixteen hours prior to the autopsy as being the most logical time. Again Mason failed to ask any questions on cross-examination.

At that point, Guy Hendrie recalled Sergeant Holcomb to the witness stand.

"I am showing you a certain revolver of thirty-eight caliber, and I will ask you if you have seen that gun before?"

"Yes, sir. I have."

"When did you first see it?"

"On the tenth of October, around eleven-forty-five o'clock of that day."

"Where did you first see it?"

"In the apartment of Stephanie Falkner, the defendant in this case."

"Where was it in that apartment?"

"Lying upon a table near the center of the room."

"Did you take or did you cause a photograph to be taken of the apartment?"

"I did; yes, sir."

"And does that photograph show where the gun was found?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you have a print of that photograph *with you*?"

"Yes, sir."

Sergeant Holcomb produced a photograph.

"We ask that it be received in evidence," Hendrie said.

"Just a moment," Mason said. "I would like to ask a question of the witness in connection with this photograph."

The jurors, impressed by the fact that this was the first attempt Mason had made to cross-examine a witness, turned to regard him with considerable interest.

"This photograph shows a weapon on the table, sergeant," Mason said.

"Yes, sir."

"Is that the same weapon which you have identified?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that weapon in the same position in which you found it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the photograph must have been taken before the weapon was moved?"

Sergeant Holcomb hesitated a moment and crossed his legs. "Well, the weapon was picked up, examined and then returned to the same place where it had been found."

"Who examined it?"

"I did."

"Anyone else?"

"Lieutenant Tragg, of Homicide, was with me at the time."

"And of what did the examination consist?"

"We broke open the cylinder, we saw that there was an empty cartridge directly underneath the firing pin, we smelled the barrel."

"Did you dust it for fingerprints?"

"Yes."

"And then what?"

"Then the weapon was returned to the exact position in which it had been found, so that it could be photographed."

"And then this photograph was taken?"

"Yes, sir. That is right."

"Now, if you know," Mason asked, "was any attempt made to connect the fatal bullet in this case with this weapon?"

"Just a moment," Hamilton Burger said. "That is going to be proved by my next witness. I will have the ballistics expert on the stand, and he can be cross-examined."

"That's quite all right," Mason said. "All I am asking this witness is whether such an examination was made."

"Yes, sir."

"When?" Mason asked.

"Shortly after the weapon was recovered. I don't know exactly the time, but it was within a few hours."

"What do you mean by a few hours?"

"Just a short time, a very brief interval."

"As much as twenty-four hours?"

The witness hesitated.

"As much as forty-eight hours?"

"No, it wasn't forty-eight hours."

"It could have been twenty-four?"

"It could have been. I think it was much less."

"Who put the weapon back on the table in the exact place where it was found?"

"I did."

"How did you know where that exact place was?"

"I remembered it."

"Did you mark it in any way?"

"No."

"Now, when you entered the room," Mason asked, "and found this weapon, was the muzzle pointing toward the door or was it pointing away from the door?"

"It was on the table as shown in that photograph."

Mason, holding the photograph so the witness couldn't see it, repeated, "Was the muzzle pointed toward the door or away from the door?"

"At this moment, I can't remember. I knew at the time. The photograph will show its exact position. I replaced the gun within five minutes of the time I picked it up and while its position was fresh in my mind."

"Thank you," Mason said. "These are all the questions I have in regard to the photograph, if the court please."

Hendrie said, "I now wish to offer the photograph in evidence."

"No objection," Mason said.

Hendrie turned to the witness. "Did the defendant make any statement to you with reference to the gun?"

"Yes. I asked her about the gun, and she said Mr. Homer Garvin had given it to her."

"Did you have any further conversation with her?"

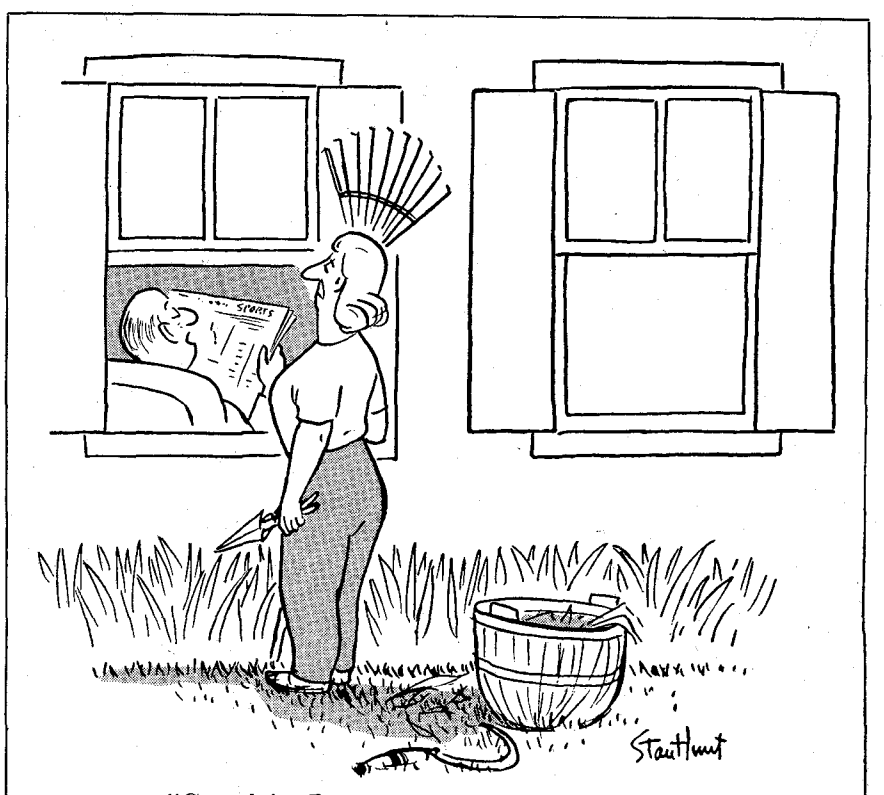
"Yes. I asked her about the discharged shell in the gun and she said she knew nothing about it, that the weapon was in the same condition as when she had received it."

"We ask that the weapon be marked for identification."

"So ordered," the court ruled. "It will be People's Exhibit Number Thirty, and the photograph is in evidence as People's Exhibit Number Twenty-nine."

"You may inquire," Hendrie said.

"Did she say whether or not she had received the (*Continued on Page 142*)

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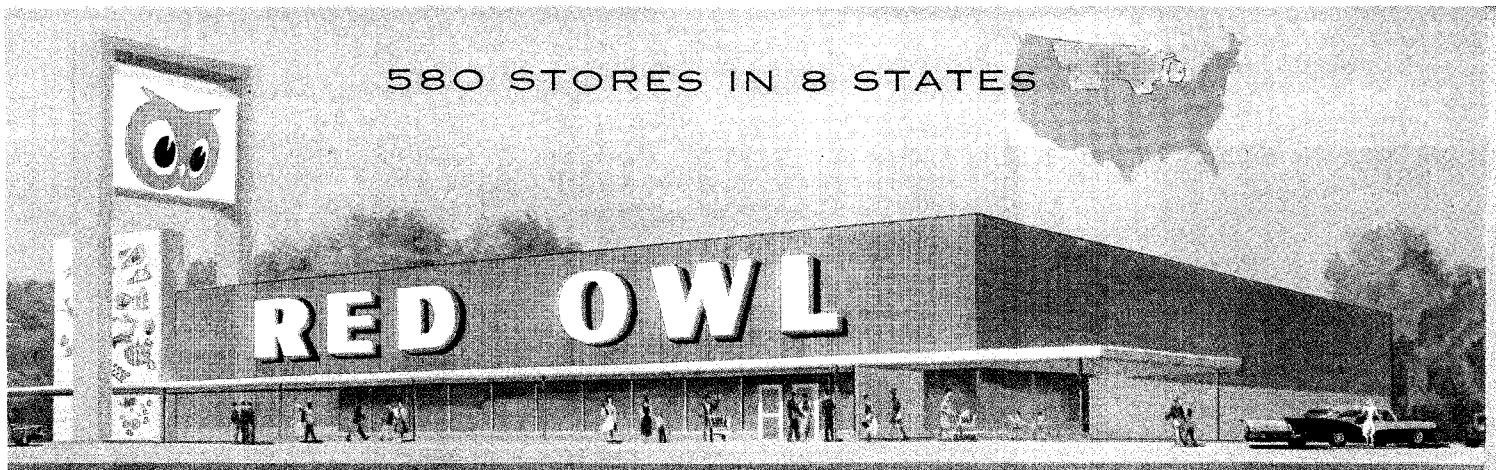

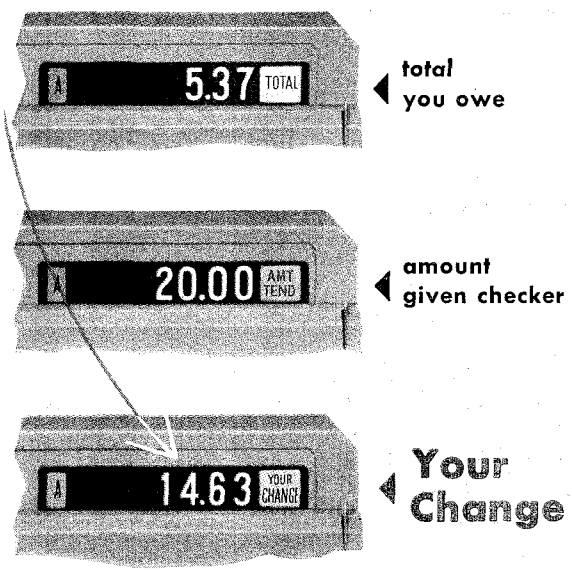


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(*Continued from Page 142*) photograph, Exhibit Number Twelve, which has been received in evidence. I am going to ask you if you have made a careful study of that photograph?"

"I have. Yes, sir."

"What did you find from your study?"

"I found that there was evidence in this colored photograph of two footprints. There is the evidence of a shoe with a fairly high heel which has been covered with a metal plate held in place by four brads.

"Subsequent investigation convinced me that this heelplate bore the number 'thirty-three.' In part, the numbers which had been stamped into this plate are obliterated, but in this photograph which I hold in my hand it is possible to detect faint traces of the number thirty-three. This footprint made with the heelprint bearing the number thirty-three has been almost obliterated by the footprint of a man wearing a much larger shoe and this footprint had been superimposed upon the other print at a time considerably later than the time of making of the first print."

"Can you tell how much later?"

"I would say probably two or three hours later."

"Referring now to the article of wearing apparel, the shoe which you found in the defendant's apartment, and which has been received in evidence as Exhibit Number Thirty-one, have you been able to determine whether this particular shoe which you hold in your hand made the bloody print which you have testified to finding underneath the print made by the larger shoe?"

"If the court please," Mason said, "I object to that question as calling for a conclusion of the witness in a manner which invades the province of the jury. It is for the jury to determine whether this shoe made that print, if it should appear there is any print there, and the witness is not testifying purely to a figment of the imagination. This witness can testify as to what he has found. He can testify as to an opinion in connection with the legitimate field of expert evidence, but he cannot invade the province of the jury."

Judge Decker said, "Let me see that photograph and the shoe, please."

The judge studied the photograph and the shoe for some seconds, then said, "The objection will be sustained. The jurors can and will draw their own conclusions. This witness can testify only as to the facts from which such conclusions can be drawn."

The prosecution took the ruling with poor grace. "If the court please," Hamilton Burger said ponderously, getting to his feet and frowning with displeasure, "this witness has qualified himself as an expert."

"He may give his opinions as to collateral matters," Judge Decker ruled. "He may set forth the various factors in this case, but on the question of whether this identical shoe made this identical print which the witness claims he has been able to decipher from the photograph, the court feels it would be invading the province of the jury to permit an answer to the question. The court may point out that, while the witness contends there were two footprints visible in the photograph, that very point may be contested by the defense."

Hamilton Burger slowly sat down.

TO BE CONTINUED

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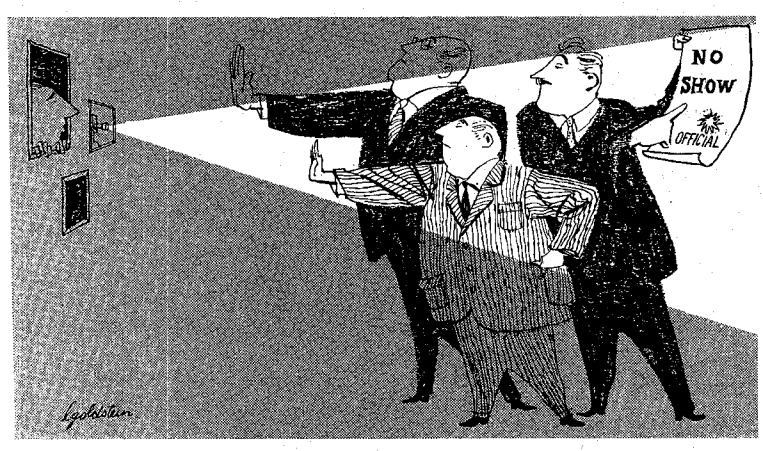


## You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

When city council ordered all movie theaters closed from six to nine P.M. Sundays, coinciding with evening church services, Smith sued to throw out council's ordinance. For it cut off the big Sunday-night attendance at his movie theater.

"This ordinance uses the city's lawmaking power to induce people to go to church," he argued. "By putting even indirect pressure on them, it violates their constitutional right to worship if and when they please."

"Not at all," the city fathers replied. "The ordinance was passed simply to protect churches from nonreligious activities on a day usually given over to religion."

If you were the judge, would you make Smith keep his theater closed on Sunday nights?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Smith's theater had to stay closed. The court held that the ordinance was a valid one in the interest of public welfare rather than an attempt to force people to go to church.

*Based upon a 1953 North Carolina case.*

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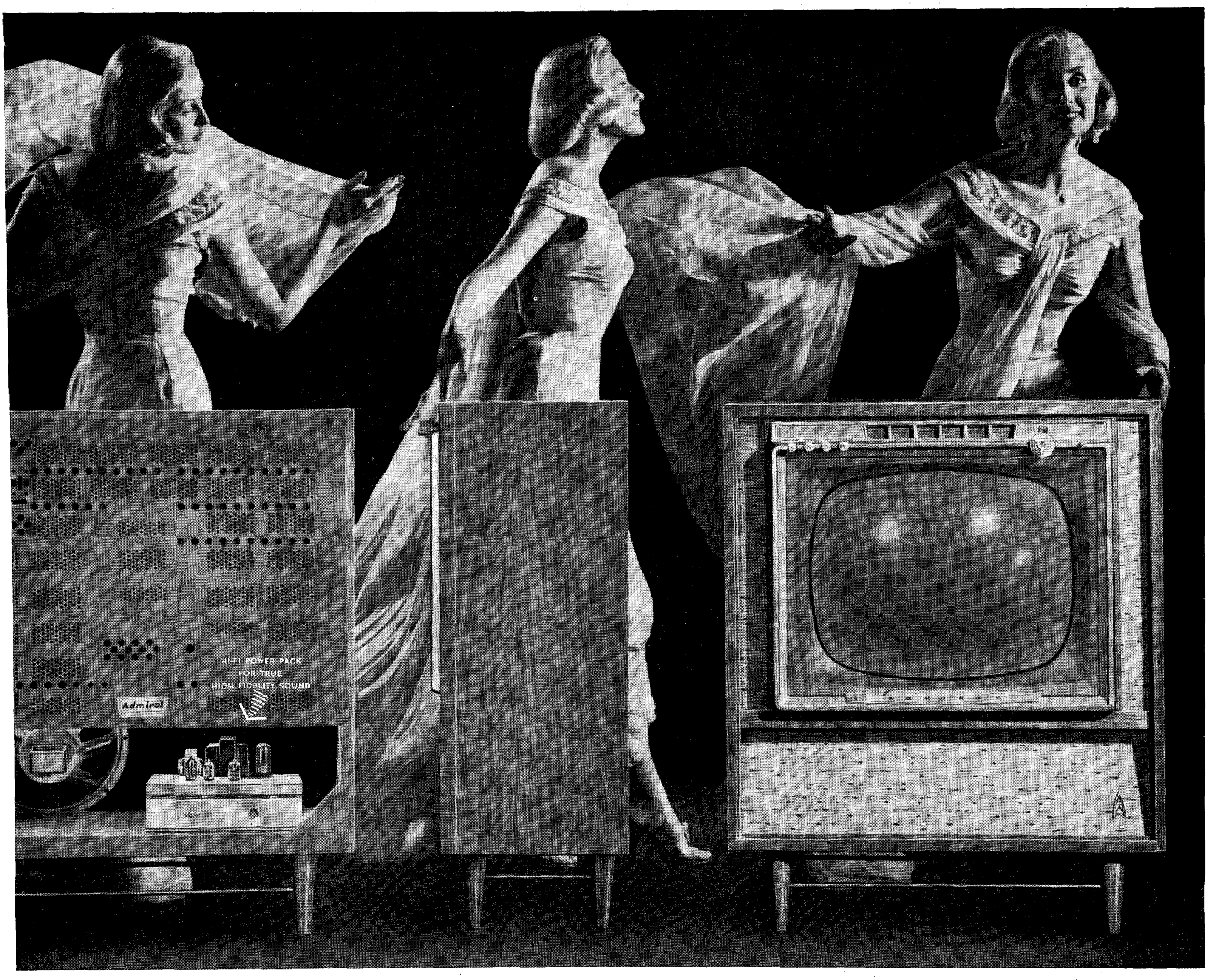


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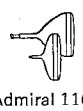
Admiral 110°

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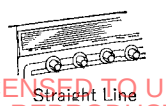
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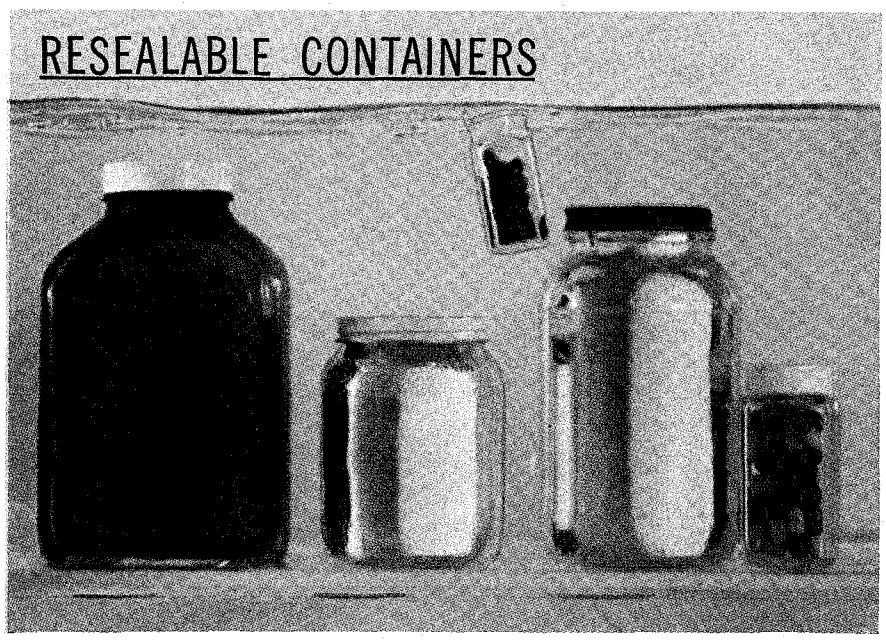


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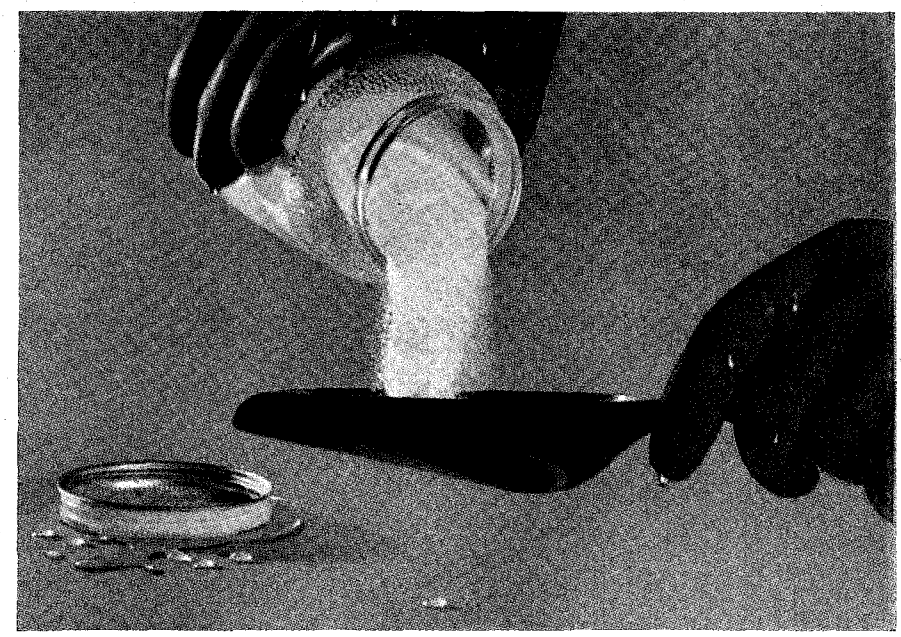

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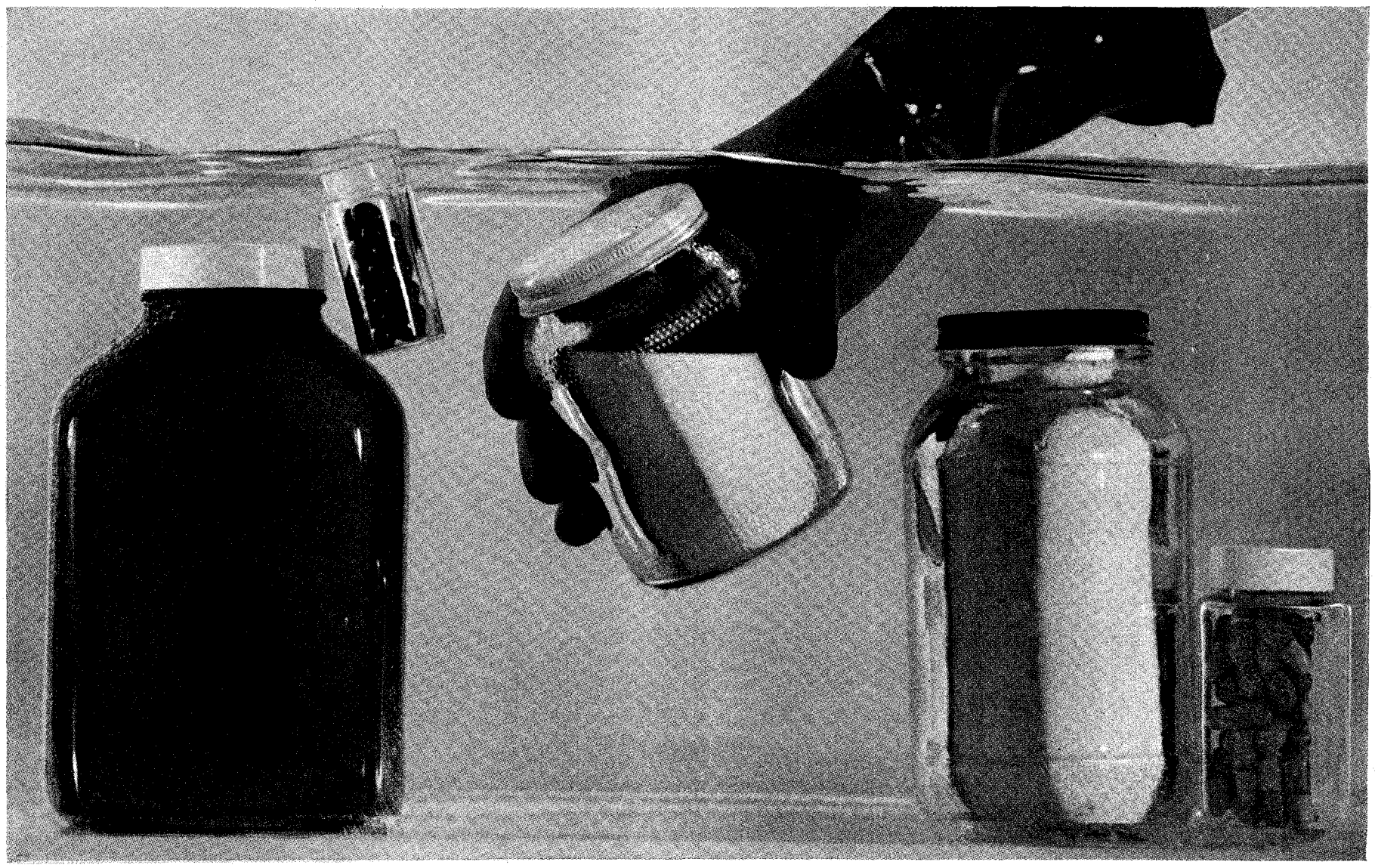

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# I Am a Kidnaper of Sorts

(Continued from Page 42)

My own company is typical. In 1950 we got along nicely hiring one engineer for every fifty production workers. Today, we could use an engineer for every twelve, if we could find them.

And if anyone can find them, it's the recruiter—glib professional sleuths, like myself, who average 30,000 man-hunting miles a year prowling campuses and industrial back alleys coast to coast.

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We've put the engineer—in some respects the most complex of human species—under a psychological microscope. In mock interviews (every astute recruiting staff stages them), we learn his lingo. Adroitly, we purge from our sales talk a whole glossary of words repugnant to engineers. Words like "time clock" (degrading to a man of professional standing), "wages" (engineers are paid salaries) and "drawing board" (which most slipstickers consider the tool of draftsmen, an organism of lower professional life).

Our brochures are cunningly contrived to test the engineer's reactions to such job stimulants as "paid vacations," "more leisure time" and "executive responsibility." Through interrogation and field analysis, we probe his motivations. Why, for example, some engineers can't be lured from their jobs even at twice the salary. And why others—promised merely a better lab—hurry home to pack their bags. Through job applications we sample his preference among recruiters themselves to discover why some have a knack for latching onto highly valued Ph.D.'s, while others can bag only the less-learned types.

I'm a rarity, one of recruiting's few triple-threat men, as adept at snatching bachelors as masters, and just as persuasive with Ph.D.'s. After a dozen years prowling campus and corridor, I've heard most of the questions, and know most of the answers.

In some ways, I'm more fortunate than many of the estimated 5000 engineering recruiters who swarm the nation's campuses, who infiltrate industrial front offices, who set up fancy hiring suites in the swankiest hotels in town, and pirate unmercifully from one another. I'm fortunate because, working for a California firm, I can—and do—offer the works: Sunny climate, plenty of after-hour recreation and high salaries.

In other respects I'm less lucky. By today's standards my company is downright conservative. Its management frowns on the growing practice of bribing professors with big-pay, no-work summer jobs so they'll swing their brightest young grads to a favored company. Neither do we operate "flesh safaris," as does one aircraft company which flies whole engineering classes into its industrial jungle for mass proselyting—the proselyting served medium rare, like the steaks and roast beef.

Nor have I ever picked up the tab for one of those near-campus, till-dawn beer busts. Or treated a bunch of eager prospects to a night on the house—a call house. Neither have I put a price on the head of a guy we particularly wanted; that is, passed word around that we'd pay $100 to $500 to the first friend who delivered him, alive or nearly so, at our employment office. However, short of these excesses, I play by recruiting's ground rules—rough and dirty.

Flying west a few months ago, I chanced to meet a chemical engineer, a fellow we badly needed. The encounter was more the result of organization and logistics than chance. One of our procurement boys in Detroit—a favored man-hunting grounds—had tipped me by telephone that the chemist, a real prize, was hiring to Boeing in Seattle.

"He's leaving Detroit on United's Flight #715, heading for Seattle via L.A.," my informant said. "Maybe, if you could arrange to fly west with him. . . ."

Things handily "arranged," I maneuvered into the seat next to his and spent six hours—and a couple of drinks—in conversation considerably more calculated than casual. Long before we nosed into L. A. International, he'd quit Boeing without ever stepping into its labs.

In situations like that, I'm empowered to make a spot offer—to hire on the spot, finalize the deal and name a salary up to $750 a month. Over that, the deal must be O.K.'d by our chief engineer. This time, though, I bid higher. My seat mate, for all his concern over catalysts and carbons, proved just as canny with figures, the paycheck variety. He demanded $1000 and got it—over Las Vegas. I doubt that he yet suspects it was more than coincidence which made us seat mates. As for Boeing—likely it has a search party still combing the industrial woods for him.

> A jack-rabbit start is the sign of a harebrained driver.
>
> LUKE NEELY

But the thing works both ways. Last year a Chicago electronics outfit sent a couple of its body snatchers west. They set up practically at our plant door, spent something like $10,000 advertising in the Los Angeles papers and liquoring up prospects, and netted just two of our engineers. A week later I hopped into Chicago and, more out of vengeance than need, spent $2000 nabbing two of their men. We ended even.

Only losers, as usual, were Mr. and Mrs. Average Taxpayer who picked up the $12,000 recruiting tab (both the electronics firm and ourselves are Government contractors). It had cost an average $3000 per head to bulldoze four engineers into switching company allegiance.

Occasionally I stumble upon a bargain—like the afternoon a call came in from our listening post at the Pentagon. When a rival outfit is about to lose a juicy Government contract, we're often alerted before the loser.

"Get right down to Atlanta," our monitor in Washington gasped, long distance. "X Company's phasing out on its big bomber; it's dropping a fat one!"

He scarcely bothered finishing the sentence. He didn't have to. When a company loses a contract it's as open to pirating as a galleon caught slack-sailed in the horse latitudes. During the first moments following a contract's cancellation—as the dread order "stop all man-hours on Project A" sweeps corporate corridors—a company fights to keep intact its engineering staff. But the disaster spawns a wave of doubt and disillusionment. Riding its crest is the boarding party, glib plunderers with brief cases chock-full of sunshine, solicitude and high salaries.

As always, my brief case and valise were packed. In one was a suit, a change of shirts and socks, an electric shaver and a raincoat. In the other, a hundred carefully calculated brochures, job applications and the all-important airlines credit card which, with a flash, puts me aboard any airliner in America.

I grabbed my bags and headed for the airport; didn't even have time to call my wife. Next morning I was in Georgia and already ensconced in a hotel suite. There was no reason to sneak in the back door on this one. Brashly, I phoned Company X's engineering office.

"I've just flown in from California," I told the chief engineer, "to sign up those men you're laying off!"

"Who's laying off any men?" he growled.

"You are," I told him.

"The hell you say!" he exploded into the mouthpiece. Then he put down the phone. Minutes later, backgrounded by a cacophony of excitement, he was back on the line. The spirit had gone completely out of him.

"Yeah," he moaned, "we just got word ourselves." He hesitated. "Well, come get them, you thievin' ——"

I did—signed up a dozen top-flight thermodynamicists. Had them aboard plane and headed for California before the week was out.

We'd got those engineers at giveaway recruiting prices. Figuring plane fare and transportation across country for their families and furniture—we pick up the freight bill on up to 6000 pounds—we'd spent less than $2000 per man.

By comparison, the Navy admitted last February before a House subcommittee headed by Rep. James C. Davis (D., Ga.), that "an unidentified aircraft company" had spent $907,000 in a single year, yet had managed to add but fifty-four engineers to its payroll. The per-man cost: an astounding $16,796. The company had enticed 193 new hires only to lose 139 old hands—mostly to competitors. Its net gain: a meager fifty-four slipstickers.

With an eye on economy-minded taxpayers, the company chided the Davis committee for poor arithmetic, claiming costs should be based on the number hired, regardless of loss. Even so, recruiting ran $4699 per man.

Congressman Davis seemed hard pressed to comprehend so total a looting. More comprehending, however, were a score of professional plunderers, including myself.

That unidentified company had made two fatal blunders. It had sent its top brainpower to an engineering convention, exposing them to a wolf pack of recruiters who aren't beyond storming the rostrum in pursuit of their quarry. Worse, it had limited their stay to one day, figuring to keep them out of the "hospitality suites"—lavish, corporate mantraps baited with hard liquor and soft talk, and set for conventioning engineers.

I was readying our suite for a dickering session when one of the three scouts we had at the convention burst in.

"M Company," he said incredulously, "has its high-IQers here on one-day passes!"

I grinned. A "one-day" man was sure to be a valuable man, an engineer M Company didn't want to lose. And if he was that valuable to M, he'd be just as valuable to us. That one-day business was the finest job recommendation any engineer ever had. It saved us the bother of double checking his credentials.

"Concentrate on them," I told my guys. "We'll get us a couple before their passes expire."

And we did. So did a half dozen other companies. Of (*Continued on Page 149*)

"How we use Murine to rest our eyes"

**Deborah Joan and Mrs. Bob Considine,**

*newspaper and magazine columnist, and star of The Millie Considine radio program.*

"Deborah Joan has learned one of my pet comfort tricks," says Mrs. Bob Considine. "She enjoys using Murine as much as I. We like the cool, refreshing feeling Murine gives our eyes. It's wonderful after a day outdoors in the wind and sun." Great tip to remember next time your eyes feel slightly tired or tense. Murine's always safe, gentle and soothing. Now with new *unbreakable* dropper.

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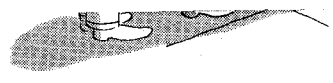

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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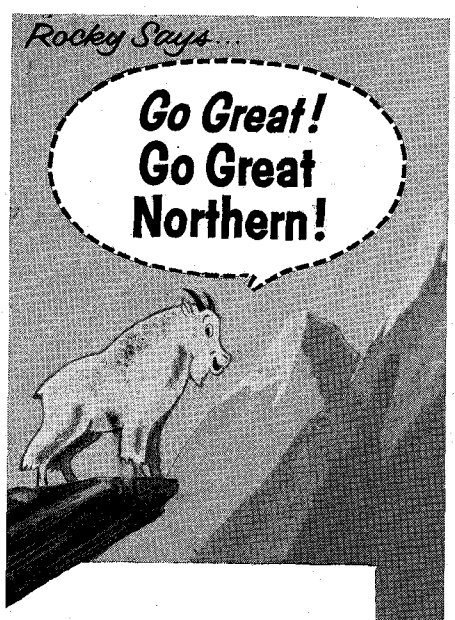


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***Every day, each way*** between Chicago and Seattle-Portland via St. Paul, Minneapolis and Spokane. No extra fare.

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For information or reservations, write **P. G. HOLMES**, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn. or consult your nearest ticket or travel agent.

(*Continued from Page 150*) "Thanks," he grinned, rising; "that's the twentieth I've had."

"Twentieth what?" I frowned.

"Job offer," he shrugged. "Guys back at the fraternity bet me I couldn't haul down twenty-five bona fide offers in a getup like this. Five more and I win twenty-five dollars."

I doubt that he spent more than a week winning his wager.

Some companies establish beachheads on or near the colleges, as did a West Coast electronics firm, which beat the engineering odds by merging with an Eastern college-town research outfit whose nearness to the engineering campus had helped it to build a staff of 175 engineers and scientists. In what one business paper called a "recruiting coup," the West Coast firm latched onto thirty Ph.D.'s, sixty-five M.S.'s and eighty B.S.'s—a gold mine of talent.

Yet, ironically, recruiting's pell-mell rush to our campuses has turned even poachers like myself conservation-minded. Corporate anglers are belatedly discovering what any veteran bass baiter already knows: that you can't overfish even the most reliable hole without restocking.

Thus is emerging a spontaneous free-enterprise answer to the Soviet's selective recruitment of scientists and engineers. On campuses—high school as well as college—are springing up industry-underwritten programs which, for the first time, come close to guaranteeing that every American boy and girl bent on science as a career can have it. And recruiters themselves are leading the way.

Companies are pouring millions—$100,000,000 last year alone—into college research projects. The big foundations—most of them corporate progeny—have stepped up their grant-giving, focusing special attention on improvement, both in number and quality, of faculty and facilities. Among the beneficiaries are our high schools where interest in the sciences, especially mathematics, has been seriously lagging. The goal: to keep America apace with the U.S.S.R., which last year graduated nearly 60,000 engineers, twice the output from United States schools.

But industry is doing more than helping to underwrite scientific careers. It's supplying training films, textbooks, lab instruments and often its own scientists-turned-teachers but kept on the company payroll.

Convair has agreed to sponsor a post-graduate center at San Diego, where it employs 4000 missile and aircraft engineers, if the University of California will staff it. Last fall, General Electric launched its "honors program," aimed principally at improving its engineering strain, by sending bright new-hires—often right out of college—back again to work for their doctorates at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and Syracuse University. United Aircraft Corporation is sponsoring Rensselaer Poly's new graduate center in Hartford, Connecticut, where engineers from United and other close-by companies can earn their masters and Ph.D.'s. I.B.M.'s "technical training program," launched in 1955, is upgrading technicians—most of them high-school grads with mathematical backgrounds—to take over design engineering chores and the higher salaries that go with them. Reports one West Coast aircraft company, "Every other employee—from engineer to janitor—is studying correspondence or extension courses, and we're picking up the tab."

Still, recruiting on a man-to-man level continues furiously. Rare is the recruiter who unpacks his suitcase. Rarer still is one who gets to spend a Sunday at home—as I did recently when I flew in from Dallas. After a decade of man hunting, I figured myself prepared for anything. For anything, that is, but my eleven-year-old Cynthia's wide-eyed accusation.

"Daddy," she asked concernedly, "you're not really a—a kidnaper?"

I put down the paper and faced around sternly. "You've been listening to Tommy again?"

She nodded. Tommy is Marv Young's five-year-old son. The Youngs live down the block. I met Marv right after he graduated from college, and fast-talked him into coming to work for us. Marv was an engineer and we needed engineers. I know now he was never cut out to hang over an industrial drawing board. He'd have made some college a first-rate prof. Marv's never been really happy, I suppose, and he blames me.

"Cynthia," I said softly, "you know better than to believe Tommy."

She stared up at me, relief in her blue eyes.

"Then you're not—not really what Tommy said?"

"Of course not, honey," I assured her. It was harder, though, convincing myself.

THE END


**NEXT WEEK**

**OUT OF MY PAST**

[illegible] His Ca[illegible]

**ARE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS DOING THEIR JOB?**

"NO! They're stunting our children's minds," says John Keats.
"YES! They're far better than private schools," says Herbert L. Brown, Jr.
... Both Sides of a Hot Argument

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How a G.I. Turned a European Princess Into a Texas Housewife

**THEY SPY FOR THE SERIES**

Baseball Sleuths—Key Men at Series Time

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One Solution to Old Folks' Most Painful Problem

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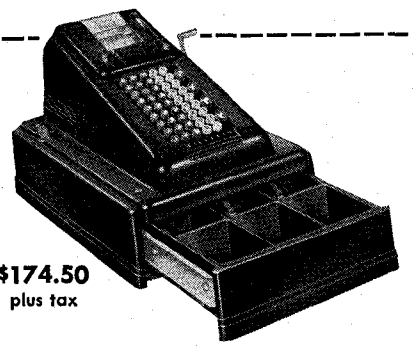

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# The Happiness Machine

(Continued from Page 43)

like a blast furnace or the way the electric power lines sizzled on the rain-wet poles. He was a man who did not suffer, but pleasured in sleepless nights of brooding on the great clock of the universe running down or winding itself up, who could tell? But many nights, listening, he decided first one way and then the other.

The shocks of life, he thought, biking along, what were they? Getting born, growing up, growing old, dying. Not much to do about the first. But the other three?

The wheels of his Happiness Machine spun whirling golden light spokes along the ceiling of his head. A machine, now, to help boys change from peach fuzz to brier bramble, girls from toadstool to nectarine. And in the years when your shadow leaned clear across the land as you lay abed nights with your heartbeat mounting to the billions, his invention must let a man drowse easy in the falling leaves.

"Papa!"

His six children, Saul, Marshall, Joseph, Rebecca, Ruth, Naomi, all ages from five to fifteen, came rushing across the lawn to take his bike, touching him at once.

"We waited! We got ice cream!"

Moving toward the porch, he could feel his wife's smile there in the dark.

Five minutes passed in comfortable eating silence, then, holding a spoonful of moon-colored ice cream up as if it were the whole secret of the universe, to be tasted carefully, he said, "Lena? What would you think if I tried to invent a Happiness Machine?"

"Something's wrong?" she asked quickly.

Late at night, Leo Auffmann, on the front porch, wrote a list he could not see in the dark, exclaiming, "Ah!" or "That's another!" when he hit upon a fine component. Then the front door screen made a moth sound, tapping.

"Lena?" he whispered.

She sat down next to him on the swing in her nightgown; not slim, the way girls get when they are not loved at seventeen; not fat, the way women get when they are not loved at fifty, but absolutely right, a roundness, a firmness, the way women are at any age, he thought, when there is no question.

She was miraculous. Her hands, like his, were always thinking for her, but in a different way, shaping the children or moving the bread dough like floured wrestlers on the wooden board. There seemed no long period of thought for her; thinking and doing moved from her head to her hand and back in a natural and gentle circuiting he could not and cared not to blueprint.

"That machine," she said at last, "we don't need it."

"No," he said, "but sometimes you got to build for others. I been figuring what to put in. Motion pictures? Radios? Stereoscopic viewers? All those in one place so any man can run his hand over it and smile and say, 'Yes, sir, that's Happiness.'"

Who wouldn't sweat his soul out through his pores to invent a machine like that, he asked the world, he asked the town, he asked his wife.

In the porch swing beside him, Lena's uneasy silence was an opinion.

Silent now, too, head back, he listened to the elm leaves above, hissing in the wind.

*Don't forget*, he told himself, *that sound, too, must be in the machine.*

A minute later the porch swing, the porch, stood empty in the dark.

On Sunday morning Leo Auffmann moved slowly through his garage, expecting some wood, a curl of wire, a hammer or wrench to leap up, crying, "Start here!" But nothing leaped, nothing cried for a beginning.

*Should Happiness*, he wondered, *be something you can carry in your pocket? Or*, he went on, *should it be something that carries you in its pocket?*

"One thing I absolutely know," he said aloud. "It should be bright!"

He set a can of orange paint in the center of the workbench, picked up a dictionary and wandered into the house.

"Lena?" He glanced at the dictionary. "Are you 'pleased, contented, joyful, delighted'? Do you feel 'lucky, fortunate'? Are things 'clever and fitting,' 'successful and suitable' for you?"

Lena stopped slicing vegetables and closed her eyes. "Read me the list again, please," she said.

He shut the book. "What have I done you got to stop and think an hour before you can tell me? All I ask is a simple yes or no! You're not 'contented, delighted, joyful'?"

"Cows are contented; babies and old people in second childhood are delighted, God help them," she said. "As for 'joyful,' Leo? Look how I laugh scrubbing out the sink."

He peered closely at her and his face relaxed. "Lena, it's true. A man doesn't appreciate. Next month, maybe, we'll get away."

"I'm not complaining!" she cried. "I'm not the one comes in with a list saying, 'Stick out your tongue.' Leo, do you ask what makes your heart beat all night? No! Next, will you ask: What's marriage? Who knows, Leo? Don't ask. A man who thinks like that—how it runs, how things work—falls off the trapeze in the circus, chokes wondering how the muscles work in the throat. Eat, sleep, breathe, Leo, and stop staring at me like I'm something new in the house!"

Lena Auffmann froze. She sniffed the air.

"Oh, my heaven, look what you done!"

She yanked the oven door open. A great cloud of smoke poured through the kitchen.

"Happiness!" she wailed. "And for the first time in six months we have a fight! Happiness, and for the first time in twenty years it's not bread, it's charcoal for supper!"

When the smoke cleared, Leo Auffmann was gone.

The fearful clangor, the collision of man and inspiration, the flinging about of metal, lumber, hammer, nails, T-square, screwdriver, continued for many days. On occasion, defeated, Leo Auffmann loitered out through the streets, nervous, apprehensive, jerking his head at the slightest sound of distant laughter, listened to children's jokes, watching what made them smile. At night he sat on neighbors' crowded porches listening to the old folks weigh and balance life, and at each explosion of merriment, Leo Auffmann quickened, like a general who has seen the forces of darkness routed and whose strategy has been reaffirmed. On his way home he felt triumphant until he was in his garage (*Continued on Page 156*)

## The Perfect Squelch

Playing in our foursome at Pebble Beach, California, recently was an Army general with a low handicap who had drawn as a partner a chap who only played several rounds of golf a year. He was a real hacker with a high handicap. In fact, it was actually a 24. It was evident after drawing that the general was not happy over his selection. After riding around on the general's shoulders for sixteen holes and not figuring in one, he finally drove the 17th green—a tough 3-par hole, and left himself a thirty-foot putt. Here was a chance to win a hole, since neither I nor my partner hit the green with our tee shots and a par would win the hole and permit the hacker to get back in the general's good graces. Walking up to his ball and looking over the break carefully, he proudly turned to his irate partner and said, "General, how would you hit this putt?" The general looked at him grimly. "I'd keep it low," he said.

**Frank S. Timberlake**

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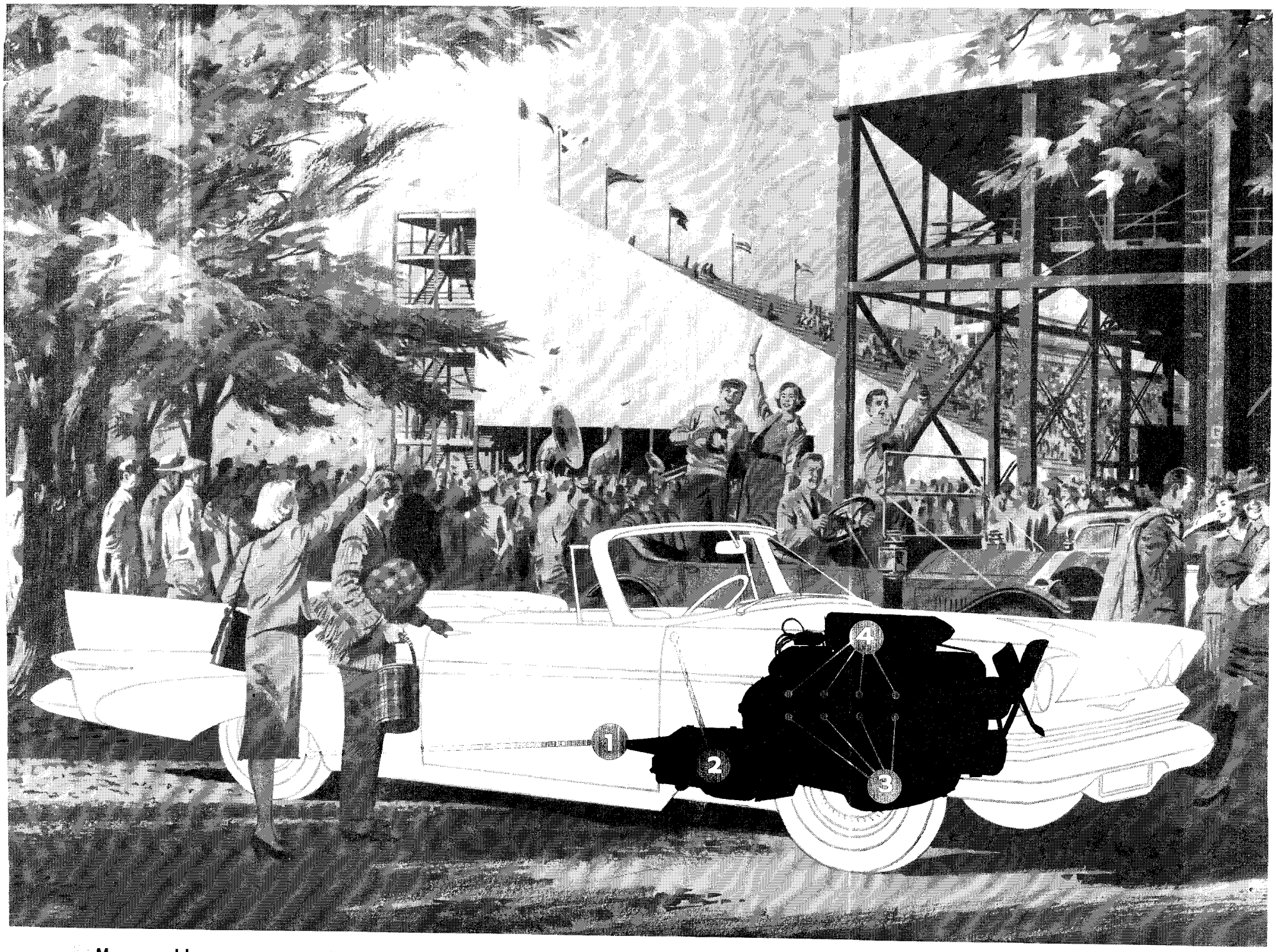


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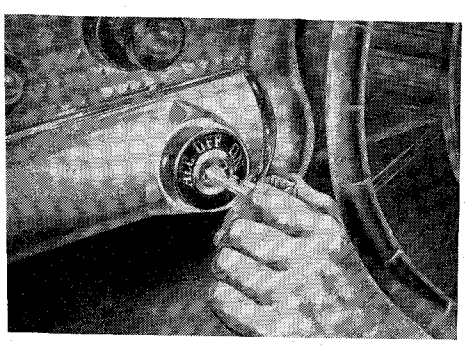
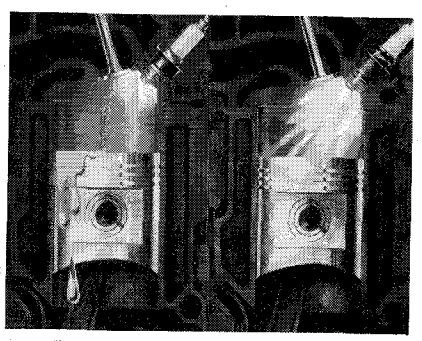
***If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles—***

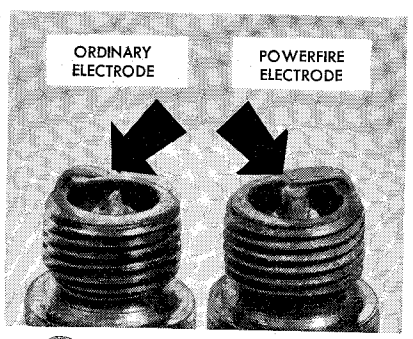
# You can make your car 4 ways newer with Champion spark plugs



**2 Quicker starts**—Your engine will start quicker, too . . . save time and battery wear. Tests with cars whose plugs had gone about 10,000 miles show that new Champions cut starting time as much as 71%—with an average of 39%!



**3 Less engine wear**—You'll save costly repairs! Old misfiring plugs (left) dilute oil with raw gasoline. New full-firing Champions (right) burn the gasoline . . . protect oil from dilution. *When changing oil—be sure to check your spark plugs!*




**4 Lower cost-per-mile**—You get top power and gas economy for life of the plug. Champion's great new Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types—as photo above shows. Whatever car you drive, insist on 5-rib Champions!

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(*Continued from Page 154*) with the dead tools and the inanimate lumber. Then his bright face fell away in a pale funk, and to cover his sense of failure, he banged and crashed the parts of his machine about as if they really did make sense. At last it began to shape itself, and at the end of the ten days and nights, trembling with fatigue, self-dedicated, half-starved, fumbling and looking as if he had been riven by lightning, Leo Auffmann wandered into his house.

The children, who had been screaming horribly at each other, fell silent, as if the Red Death had entered at the chiming of the clock.

"The Happiness Machine," husked Leo Auffmann, "is ready."

"Leo Auffmann," said his wife, "has lost fifteen pounds. He hasn't talked to his children in two weeks; they are nervous, they fight! Listen! His wife is nervous; she's gained ten pounds; she'll need new clothes. Look! Sure, the machine is ready. But happy? Who can say? Leo, leave off with the clock you're building. You'll never find a cuckoo big enough to go in it! Man was not made to tamper with such things. It's not against God, no, but it sure looks like it's against Leo Auffmann. Another week of this and we'll bury him in his machine!"

But Leo Auffmann was too busy noticing that the room was falling swiftly up. *How interesting*, he thought, lying on the floor.

Darkness closed in a great wink on him as someone screamed something about that Happiness Machine three times.

The first thing he noticed the next morning was dozens of birds fluttering around in the air, stirring up ripples like colored stones thrown into an incredibly clear stream, gonging the tin roof of the garage softly.

A pack of multibred dogs padded one by one into the yard to peer and whine gently through the garage door; four boys, two girls and some men hesitated in the driveway and then edged along under the cherry trees.

Leo Auffmann, listening, knew what it was that had reached out and called them all into the yard. The sound of the Happiness Machine.

It was the sort of sound that might be heard coming from a giant's kitchen on a summer day. There were all kinds of hummings, low and high, steady and then changing. Incredible foods were being baked there by a host of whirring golden bees as big as teacups. The giantess herself, humming contentedly under her breath, might glide to the door, as vast as all summer, her face a huge peach-colored moon gazing calmly out upon smiling dogs, corn-haired boys and flour-haired old men.

"Wait," said Leo Auffmann out loud. "I didn't turn the machine on this morning! . . . Saul!"

Saul, standing in the yard below, looked up.

"Saul, did you turn it on?"

"You told me to warm it up half an hour ago!"

"All right, Saul. I forgot. I'm not awake." He fell back into bed.

His wife, bringing his breakfast up, paused by the window, looking down at the garage.

"Tell me," she said quietly. "If that machine is like you say, has it got an answer to making babies in it somewhere? Can that machine make seventy-year-old people twenty? Also, how does death look when you hide in there with all that Happiness?"

"Hide!"

"If you died from overwork, what should I do today—climb in that big box down there and be happy? Also tell me, Leo, how is our life? You know how our house is. Seven in the morning, breakfast, the kids; all of you gone by eight-thirty, and it's just me and washing and me and cooking and socks to be darned, weeds to be dug, or I run to the store or polish silver. Who's complaining? I'm just reminding you how the house is put together, Leo, what's in it! So now answer: How do you get all those things I said in one machine?"

"That's not how it's built!"

"I'm sorry. I got no time to look, then."

And she kissed his cheek and went from the room, and he lay smelling the wind that blew from the hidden machine below, rich with the odor of those roasted chestnuts that sold in the autumn streets of a Paris he had never known.

A cat moved unseen among the hypnotized dogs and boys, to purr against the garage door, in the sound of snow waves crumbling down a faraway and rhythmically breathing shore.

*Tomorrow*, thought Leo Auffmann, *we'll try the machine, all of us together.*

Late that night he awoke and knew something had wakened him. Far away in another room, he heard someone crying.

"Saul?" he whispered, getting out of bed.

In his room, Saul wept, his head buried in his pillow. "No, no," he sobbed. "Over, over."

"Saul, you had a nightmare? Tell me about it, son."

But the boy only wept.

And sitting there on the boy's bed, Leo Auffmann suddenly thought to look out the window. Below, the garage doors stood open. He felt the hairs rise along the back of his neck.

When Saul slept again, uneasily, whimpering, his father went downstairs and out to the garage, where, not breathing, he put his hand out. In the cool night, the Happiness Machine's metal was too hot to touch.

*So*, he thought, *Saul was here tonight. Why? Was Saul unhappy, in need of the machine? No, happy, but wanting to hold onto it for good. Could you blame a boy wise enough to know his position who tried to keep it that way? No! And yet* ——

Above, quite suddenly, something white was exhaled from Saul's bedroom window. Leo Auffmann's heart thundered. Then he realized that the window curtain had blown out into the open night. But it had seemed as intimate and shimmering a thing as a boy's soul escaping his room. And Leo Auffmann had flung up his hands as if to thwart it, push it back into the sleeping house.

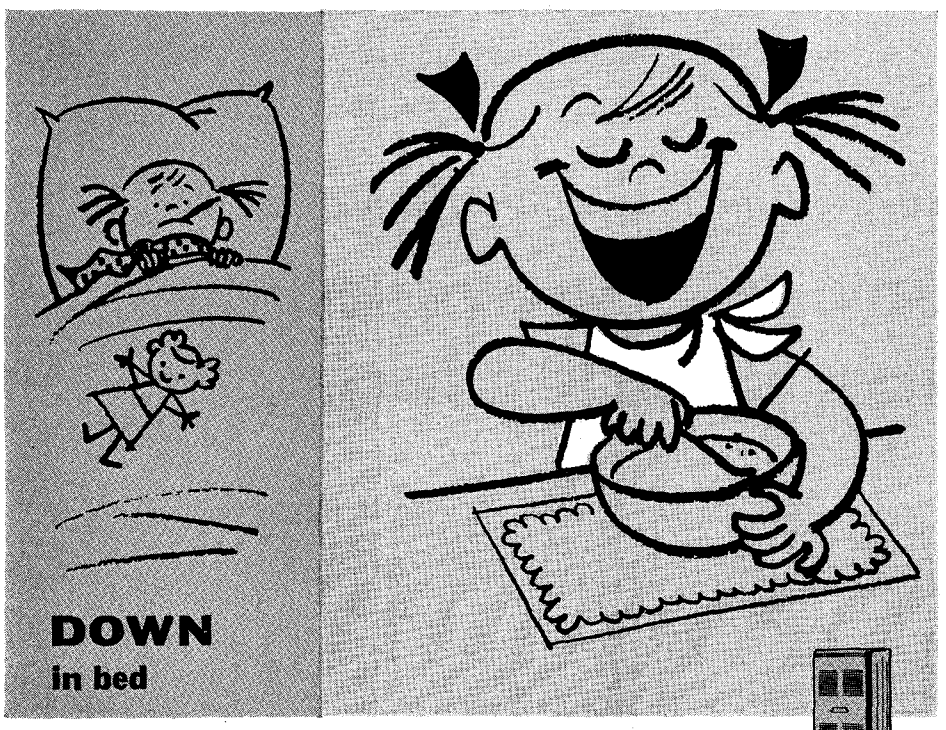
Cold, shivering, he moved back into the house and up to Saul's room, where he pulled the blowing curtain in and locked the window tight, so the pale thing could not escape again. Then he sat on the bed and put his hand on Saul's back.

"A Tale of Two Cities? Mine. The Old Curiosity Shop? Ha, that's Leo Auffmann's all right! Great Expectations? That used to be mine. But let Great Expectations be his now!"

"What's this?" asked Leo Auffmann, entering.

"This," said his wife, "is sorting out the community property. When a father scares his son at night, it's time to chop everything in half. Out of the way, Mr. Bleak House, Old Curiosity Shop. In all these books, no mad scientist lives like Leo Auffmann, none!"


# A LONG WINTER'S AHEAD . . .

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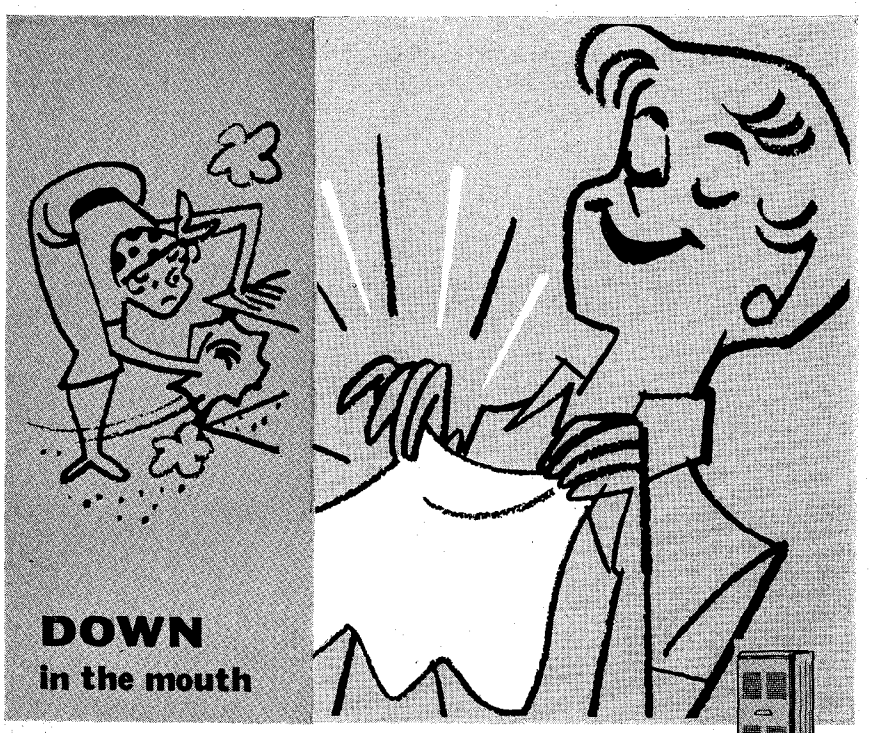


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"You're leaving, and you haven't even tried the machine!" he protested. "Try it once, you'll unpack, you'll stay!"

"Tom Swift and His Electric Annihilator—whose is that?" she asked. "Must I guess?" Snorting, she gave Tom Swift to Leo Auffmann.

Very late in the day all the books, dishes, clothes, linens had been stacked one here, one there, four here, four there, ten here, ten there. Lena Auffmann, dizzy with counting, had to sit down.

"All right!" she gasped. "Before I go, Leo, prove you don't give nightmares to innocent sons!"

Silently, Leo Auffmann led his wife into the twilight. She stood before the eight-foot-tall, orange-colored box.

"That's Happiness?" she said. "Which button do I press to be overjoyed, grateful, contented and much obliged?"

The children had gathered now.

"Mamma," said Saul, "don't!"

"I got to know what I'm yelling about, Saul." She got into the machine, sat down and looked out at her husband, shaking her head. "It's not me needs this; it's you, a nervous wreck, shouting."

"Please," he said, "you'll see!" He shut the door. "Press the button!" he shouted in at his wife.

There was a click. The machine shivered quietly, like a huge dog dreaming in its sleep.

"Papa!" said Saul, worried.

"Listen!" said Leo Auffmann.

At first there was nothing but the tremor of the machine's own secretly moving cogs and wheels.

"Is mamma all right?" asked Rebecca.

"All right, she's fine! There, now! There!"

And inside the machine, Lena Auffmann could be heard saying, "Oh!" and then again, "Ah!" in a startled voice. "Look at that!" said his wife. "Paris!" and later, "London! There goes Rome! The Pyramids! The Sphinx!"

"The Sphinx, you hear, children?" Leo Auffmann whispered, and laughed.

"Perfume?" cried Lena Auffmann, surprised.

Somewhere a phonograph played The Blue Danube faintly.

"Music! I'm dancing!"

"Only thinks she's dancing," the father confided to the world.

"Amazing!" said the woman.

Leo Auffmann blushed. "What an understanding wife."

And then, inside the Happiness Machine, Lena Auffmann began to weep.

The inventor's smile faded.

"She's crying," said Rebecca.

"She can't be!"

"She is," said Saul.

"She simply can't be crying!" Leo Auffmann, blinking, pressed his ear to the machine. "But —— yes, like a baby." He could only open the door.

"Wait." There his wife sat, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Let me finish." She cried some more.

Leo Auffmann turned off the machine, stunned.

"Oh, it's the saddest thing in the world!" she wailed. "I feel awful, terrible!" She climbed out through the door. "First, there was Paris!"

"What's wrong with Paris?"

"I never even thought of being in Paris in my life. But now you got me thinking: Paris! So suddenly I want to be in Paris and I know I'm not!"

"It's almost as good—this machine."

"No. Sitting in there, I knew. I thought, it's not real!"

"Stop crying, mamma."

She looked at him with great, dark, wet eyes. "You had me dancing. We haven't danced in twenty years."

## Interval Before Autumn

By Sara Mudge Henritzy

The sound of the reaper is
gone from the field.
The orchard has yielded its
ripened fruit.
The cattle drowse by the
dwindling brook—
The lead bell mute.

The call of the quail comes up
from the brake
Reminding that autumn waits
over the hill.
But here on the selvage of
summertime
The year stands still—

And makes no more sound
than the folding of wings—
A respite from movement,
slender, brief,
Between the swift time of
harvesting
And the scarlet leaf.

"I'll take you dancing tomorrow night!"

"No, no! It's not important. It shouldn't be important. But your machine says it's important! So I believe! It'll be all right, Leo, after I cry some more."

"What else?"

"What else? The machine says, 'You're young.' I'm not. It lies, that Sadness Machine!"

"Sad in what way?"

His wife was quieter now. "Leo, the mistake you made is you forgot that some hour, someday, we all got to climb out of that thing and go back to dirty dishes and the beds not made. While you're in that thing, sure, a sunset lasts forever almost, the air smells good, the temperature is fine. All the things you want to last, last. But outside, the children wait on lunch, the clothes need buttons. And then—let's be frank, Leo—how long can you look at a sunset? Who wants a sunset to last? So, after a while, who would notice? Better, for a minute or two, a sunset. After that, let's have something else. People are like that, Leo. How could you forget?"

"Did I?"

"Sunsets we always liked because they only happen once and go away."

"But, Lena, that's sad."

"No, if the sunset stayed and we got bored, that would be a real sadness. So two things you did you should never have. You made quick things go slow and stay around. You brought things faraway to our back yard, where they don't belong, where they just tell you, 'No, you'll never travel, Lena Auffmann. Paris you'll never see! Rome you'll never visit.' But I always knew that, so why tell me? Better to forget and make do, Leo, make do, eh?"

Leo Auffmann leaned against the machine for support. He snatched his burnt hand away, surprised.

"So now what, Lena?" he said.

"It's not for me to say. I know only so long as this thing is here I'll want to come


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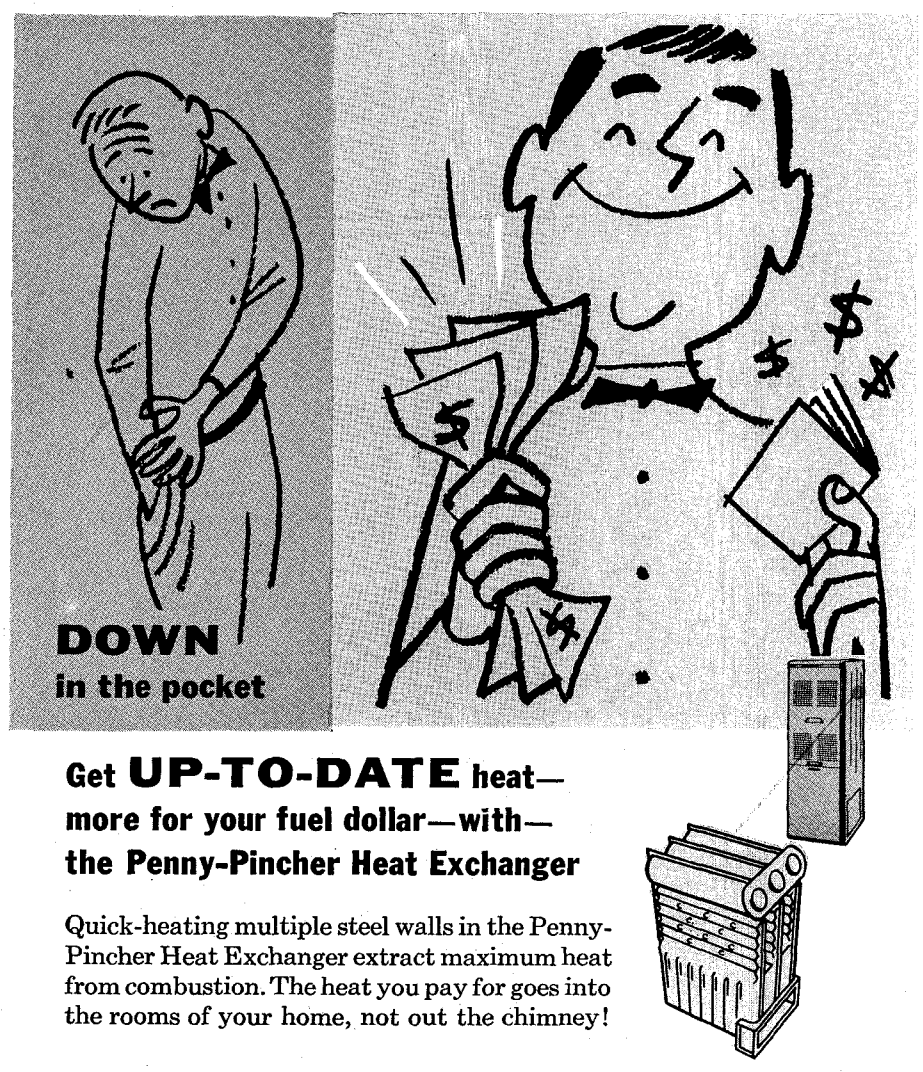


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down black skid tracks; beyond him, she U-turned, motor roaring, and came back to halt beside him. He put his elbows on the window ledge and smiled at her.

"Sandy Hatfield," he said, "you could get arrested for driving like that. Didn't anyone ever tell you?"

"You're a cop," she said. "Arrest me."

"Haven't worked traffic in years," he said. "I'm working safes now. Blow a safe and I'll accommodate you."

"Get in here!" she said.

Morgan got in. Sandy Hatfield did not put the car in gear. Now that she had found Morgan, she was not in such a hurry. She looked at his bruised face and torn clothes, anger and anxiety playing tag in her eyes.

She was thirty-two, two years younger than Morgan, and Morgan had dated her when they'd been in high school. He remembered her as a slim girl with long brown hair that was almost black, with dark eyes that were almost black, and long dark lashes. A very dignified girl, very elegant, but full of the imp if you knew her well. Her hair was still shining dark. Her body was still slim, her throat still smooth, and the years had made her face lovelier than ever.

Morgan had been able to keep track of Sandy through the chief's reports and the home-town paper. She had married Jim Hatfield, Fred Hatfield's son, seven years ago. A traffic accident had killed Jim four years ago. There was a son, Jimmy, age six. The loss of Jim had brought Sandy and the boy and Fred Hatfield, many years a widower, together in the same house.

"And that's a real good thing," the chief had said. "Sandy works on the paper, lives in Fred's house with the boy, and takes fine care of everything. If she gets lonesome, it never shows. At least, she never goes out nights, and a girl with her looks would sure get plenty of chances."

Sandy took a deep breath and said, "Fred sent me looking for you. He's been waiting in the office in a perfect tizzy—and wouldn't he be? What ever possessed you to get out of the car at a time like that? And what happened to you? Did you have to pick a fight on the day of your father's funeral—right in the middle of it?" Her tone was halfway between scolding and concern.

His face became grave. "Was it the wrong thing to do, Sandy? Are you supposed to stay with it clear to the end, even when the deceased was an old reprobate like the chief?"

She was shocked. "Edward Morgan!"

"Five will get you ten," Morgan said, "the chief would have done the same thing, positions reversed. Never liked funerals, never liked weddings. Got him all worked up, he always said; and besides, they were a lot of darned nonsense. Meant it too."

"Get out!" she said. "Get out and walk!"

And she meant that too. Morgan knew he'd gone too far; he'd really bruised her. "Whoa, now," he said. "I'm sorry. I left the funeral procession to make an arrest."

"An arrest?" Her dark eyes were still hot. "You, a Seattle cop, made an arrest here in Westbury?"

"A man named Si Broom," Morgan said. "A safe robber. We've been wanting him real tough for over a year now. I saw him in the crowd; I wasn't going to let him get away."

She stared at him for a moment, still angry; then put the car in gear. "Well, it's a reason," she said. "But that doesn't mean you weren't in very bad taste and disrespectful into the bargain."

"I stand corrected," Morgan said.

Sandy took him directly to Hatfield's office at the Enterprise. And Hatfield was upset. He was looking, Morgan thought, like Bob Taft after a hard and fruitless day among the Democrats. His clothes were rumpled, his tie was awry and his large bald spot was nakedly revealed beneath his thin, disordered hair. George Kell, cool and unruffled, was comfortably deep in a chair beside Hatfield's desk. He was smoking a cigarette in a short holder. His dark face was relaxed, but his eyes were quick and sharp. Morgan's reason for leaving the funeral satisfied Hatfield and amused George Kell.

"I'd like to see this Si Broom," George Kell said. "If you're in that shape, he must be a shambles."

"Not a mark on him," Morgan said. "And that's usually the way it goes—in any kind of a scramble, it's the cops that take the lumps. Nowadays, the mugs get preferred treatment." He looked at Hatfield. "Use your phone?"

"Help yourself."

Morgan put in a call to police headquarters in Seattle. He reported the arrest of Si Broom to the captain of the detectives. The news was well received.

"Will you send a man up after him?" Morgan asked.

"Why should I?" the captain said. "You're coming back, you bring him in."

"I'm not coming back for a while, skipper," Morgan said. "Along with the word on Si, this call is a request for a leave of absence. I don't know for how long. Make it indefinite."

"Request refused!" the captain said.

And the captain's reasons were good and valid. He didn't want to lose a detective sergeant, however newly appointed. "Throws a wow in everything," he said. More to the point, he didn't want the expense of sending an officer after Si Broom with Morgan on the scene, return ticket paid for. "Use your head!" he said. "Think of the taxpayers!"

Morgan listened to these and other arguments, his eyes on Sandy, smiling. She had taken a chair by the window. "Sorry, skipper," Morgan said into the telephone. "I've got to stay here for a while, and that's final."

The captain agreed then to see what kind of arrangements he could make. Meanwhile, how could he get in touch with Morgan in the next half hour? Morgan gave him the number of the telephone in his hand. He hung up and turned to face the others.

"Fred," he said to Hatfield, "how much weight do you—you and the Enterprise—swing in this town?"

Hatfield was slow in answering. He went to sit at his desk, he polished his glasses. "Well, quite a bit, I guess," he said finally. "More than I realized in past years. Recently, I've had cause to swing my weight around, and it surprised me what I can do."

"Good," Morgan said. "Then get me the old man's job."

Hatfield's mouth fell open. "Your father's? You mean ——"

"That's right. Make me the chief of police."

"But wait a minute, Eddie. You—you're—I mean ——" He looked helplessly at George Kell, then at Sandy. They offered nothing. George Kell's face was bright with thought, Sandy's was concerned. "I don't know what to say," Hatfield said.

"Say you can't get me the job," Morgan said. "Or say you won't try. And I'll start arguing from there."

Hatfield shuffled papers on his desk, as if he expected to find the right thing to say under one of them. Then he sat back and put his hands on the arms of his chair.

"Eddie, before we go any further let me give you a little recent history. We've got a terrible crime rate in Westbury, and have had for some time. Why? Because the town grew tremendously and the police department grew not at all. A group of us decided something had to be done. We formed a citizens' committee—church groups, women's clubs, businessmen, just plain citizens—a representative group of the better people. The Enterprise, of course, is very strongly in it. Here in this room you see three of the most active members—George, Sandy and myself."

"Just right," Morgan said. "Then you three ——"

Hatfield held up his hand. "Wait a minute. We made plans, we went to work and we raised hob. This, mind you, while your father was still chief. And that's not to disparage your father. He was a good man, but his training and experience ——"

"The job's open now, and I want it," Morgan said.

George Kell was staring at Morgan with very sharp eyes. Sandy's face was becoming a little angry. Fred Hatfield was looking harassed.

"Eddie, the job is practically filled," Hatfield said. "We felt that someone with big-city experience, some recognized authority on police work, was needed to organize our police department along big-city lines. And we found one. Right now the arrangements are practically complete.

(*Continued on Page 164*)

"I need to buy a new suit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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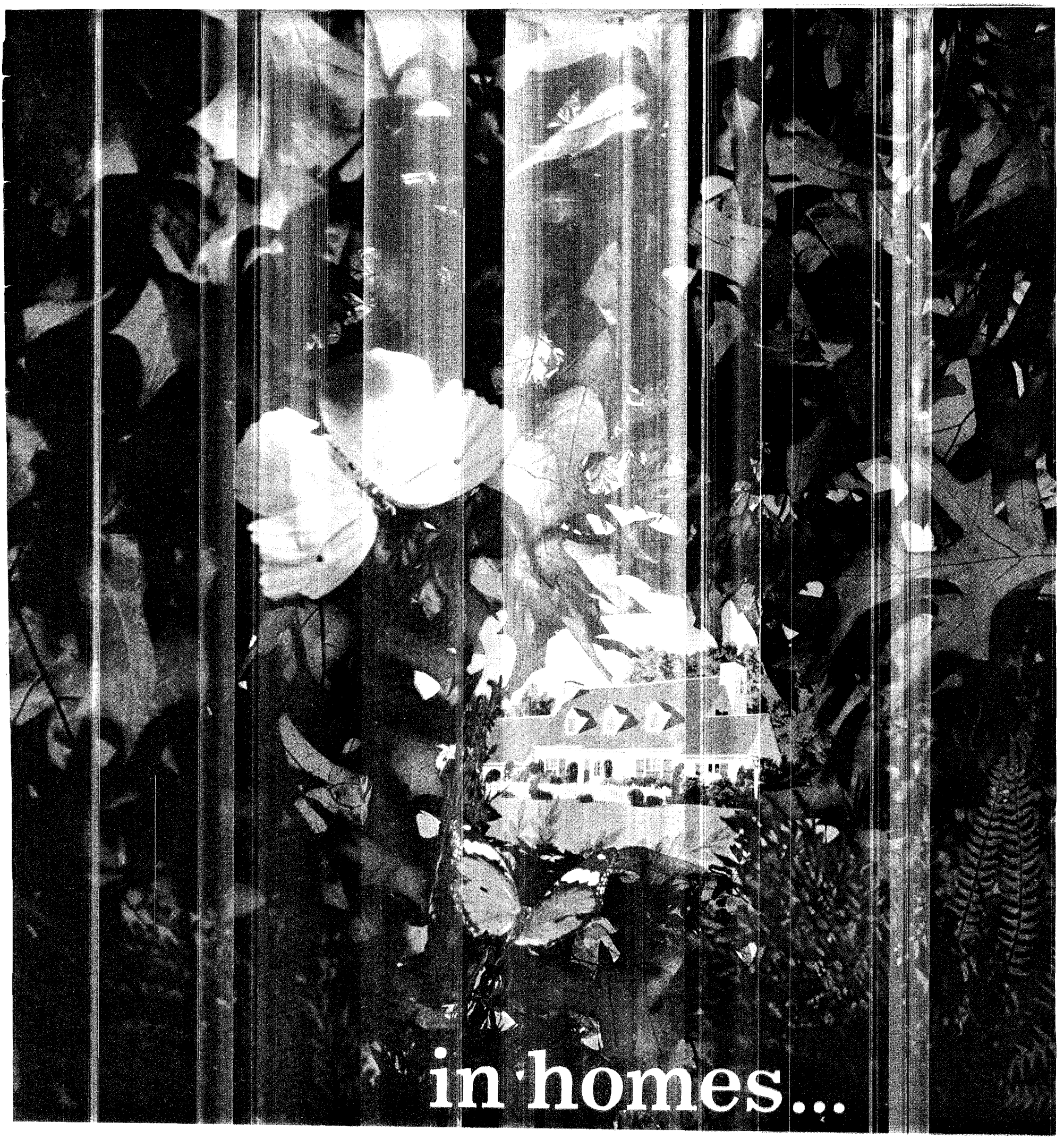


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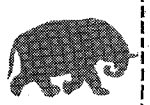

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ment on such expeditions is a large, specially built, four-wheel-drive station wagon equipped with oversized, heavy-duty tires. Bleitz claims that large trees and perpendicular cliffs are the only obstacles which he can't surmount in this vehicle. The station wagon carries a built-in refrigerator for food, film and occasional specimens, a fresh-water storage tank with a pressure pump, a forty-foot sectionalized ladder of light metal, bird nets and poles, sleeping bags and camping equipment, tools for building tree platforms, tree climbers, safety belts, ropes and a rope ladder, spare parts for the cameras and electronic equipment, field glasses, repair kits and the cameras, in reinforced, cushioned boxes.

On most trips the station wagon takes to the road with Worth Randle, Bleitz's young assistant, at the wheel. Randle is a trained naturalist. The Bleitzes, dressed for the field, trail along in an air-conditioned limousine and transfer to the station wagon when their car reaches the head of conventional navigation.

Once he has reached his prospective scene of operations—mountains, deserts, plains, marshland or even, at times, someone's back yard—Bleitz and Randle reconnoiter the area till they find the birds they are looking for. This search may take an hour or it may take several days. On one occasion, when he was working alone and before he designed his light, sectional ladder, Bleitz lugged a seventy-five-pound stepladder and all his camera equipment six miles across the face of a mountain at an elevation of 7000 feet in order to photograph a pygmy owl.

"That ladder got heavier every step of the way," recalled Bleitz recently. "Coming back, I didn't think I'd make it. The funny thing about that experience was that it wasn't till I was back at the station wagon that I realized I should have left the ladder at the nesting spot—it only cost twenty dollars."

With the birds located—in a tree, on the ledge of a cliff, in a hole high up in a cactus or among the reeds of a marsh—Bleitz attacks the problem of getting his camera and lighting equipment to a spot within four or five feet of the subject. Tree work presents the most difficult challenge in this respect, because the camera must be affixed to a support which is absolutely steady. When Bleitz can't use his ladder for this purpose, he either utilizes a stout limb or constructs a timber platform braced against the tree—a construction something like a youngster's tree house. On occasion, Bleitz has even built a separate tower of scaffolding to raise his camera to the nest level; at such times he has to interrupt the work frequently and leave the immediate area so that he won't frighten the nesting birds away from their home permanently.

Most of Bleitz's pictures are made with the assistance of artificial lighting. By the time he has his camera and high-speed stroboscopic lights arranged and his background chosen—either the natural background of foliage or sky or a white board placed behind the subject area—Bleitz has spent from several hours to several days preparing to take a picture.

"So many things can go wrong—with the birds, the equipment and the weather—that I don't even bother to worry about them. Once, when I wanted a shot of a pair of woodpeckers nesting in a hole sixty feet up in a dead pine in the Yosemite, I spent three days building a scaffolding and getting everything set. Finally, while I was focusing the camera, one of the young left the nest. A second fledgling left the hole while I was adjusting the lights, and a third while I was climbing down the tree. I waited for three or four hours and then discovered that all of the young had left the hole and that the parent birds weren't coming back to the nest any more. That was the end of that picture."

It should be noted here that Bleitz neither drinks nor smokes and that his swearing is generally limited to "dang it"—a phrase he presumably used on this occasion.

Some of Bleitz's bird stalking is more fortunate—so fortunate, in fact, that his experiences have an eerie quality about them. The coppery-tailed trogon is a rare, many-hued, tropical bird which sometimes infiltrates as far north as the southern tier of our Southwestern border states. Bleitz—who had seen a few trogons on the wing, but had never observed one close at hand—spent days scouting Southern Arizona without finding any trace of the birds. Bird-conscious natives, when questioned, did not even remember having seen a trogon in the vicinity for some years.

"Finally, on the day before I had to return to Los Angeles, I picked out a spot on the map in the Santa Rita Mountains, north of the town of Patagonia, and told my assistant—at that time a young fellow named Bob—that we'd find our trogons there. We drove the station wagon to the end of a ranch road and then followed a dry streambed till we

> Most girls know the best time to go to the beach is when the tide and the men are out.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

reached a clearing in an isolated canyon. There were some cottonwoods and oaks scattered around and a broken-down shed of a long-abandoned mining claim. It was all new country to me.

"I said to Bob, 'This is it. We stop here. See that cottonwood over there with the three holes in it? Well, you stand under that oak tree and watch those holes, because our bird is going to be nesting there.'

"I left Bob and started to scout around. Within a few minutes I heard a peculiar 'ork, ork, ork' call. I'd never heard a trogon call before, but I knew this was it. I spotted him a few minutes later—a beautiful male with an iridescent emerald head and back, orange-red eye rings, a crimson breast and copper-colored tail feathers. I watched him through the glasses while he caught an insect and beat it to death and ate it. Then the female appeared and flew away in the direction of my tree.

"I made my way back to Bob. 'Did you see a trogon go into that hole?' I asked him. He looked at me in a funny way. 'Yeah, but which hole?' I told him the middle hole—the newest one. 'No,' said Bob, 'he went in the one above it.' He smiled then, as if he felt a little easier about things."

By the time Bleitz had his ladder and camera set up, thunderheads had filled the sky and lightning bolts were playing around the canyon. The last shots were made just as a cloudburst hit the canyon, and the two men were forced to spend the night in their sleeping bags in the old shack.

When Bleitz makes the final adjustment on his equipment and climbs down from a tree or a cliff ledge or wriggles out of a patch of underbrush, he has generally gone about as far as he can go toward making the final photographic exposure. In 90 per cent of the cases the birds take their own pictures by flying through the light beam of a photo-cell tripping device. This is the same gadget that automatically opens doors—with the difference that the door opener takes one tenth of a second to operate while Bleitz's modification of the unit opens the camera shutter one two-thousandth of a second after the light beam is interrupted.

As no camera shutter is fast enough to catch some of the action Bleitz wants—particularly in the case of the wing movements of hummingbirds—he depends upon the superspeed light flash from his stroboscopic units to give him exposures of from 1/10,000th to 1/50,000th of a second.

When, for one reason or another, Bleitz does not employ a photo-cell tripping device to make the birds take their own pictures, he actuates the shutter electrically through a long cord which allows him to take a hidden position fifty or a hundred feet from the nest. Or, if this in turn is impractical, Bleitz shoots his pictures by radio—the tiny transmitting device he uses has a range of 1000 yards and employs a newly developed vacuum tube devised for use in missile guidance. To cap all this mechanical and electrical complication, it should be added that Bleitz has not only devised a method of recocking the shutters of his cameras at long range—with some of them he can also change film by radio impulses. Most of these fancy gadgets, other than the basic components, were designed by Bleitz and built for him by electronics specialists.

One of the oddest features about Bleitz's magnificent color photography—odd, that is, to any but the professional photographer or technician—is that he never takes color pictures. When Bleitz walks away from a shooting sequence—during which he may make several hundred exposures of a single bird scene—he has nothing but exposed black-and-white film for his labors. Though Bleitz could load his camera with color film and make color transparencies, he found some years ago that he could obtain true color and the film speeds he needed in his work only by using high-speed black-and-white film.

The basic piece of equipment employed in this paradoxical hocus-pocus is called a one-shot camera. Bleitz's camera is a modification of the original German design; he believes he is the only person using such a camera in wildlife photography. The one-shot camera utilizes the fact that all colors are some mixture of red, blue and yellow—called magenta, cyan and yellow in photography—and that each color has a distinctive wave length. The camera, by means of transmission mirrors and filters, each of which absorbs two of these three primary colors, simultaneously exposes three sheets of black-and-white film—one image being produced for each of the three primary colors. When Bleitz develops this film he thus has a separate negative for each of the three colors—each negative having captured, on a gray scale, all the hues of the particular color to which it was exposed.

Though the long, quiet hours he spends on the ground waiting for his photographs might seem endless to a layman, they are filled with interest and discovery to Bleitz. It is then that he makes his field notes on bird life. On one occasion, while photographing white-throated swifts in a California canyon, Bleitz decided to find out how fast the little birds were flying as they approached their nesting cavities.

"These little fellows, with their round, tapered bodies and swept-back wings, provided the original design for our jet aircraft.

(*Continued on Page 174*)

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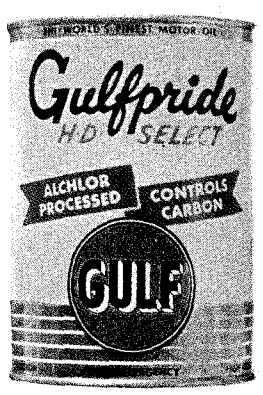


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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

# Say "Tweed!"

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*Left:* A bit weightier tweed for this Bal-Raglan. Slash pockets and the smart swing of generous fullness.

*Right:* The natural look of slim-trim styling in the Trend model with flap pockets, 3 buttons and center vent.

# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX®

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# Prodigy at Harvard (Continued from Page 39)

junior, who likes to take him to shows, movies and symphony concerts. "Fred is such a nice kid," he said. "I like having him around. And I never think about his age. He has wonderfully good taste, and his comments on everything are bright and mature. When he's with me he seems eighteen, not thirteen."

Fred also plays with a fourteen-year-old prep-school ninth-grader whom he met at Browne and Nichols. He indulges in childish horseplay with the same enthusiasm he applies to a tennis match or an evening at a symphony concert. This makes for a gratifying combination of man and boy, for Fred is capable of concentrating on higher mathematics one minute and looking forward to a Christmas party the next.

His room at home in Berkeley is the room of both a child and a man. There he keeps his tennis racket, his chess set, his stamps, his puppet theater, his books, and many of the toys and games with which he grew up. When he is at home, he loves to play with the two family dogs, mother-and-daughter dachshunds named Heidi and Sieglinde.

"We are trying to build a man as well as a thinker," his father said in the three-room Cambridge apartment which he shared with Fred last year. "And we know you cannot build a man until you have permitted him to be a boy first. At the same time, we feel that Fred should be given every opportunity to take full advantage of his capacity for learning.

"We're convinced that, in spite of his years, our boy leads a richer life in college than he would if he were still in high school. He has friends of several different ages. The older ones like to talk to him, and the others like to play with him. Meanwhile, he has enough to do to maintain keen interest in his studies. In high school he would be bored with his work and isolated from his fellows."

Fred's mother is in hearty agreement, although at one time she was a little fearful that the child was being pushed too fast. "As Fred kept skipping grades and shooting far ahead of other children his own age, I sometimes wondered if we ought to try to hold him back a little," she said. "I didn't quite understand where we were heading with him during those early years, and I was a little uneasy about it. But now all my fears are gone. Fred is a happy, well-adjusted child who loves to laugh and have fun. I no longer worry about his social life, since he has plenty of friends. He's not a bookworm. He can forget books and studies and enjoy himself. All his life I've tried to make sure he's happy in what he's doing, and my husband has been the same way. Fred's very happy now, and growing intellectually at the same time."

Mrs. Safier is a medical-social worker in San Francisco. When her husband and son went to Cambridge, she had to remain with her elderly parents, who live with her in Berkeley. The enforced separation of mother and son was unavoidable if Fred was to go to Harvard. The university agreed to accept the boy only on condition that one or both his parents establish a home for him in Cambridge, as he could not live in a dormitory at his age. His father, a writer of philosophical plays, essays and parables, had supervised Fred's education from the beginning. Since he could do his own work as well in one place as another, he, rather than Mrs. Safier, took Fred east.

Fred knew his letters at twenty-two months, had a reading vocabulary before he was three and a working knowledge of addition, subtraction and simple fractions before he reached kindergarten age. By the time he was four, he had read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in translation, and Alice in Wonderland.

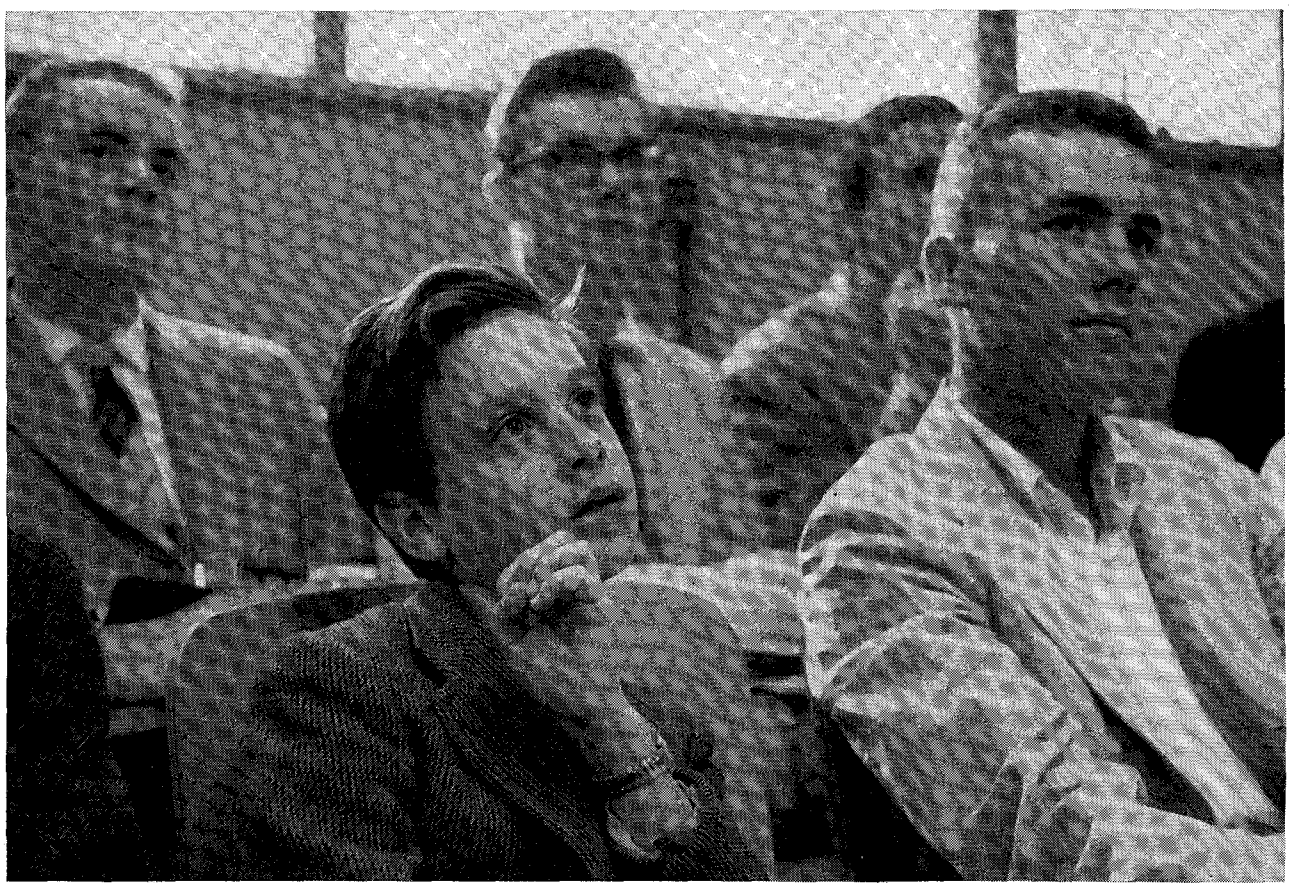
Even at that point in his life his parents saw him only as a fast learner, perhaps considerably brighter than the average, but certainly not a budding prodigy. When he was four, they sent him to nursery school, where he shared the simple fun and games of other children his age. Later that year he went to a kindergarten in Oakland, two blocks from the family home, which is just over the city line in Berkeley.

The Safiers' first inkling that they might have to face a problem in the education of their son came after they entered him, at the age of five, in the first grade of public school. When the child seemed bored and restless, his father visited the school to see what was going on.

"The children were copying numbers off the blackboard," he recalled, "and Fred was going quietly mad. I talked to the teacher, but there wasn't much she could do. After all, she had a whole class to consider, not one child. It was obvious that we'd have to send Fred to private school. It meant a financial sacrifice, but we felt it was worth it. We were very fortunate to find Bentley School nearby. Not only was it good but both the principal and the teachers understood the need for Fred to strike a good balance between his work and his play."

Fred started in the second grade at Bentley, after having spent only a few weeks in the first grade of public school. A month or so later he had absorbed all the second grade had to offer and was moved into the third. Now he was two years ahead of his own age group, and his parents became more concerned about his play than his work. If something weren't done quickly, he might lose contact with other children.

Doctor Safier asked the school authorities if there was some way in which Fred could be affiliated with the same group of children without being held back in his work. They decided to keep him with his third-grade schoolmates, no matter how fast he advanced in his studies. So, for the next four years, he had the same classmates and the same outside interests as children near his age.



Fred Safier, who became a Harvard freshman at the age of 13, in the classroom. Fred's grade-skipping days are over, says his father, who believes Fred needs the four full years of college to help him mature emotionally as well as intellectually.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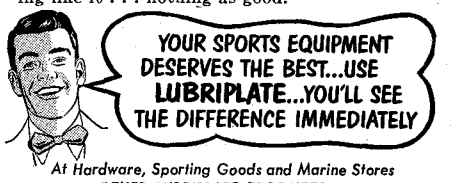


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One day when Fred, then nine, was still in the seventh-grade group, his father received a call from Mrs. Gerald K. Branch, principal of Bentley's upper school.

"Do you mind if we graduate Fred with the ninth-graders?" she asked. "He's completed all his work."

"It's all right if you think he's ready," replied Doctor Safier.

"He's not only ready," said Mrs. Branch, "but I'm afraid there's just nothing more that we can teach him here."

Now the Safiers had to face squarely the problem they had always known was inevitable—what to do with Fred when he had outgrown his friends and school intellectually. They decided to ask the child what he'd like to do.

"I don't want to leave Bentley yet," Fred said. "I'd like to stay just one more year with my friends there."

Mrs. Branch was willing to keep him, but the Safiers had to make their own arrangements for Fred to continue his studies. They solved that problem through University of California extension courses. They hired a tutor to help the child at Bentley. In the meantime Fred continued with his old familiar pattern of going back and forth to school every day.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

**Feminine Figures**

As time goes on
And years go faster,
A woman lets
A few slip past her!

S. Omar Barker

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

Fred's curriculum during his last year at Bentley included English, Latin, physics, analytic geometry, calculus and trigonometry. He also played a great deal of tennis, discovered jazz music and spent many happy though unsuccessful hours trying to learn to ice-skate. He worked hard on his studies, but never at the expense of his play.

When he was ten years old, it was time to leave Bentley. His parents entered him in Drew, a private school in San Francisco, which specialized in helping children with special talents or problems. It was a happy arrangement. His mother drove him to and from school every day. His mathematics teacher, Mrs. Bertha Hunter, who had no other calculus students that year, took a close personal interest in him. She led him through some of the further intricacies of analytic geometry and calculus. He also took Latin, French and chemistry. He was not a straight-A student, but he piled up sufficient credits to enter the University of California.

Once again the Safiers were faced with a major decision. Fred was only eleven years old, yet, from the standpoint of studies alone, he was ready for college. He didn't need another year at Drew, but his parents wanted him to have it because of his extreme youth. If they had had the money, they would have taken him to Europe. It was at about this time that they came to the conclusion that Fred should apply for Harvard. Doctor Safier had obtained his Ph.D. there, and his wife, a Boston girl and a Simmons College graduate, was well aware of the opportunities Harvard had to offer a boy like Fred.

Fred went back to Drew for another year. There, he added history to a curriculum which included more advanced courses in the subjects he had taken the year before. He did well enough to win prizes in French, Latin and history and, in fact, satisfied all of Harvard's language requirements for a degree.

When the time came for him to fill out a Harvard application, Fred, for the second time in his short life, was given a chance to determine his own course of action.

"What shall I put down for my major?" he asked his father.

"You always put down biochemistry whenever you filled out a college application," Doctor Safier reminded him.

"Dad, biochemistry was your idea, not mine."

"What's your idea?"

"I'd like to major in nuclear physics," the child said.

"Well, put it down then," said his father.

While Fred studied hard his last year at Drew, he still had plenty of time for recreation. His favorite outdoor sport was tennis, and he often entertained himself and his friends with his puppet theater. He also enjoyed a Japanese game, similar to chess, called Go, which he later introduced to some of his Harvard friends. His reading habits were somewhat staggering for an eleven-year-old, but he was quite capable of enjoying light reading too.

One day, shortly before Fred graduated from Drew, his father commented that the boy seemed to be spending an inordinate amount of time in the public library.

"I have to do a lot of reading, dad."

Modern metallurgy and ballistic science have teamed up to turn out the finest autoloading shotgun ever built for the upland shooter—the revolutionary Model 50 Featherweight! Weighing *less* than seven pounds in 12 gauge, the Model 50 Featherweight uses the same simple, trouble-free action that changed the whole concept of autoloading design when it was introduced in 1954 in the Standardweight version. The superb Model 50 Featherweight gains its light weight through the use of new, light Alumalloy for the receiver. A pleasure to carry, a natural pointer if ever there was one, the Model 50 Featherweight combines the lightness demanded by upland gunners with longevity that rivals any all-steel gun. Go to your dealer and ask to see the Model 50 Featherweight, the perfect choice for a man or woman who wants to carry a light gun and still shoot all loads with complete comfort. Now available in 12 gauge.

There are many shooters who prefer a slightly heavier gun to steady their swing, particularly for the more deliberate gun pointing done at waterfowl. For these shooters, Winchester provides the superb, all-steel Model 50 Standardweight, the perfect companion to the new Featherweight. Announced in 1954, the Standardweight racked up a solid success record under some of the toughest shooting conditions possible. First autoloading shotgun with a fixed, non-recoiling barrel, the Model 50 eliminated the uncomfortable "double-shuffle" found in other autoloaders and did away with the unsightliness and compromise previously a part of automatic shotgun design. Now incorporating new engineering modifications, a Model 50 Standardweight and the new 2¾" magnum shotshells form the most successful combination for wildfowl shooting yet devised. Available in 12 gauge—20 gauge ideal for women and younger duck hunters.


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"I know that, but you're doing more than usual. Is it all necessary?"

"Well," said Fred, "pretty necessary."

His father looked at him, then, with a smile, asked, "How many Erle Stanley Gardner mysteries have you read in the last month?"

"Forty-two" was the laconic reply.

But last fall, when he spent his birthday money in a Cambridge bookstore, his purchases were a far cry from whodunits. Permitted to buy whatever he wanted, he came home loaded down with some of the world's great works. Among them were such titles as Plato's Republic, Vergil's Aeneid, The Venerable Bede, and Shaw's The Devil's Disciple.

One of Fred's major problems at Harvard last year was trying to synchronize his work-and-play routine with a proper sleeping schedule. The average college freshman, often on his own for the first time in his life at the age of eighteen, can get by with astonishingly little sleep. Between studies, bull sessions and a multitude of new-found pleasures, he can stay up until the wee small hours and still arise in time to make early-morning classes, with apparently little ill effect. One long sleep will usually bring him back nicely after a cramming siege at exam time that might find him working from midnight until dawn several nights in a row.

For Fred, of course, this sort of thing was impossible. He needed two or three hours' more sleep a night than his classmates, yet carried just as heavy a work schedule. His sleeping requirements placed a big burden on his waking hours. Yet, perhaps for that very reason, the boy grew physically, emotionally and mentally. He was not only one of the busiest members of his class but one of the happiest. Once he got into a steady groove, he thrived on a work schedule that included the humanities, physics, advanced calculus and chemistry.

His father, who worried constantly that Fred was trying to do more than he could handle, was surprised one afternoon when his son told him about a fine-arts lecture he had just heard.

"How did you have time to attend a fine-arts lecture?" Doctor Safier asked.

"Oh, I sometimes audit the course when I have nothing else to do," the boy replied airily. It developed, on further inquiry, that he also audited courses in astronomy and advanced mathematics as well when he "had nothing else to do."

Actually, Fred's adjustment to a college study program was no easier than anyone else's. He did not sail through his courses in the manner of a whiz kid. On the contrary, he had so much trouble with some of them that only a great deal of concentrated effort on his part pulled him through early snags. Later, he leveled off so well that his marks carried him beyond anything his parents had expected.

"His age helped carry him over those early setbacks," said Doctor Safier. "If Fred were seventeen or eighteen, he would have been afraid of flunking, and his morale would have suffered so badly that the results could have been disastrous. But young children have defenses that help them through such difficulties. An older boy might have brooded and worried. Fred hasn't developed far enough emotionally to do either. Instead, he simply goes ahead and tries to solve problems in his own way."

Except for his studies, Fred was blithely (*Continued on Page 181*)

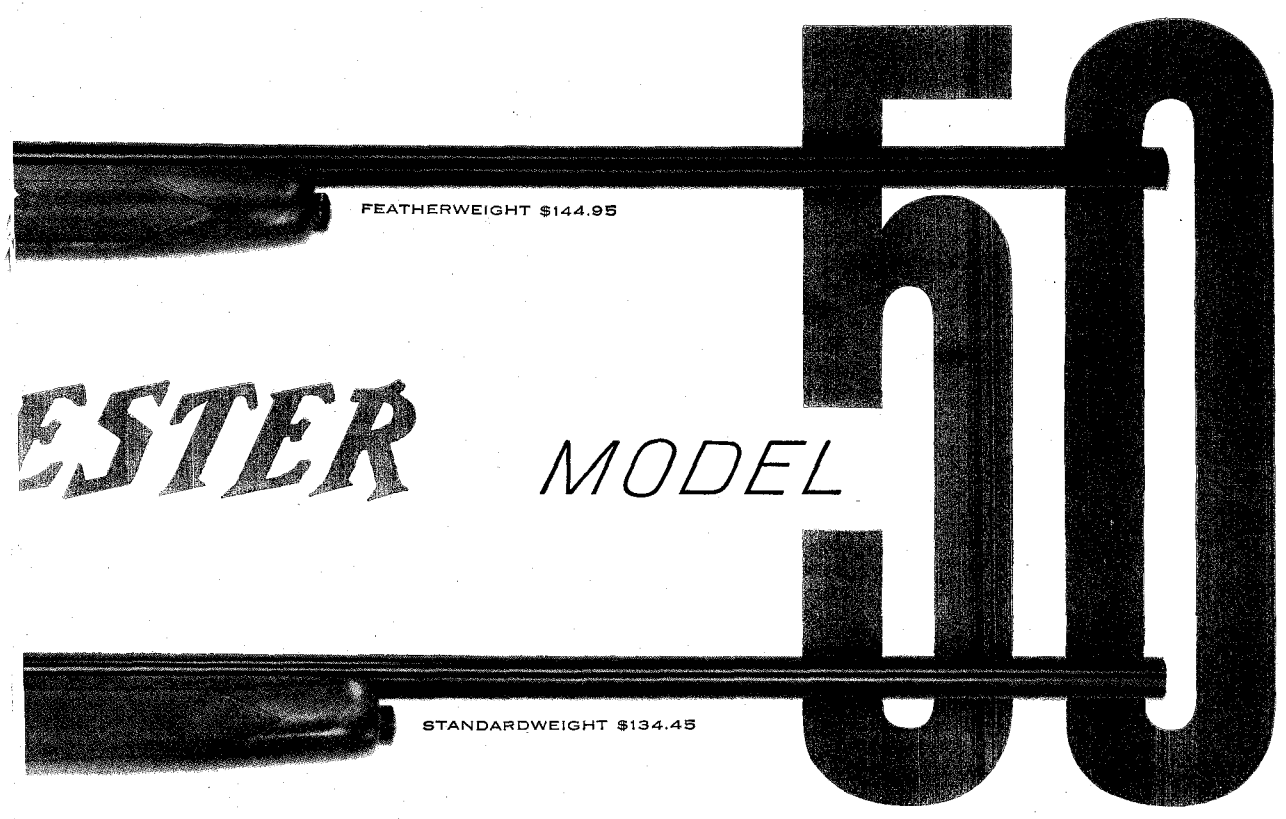
## Byroad

By Helen Harrington

The right of way of this road
through the countryside
Is disputed by the bushes
and the grass.
Trees argue with it, and it is
denied
Even by the rabbits as they
pass,
Helter-skelter, in its tracks.
The small nut-brown
Squirrel assumes it his, in
perfect trust
Cracking nuts along it; and
the birds drop down
To flutter feathers calmly in
its dust.

Wheels will have to hurry to
assert
Upon this place their claim
to dominance.
These shallow ruts, this thin
trail, will revert
To field and woodland if
they have the chance.
The ground is eager, and
from tree and weed
Squirrels and birds work,
scattering nuts and seed.


NEW Featherweight

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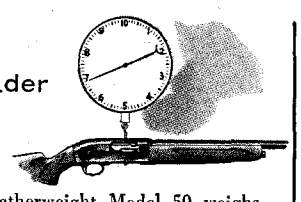
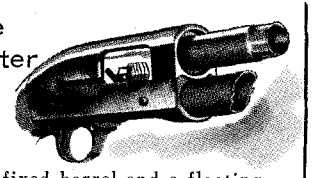
lightest autoloader



The new Featherweight Model 50 weighs less than any competitive autoloader made in this country yet has a lifetime of rugged use built into it. It can take all you give and still do a fast, smooth job.

exclusive Winchester system

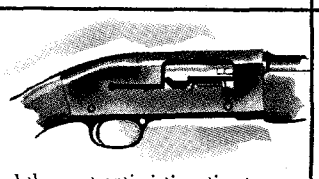


By using a fixed barrel and a floating chamber that moves a fraction of an inch, Winchester sets a new high in straight-line, friction-free extraction and reloading systems. No power loss.

ready for rugged action

Choose a Model 50 Standard or Featherweight and you have a shotgun that does a job every time regardless of weather, weedseeds or dirt. No adjustment when changing from light to heavy loads.

miracle metal



Tough beyond the most optimistic estimates, the Alumalloy used for Featherweight receivers far surpasses the round life of receivers used for many shotguns of various types and designs now in the hands of sportsmen, yet effects a weight saving of well over a pound.

20% less recoil effect

The unique Model 50 system makes recoil a soft, steady push rather than a jab. The action absorbs recoil so you get, by measurement, 20% less effect. Shoot any load you like, as long as you like, stay fast, fresh.

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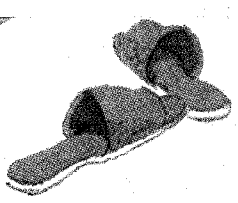

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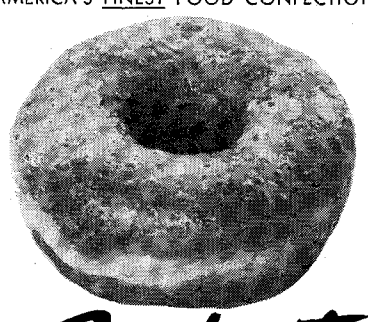

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# I Was a Tennis Slave (Continued from Page 37)

who run the game. I want security for myself. So I'm glad to get out and start a new tennis career on my own.

I figure I have served my country well in tennis. If I owed any debts for help and encouragement, I think I have paid the bill. That's why it is so hard for me to understand the bitter and terrible things said about me when I announced, after winning Wimbledon in early July, that I was accepting Promoter Jack Kramer's offer of a $125,000 professional contract.

Donald Ferguson, president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, was one of the most critical. He said the manner in which I turned professional was "deplorable." He said I broke my contract with the association and embarrassed Australia by failing to fulfill commitments after Wimbledon. Sir Norman Brookes, former association president, was quoted as saying snidely that he was glad I turned pro, that the Davis Cup team would be better off without me.

I don't feel I have done wrong. I don't

ney, my home town. I was just eighteen then. It was a big tournament, with the American Davis Cup team on hand. Naturally I have a lot of friends there, in addition to my mom, dad and brothers. They all wanted tickets. We players get only two complimentary tickets each a day. So I scrounged around among the other players and got enough for my needs. Then the day I was to play for the championship an uncle and aunt came in from the country. I had to get them tickets too.

I went down about ten o'clock to see the secretary of the club, Victor Kelly. He told me everything was sold out. If I wanted tickets, he said, I'd have to buy them. So I stood in a queue for an hour and a half in the hot sun to buy my uncle and aunt tickets, which cost $2.50 each. Then I went out and played for the championship in a tournament which drew a gate of $40,000.

In 1954—the year we lost the Davis Cup to America—I got so browned off

In fact, around this time the association was getting as many lumps from the press as I was. One paper called the treatment of the Australian Davis Cup team "Spartan, cheap and lousy," and said this was the cause of my slump. It was pointed out that the Australians came to the courts in trams and bought five-shilling lunches at the improvised snack tent while the Americans drove up in luxury limousines after a relaxed, hearty meal in the hotel downtown.

This was an exaggeration, but we did have our gripes about allowances. The visiting Americans were given twenty dollars a day for room, board and incidentals during the Davis Cup period. We were limited to $13.50. To make it worse, we received the same allowance in the United States, where living costs are higher.

These things added up so big in my mind that I was determined to throw in the towel. I would have quit, too, had it not been for Adrian Quist, one of Australia's great prewar players and my adviser at Dunlop Rubber Company. Adrian told me all players went through



(Continued from Page 182) would get Hopman's system of fines has been "Do you think it was worth ten dollars



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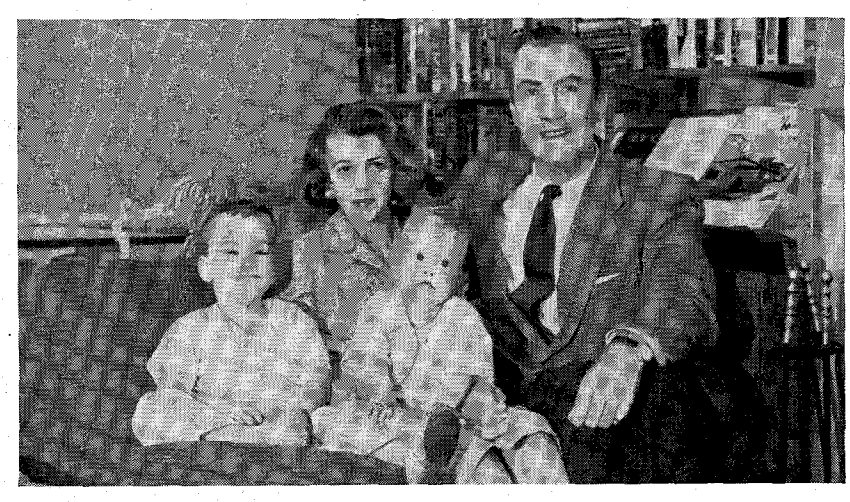
# Keeping Posted

## Post Debut of a Prize Winner



**Cornelius Ryan** grew up in Dublin, Ireland, and Kathryn Morgan grew up in Rose Hill, Iowa, unbeknownst to each other. In due time they became beknownst when Connie, after a British newspaper career, came to New York to work with Time magazine, and Kathy came to the same town to do magazine work, she now being an associate editor of Time, Inc.'s, House & Home. In 1950 Connie switched to Collier's magazine, became a U.S. citizen and persuaded Kathy (without too much difficulty) that they should get married. In the photo with them are Geoffrey, left, and Victoria, but the father, who is an accomplished photographer, vows, "Never again shall I attempt a delayed-timing self-portrait of my family—it's like trying to control a barrel of eels." Ryan is also a violinist, a composer and a fisherman, though regarding the latter, his son recently remarked, "I think I'll go catch some fish, because daddy never does."

Last June 22 Ryan was in a picture on this page that featured John Bartlow Martin receiving the Benjamin Franklin award for his mental-health series in the Post in October and November, 1956; Connie was present to collect a scroll and $1000 for two Collier's articles, "for the best magazine reporting in which serious research obstacles had to be overcome." This month Ballantine publishes One Minute to Ditch, a collection of his pieces, and this week free-lancer Ryan makes his Post debut on page 48.

## Life Among the Authors

Ward and John Hawkins: literary teammates.

Mary Agnes Thompson.

Ten years ago the brothers **Hawkins** started collaborative writing for the Post, and there you see them collaborating right along as peacefully as ever. Ward is at the left; that is high-power tea, not coffee, at the right; and the work in hand is the serial on page 25. In their Portland, Oregon, office they open up for business at the ghastly hour of 7 A.M., but sometimes they play hooky in the P.M. They talk out a plot, each writes sections of the story, then they put the pieces together and, if the pieces fit, mail them. It isn't quite that simple, to be sure, but the brothers never come to fisticuffs. If one brother gets temperamental, the other says, "Now, now"—and as John once remarked, "If a story up and dies, it's wonderful to have someone around to help you swear."

**Ray Bradbury,** whose normal address is Los Angeles, writes from London that he is composing an original screenplay for director Sir Carol Reed which will be filmed presently in Mexico for producers Hecht-Hill-Lancaster. He says it will be quite all right to mention that his story on page 43 is part of his novel Dandelion Wine which Doubleday is concurrently publishing.

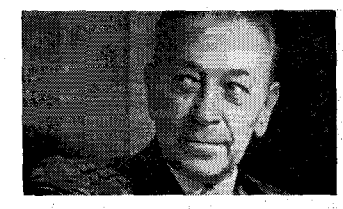
**Mary Agnes Thompson,** of Oklahoma City, sold a story to the Post last winter and took a trip to Florida. While in Florida, she sold another story (page 40) and proceeded on to Nassau. This began to look like an excellent way to go around the world, but alas, Nassau didn't come up with anything. As a matter of fact, it was time for her to go home anyway.

### Want to Frame Those Snowy Owls?

From time to time (but only when announced on this page) reproductions of Post covers are made available for framing. Free of lettering, they are photographically reproduced in the dye-transfer process to retain rich color and delicate shading. If you want this week's cover, here are the prices: size 15″x19″ on 20″x24″ mounting, $5.00 each; 8″x10″ on 11″x14″, $3.75 each (add 3% sales tax in Pennsylvania). Postage prepaid in U.S. only. Address: Curtis Circulation Co., Box 228, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

### NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Out of My Past"



George Raft, Hollywood's mysterious tough guy, reveals that he was once the gun-toting consort of underworld big shots. Now he tells the truth about his career as a young gangster.

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